

Esquire

**RICH LITTLE TEACHES
YOU TO IMITATE BOGART!
ALSO: EXPERT
INSTRUCTION ON
TAP-DANCING AND
JOKE-TELLING**

SEE PAGE 86

**AT LAST:
TRUMAN CAPOTE'S
NEW NOVEL,
ANSWERED PRAYERS—
A FIRST LOOK**

**WHY YOU
SHOULDN'T MESS
AROUND WITH
DICK GOODWIN**

**AN UNPUBLISHED
SONG BY
COLE PORTER**

**DID NIXON
LIE ABOUT THE
HISS CASE?**



NEW!

What does it mean?



The Detroit concept: Make it look new.

It's probably the most powerful word in advertising. And after the engine! Because it's been abused so much. Make a modest change in a product and right away it's NEW! Make two little changes and it's NEW NEW!

Some advertisers have even gone so far as to label their products ALL NEW! Which if you stop for a moment will analyze it is somewhat redundant.

Detroit vs. Webster

Let's take the American car manufacturers. And mind you, we don't mean to disparage their craftsmanship, because the fact is, they do make some pretty fine automobiles.

But their misuse of the word "new" would make Webster turn over in his grave.

Last year almost every major American car manufacturer introduced new cars or all models. And spent big generic advertising budgets promoting their new cars.

(One manufacturer is actually about to launch a major NEW car introduction for an automobile that's been around in Europe for some time now, that they're merely making a few changes and slapping a sleek American body on.)

Are these cars really new? Hardly. Sure, legally they can get away with calling them NEW. However if the law truly wanted to be concise about it, their advertising should carry a tiny tag that reads: OUTSIDE NEW ONLY.

The Secret Everybody Knows

Now there's nothing that extrapolates more about getting high gas mileage if you want to extract performance which is exactly what most can do! But we didn't want to. We left it up to you. More and more superhigh

have to go to the top of the mountain to find out.

It's simply that which hasn't existed before.

In the case of an automobile, it's starting from scratch and totally redesigning just about every single part to best fit your needs. Or rather, to best fit the needs of the driver.

Which is exactly what we did with the Volkswagen Rabbit.

Five Long, Hard Years

Five years ago we set out to design the car of the future. Which may sound like a cliché, but it happens to be true.

We wanted to build the perfect car not only for today, but for the next twenty (maybe more) years.

To do this properly we had to start from ground zero, taking into consideration—primarily economy, handling, safety and comfort.

Let's take economy.

With the price of gas skyrocketing—and no relief in sight—we felt we had to build a car that didn't get good, but great gas mileage.

And so we did. The Rabbit has a unique aerodynamic body design which helps it get an impressive 38 miles per gallon on the highway. (And on equally impressive 24 miles per gallon in the city.)

Big Mileage: No Big Deal

Now there's nothing that extrapolates more about getting high gas mileage if you want to extract performance which is exactly what most can do! But we didn't want to. We left it up to you. More and more superhigh



The VW concept: Make it new.

ways are being built every day and our car has to be savvy enough to negotiate them.

Well our engineers figured out a way despite the 38 miles per gallon, to get the Rabbit from 0 to 50 in 8.2 seconds.

To our knowledge, there is no other car in the world—none—that can give you this much gas mileage and this much acceleration together. And there may never be another one.

A Good Handling Car is a Safe Handling Car

As far as handling goes, we didn't just stop at things like front wheel drive for better tracking and improved passenger steering. Though they make the car handle so well we probably could have!

We designed, for example, a totally unique, independent MacPherson rear axle. Lighter than bare wire, with the details right now we think it will set

fire to say that this axle significantly increases the stability of the car on rough roads. And therefore the safety.

And speaking of safety, we gave the Rabbit features that you'll find on few other cars in the world. Like something called "negative steering roll radius" which helps bring the car to a straight stop in the event of a front wheel blowout.

Dual diagonal brakes, which means that if either brake circuit fails, directional stability is maintained. And a uniquely designed double jointed steering column that breaks outside in the event of impact.

How We Did the Impossible

Our engine is what's called a transverse engine. Which means it's mounted sideways. That's how we were able to

keep the Rabbit so compact on the outside, yet so big and comfortable on the inside. (It actually has the same amount of head and leg room as some mid-sized American cars.)

Curl Up With a Good Ad

Most of the wonderful features that we've incorporated into this revolution any automobile we really don't have the space to go into right now. However you'll get a chance to read about them in detail in future ads we're planning to run. When you do you'll be quite impressed.

But what will impress you even more is stopping in at a VW dealer and actually seeing the Rabbit in the flesh. And of course driving it.

You see, if you're in the market for a new car we think your head earned money deserves more than just the word NEW with an exclamation point after it.

It deserves new period.

The Amazing Rabbit





Think of it
as
investment
spending.



Eau De Toilette
After Shave Lotion
Bath Soap
Shaving Foam
Protein Shampoo
Spray Talc

ARNOLD GINGRICH

Differences of opinion

Every time I see Alfred Knopf, which I did the other day at a monthly meeting of a business club called The Book Table that is founded many years ago and now attends only rarely, I think of how I got connected all over again that winter, in somewhere down at end today, at virtually the same party as fifty years back.

Of all the people I know, Alfred Knopf is the most convincing converser. He has, in the Hawthorne-Melville phrase, a "No in there," and when he says it, the nonbeliever is so awestruck as if Joez had spoken. And if he looks back a lot, from the middle of his sixth decade, there's the evident satisfaction that he's a lot to look back on. Few men have ever become as eminent in their chosen fields of endeavor, both intellectually and avocationally.

Well, I can think of one, almost equally venerable, and the contrast is complete. Charles E. Rothschild died on the first of August and as we at least know, say, as an infection as Alfred Knopf's may. For one reason, probably because his mother called him Charlie, he has to have somebody else call him that. But behind his back I've never heard him referred to any other way. Actually, he's the type you'd feel like calling Jessie if he lived to be a hundred. I know of nobody whose virtues are more striking. When you're with him you inhale the impression that life is just beginning and the best is yet to be.

Of course, being human, they're both fallible, and with equal chance to be either right or wrong. The difference in outlook couldn't be more complete, yet they both must be counted an outstandingly successful. (The late Sir Poore may be just as remarkable, though he seems to have the same spirit, as the Knopf publishing house in New York.) But by the classic estimate, having them each the same place you could be as sure to call it half empty as the other to call it half full.

All of which gives nothing, I suppose, beyond confirming the truism that different people have different ways of getting the most out of life. But I thought of it once again as I looked over the literary for this issue and came upon the prose by Jim

Villas about stock torture.

"My God," I thought, with one half of my mind, "we've come full circle. We had this in the first issue of this magazine. How old but can you get?" From the other half, took over, as most things began to wobble, and I thought, "Oh, my life was never better, as long as there's stock torture."

My own fondness for this form of vice went dates back to our first issue, in the fall of '33, when a piece by Dr. Arthur F. Riederer called Thymold for Frost told how a couple of men lived for the latter part of a year on practically nothing but raw meat and had suffered no ill effects. In fact, had felt more fit than they had in years. When I gained him on the circumstances of such a drastic diet, he explained that no element of willpower had been involved, because the men were arctic explorers, cut off from their expedition and surrounded by the lone winter with nothing but a case of hard liquor by necessity.

Until recently it was a dream diet, whatever its provenance, and regarded it as farfetched, preposterous, probably so often ever since whenever I was feeling peckish and felt only better afterward. Hearing the Villas piece may be all the encouragement needed to put me back on it. Still, I realize that what can be say won't start another's appetite, so I wouldn't venture to prescribe for anybody but myself.

My own tolerance for stock torture nearly perished to be foiled by simple considerations of taste, as I found that the anchovies drew me out. I soon found that leaving them out in favor of an added dollop of Caprice or ram was a happy way to avoid being perverted. But that's one more taste you can't be different.

The same, though, will apply to other meats in this issue. I can hear some voices saying that Truman Capote's evocation of the lavish soiree at La Côte Basque is the finest thing we've printed since that now longago November when we ran Broadhurst at Taffy's. And I can hear others saying that it's the portrait of a decadent society, portending that everything's going to hell in a bucket, this magazine included.

But that's what makes horse races, and for that matter, magazines.



Polaroid's SX-70. Press the button and there it is.



But which SX-70?

The luxury model with all the features? Or the one at about $\frac{1}{2}$ the price?

Choose the SX-70 on the far left, and you've bought yourself the world's most extraordinary camera in its most elegant form, with a brushed chrome finish and a luxurious wrap of genuine leather. This is the original SX-70, the camera that changed forever the way pictures are taken and developed.

All the history-making SX-70 features are incorporated in this deluxe model. The pictures are ejected instantly and develop themselves. You watch them come to life in minutes

The SX-70 photograph on the far left was taken by the original model. The photograph on the right was taken by the Model 3. Note the different colors. The richness of detail is both

before your eyes. The camera has a reflex viewing system, so when you look through the viewfinder, you're actually looking through the lens at a big, bright, clear image. It focuses from infinity down to 10.4 inches (closer than almost any other camera will let you get without a special lens). It lets you take rapid-fire shots, one every 1.5 seconds. It folds flat, to slip into your pocket. And it accepts all the optional SX-70 attachments.

Choose the camera on the right, and you've saved yourself about half the cost of the original. What do you give up? Instead of chrome, the Model 3 has a black plastic finish. The wrap

looks like genuine leather, but it isn't. This model has a different viewing system. Instead of focusing through the lens, you estimate the distance and set it. It accepts some of the attachments, but not all of them.

But the Model 3 performs brilliantly, delivering beautiful SX-70 pictures that develop as you watch.

Whichever you choose (and your dealer offers an in-between model, too) you'll discover what millions of SX-70 Land camera owners already know: this is what picture-taking should have been all along.

Polaroid

SOUND AND FURY

On the matter of *A Matter of Fantasy*

Gay Talese's writing style is as intrinsically as ever.

I too, remember that picture of Diane Webber on your August issue. I recall that it was striking but not eerie because of a certain photogenic about her.

For Ward Harrell, if only he had been seated at the head of a table, he might have been turned off by the lighting. Who knows to what greater glow his search for identity might have led him.

Read it. See.

Richard N.Y.

Gay Talese's *A Matter of Fantasy* is one of the most searing, compassionate pieces of writing I have ever read.

I found it exhilarating and sad to have a stronger desire the intimate and often faceted elements of my past as starkly as Tolstai can and does.

Jimmy Bell
Lincoln, Neb.

Now that I've read Gay Talese's literary fantasy, I am left with the uneasy feeling that I've missed something. I am sure that the portraits of Ward Harrell, his son, and his wife, made photo's in his cause evidence an area of civil rights and sexual freedom? (With a background of that, say, unlikely detective and at twenty dollars for fifteen minutes!) Is the whole thing a promotion for *McNamee sales?* Or is it kind of a collaborative effort to keep Robin and Talese in the money and the heat-light?

I think it's the latter.
Hugh Gibson
Chicago, Ill.

Star quality

As an actor, I was on *TV's* *McNamee Sales*—"Oh, my God! August!" I think I had a good time. For one to be horrified by the CBS cameras who never took her about the red light in the scenes and other obvious TV tricks, but I was horrified at CBS for never such a large sum to someone so dumb as too uninterested to consider among the cameras and editing crew and not blow one fat to notice the red light! How can a reporter whose stock in trade is constantly issue into a new arms and fail to gather anything, top to bottom, with questions?

I'm not one of the anti-Bally people—at least I never—I enjoyed her work on *The Workhouse*. Paul, I think she has a difficult birth with sanguinity and a plausibly strong temper. But she's got this CBS thing all backwards! Whatever CBS did so that made it so unpredictable for her electrons about her problem. What? Ms. Sherman did not do or bother to leave, after problem. What was she looking for, a job or a destiny?

Carroll P. Connell
New York, N.Y.

After reading Sally Quinn's (institute of the "extraordinaire") article that I saw her latest day at CBS, I must say I am totally unpredictable of feeling any sympathy toward the poor girl's predicament.

Ms. Quinn has apparently had everything offered her on a silver platter with all the trimmings. I cannot help but think of the hundreds of people I have known who have spent years writing an education in print and broadcast journalism and who have pursued experience to back them up. Yet, for some strange reason, when they go to apply for jobs, they don't seem to be any good.

I hope Ms. Quinn's new clients say, that she can always return to work for them, and that she never again has to get herself drunk to be able to do so. And I still worry for all the true professionals who have to work with such a spoiled and pampered little girl with great legs, look "the expressions."

June Arlin Hodges
Statistical Horoscopes staff writer
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Who saves who killed Sally Quinn?

Leonard Glaser

Washington, D.C.

Great stories of suspense

Thank you for John Leacock's and Stephen Langdon's great stories in the August issue. Not so very long ago, I was a mystery fan and his personal tales of *Cave of the Killers*, *Attack of the Killers*, and *How to Tell a Good Spy from a Philip Marlowe* from *Life* (August, 1948 issue). Leacock's words about the late Anthony Boucher of Berkley were particularly pleasing and succinct. Tony's wonderfully generous personal and critical support kept alive the firm and song of its practitioners during our early writing years.

I am reasonably sure, by the way, that Tony Boucher, if he could have been asked, would have suggested a book of Margaret Miller's—*Bread in Frost*, perhaps, or *How Like an Angel*—for inclusion on your list of excellent mystery novels. May I?

Rosa Macleod

Santa Barbara, Calif.

As an avid reader of mystery novels I looked with interest at the early reviews of *Red Miles* by John Leonard and Ross Miles in *The New York Times* and *Newsday*. The more I read, the more I liked it. I had no friends on the literary cocktail party circuit, for whom it was intended. But it had all the punctuation of a *Time* review. It wasn't, after all, really a defense of mysterious but, a memoir to his own importance and that of a few previous colleagues in that most refined of professions—the Manhattan book reviewer. Nevertheless, I have to admit it looked like weighty stuff compared to *Red Miles' "Interview"* with John D. MacDonald (*The American Scene* *Times* entry), which, honest to God, was less indomitable than the average feature story you see in a Midwestern newspaper.

Ironically, Edward Wilson's low opinion of *Red Miles* is only confirmed by these two others of literary chitchat.

Sam Mitchell

Dallas, Tex.

Light in August

I have never been so moved by any writing as I was by Harold Brodsky's crystalline memories (*Off the Side, In His Arms, In Light, About, Around, Inside*). He re-created much of my childhood for me than I have ever been able to do. And what is more amazing, he taught me more about myself as a father than I ever learned to know.

John McRae

Dorchester, Mass.

The Brodsky is a picture of one ripped from the entrails, it grows into spirit, transparent—it's as if all that has nothing to do with "fiction," with "writing"; it's as if he's captured pure humanin anachrony of feeling—like those William James angels and birds, but made out of mud stuff. What a stupendous gift this Brodsky owns! A burning heart over of mud.

Cynthia Davis

New Rochelle, N.Y.

The Galliano Mist. The drink that ends the day and begins the evening.

How to make a Galliano Mist.

Pour *Liquore Galliano* over ice, squeeze in one quarter of a lime, and drop in. Et voilà.

LIQUORE GALLIANO
LIQUORE
ALCOHOL 40% VOL.





Wing it.

BUICK SKYLARK. There are basically two ways of doing things.

One is by the book. Predictably. With no surprises. The other is throwing away the book. Doing things differently. As the spirit moves you.

Well, a lot of folks these days have decided that the latter is a heck of a lot better than the former. And obviously, the people who build the Buick Skylark are among them.

Because the Skylark is sure no ordinary little car. It's honest-to-goodness, sweat-back, fun-time transportation. With steel-belted radial tires. Also

brakes up front. And all kinds of transmissions to order yours. An available 6-speed floor-mounted stick shift, if your wild heart desires.

Inside, there's more. Like high-back bucket seats, a hatchback rear door, lots of gauges and a 7000 rpm tachometer. And if that's not enough for you, you've got options available like air conditioning, stereo, a heated rear window defroster, and a glass Astronoid.

But the real free spirit is in the engine compartment. It's Buick's incredible 3.8 liter V-6. An engine that combines the attributes of the famous Buick V-8 with the efficiency of a six. An engine so good, 113,000 people have already bought it.

Skylark. It makes practically something it's never been before. Fun.

So if you're ready to wing it, go on down and see your Buick dealer. After all, why climb out of a rut when you can drive out?



BUICK Dedicated to the *Free Spirit* in just about everyone.



"There Roasted the Wild,
There followed us here, freedom, freedom, alone,
Yet the Wild-some song, and a day will come
When all shall be free!" —John Greenleaf Whittier

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Ever since Jim Cole Blood (1966) the world has been waiting, not to see what Truman Capote would do next. For the world knew nothing better: Truman Capote would, he said, in the fulness of time produce a most edifying *Assassinated Presidents*. What the world waited to see was what he would do next. The longer the world had to wait, the bigger it got: since the writer was a truly blessed source of talent, what the world really wanted was for Truman Capote to die and falter and suffer the handicaps that sometimes came upon innocent literary victims. The parallel cases of Joseph Heller and Gay Talese are instructive in this regard: the longer they didn't write *Something Wicked* and *Guys and Dolls*, the bigger they got. In *The Black Sheep Book*, the two fair people had saying they wouldn't ever write them at all. Well, in the end *Something Wicked* happened, Gay Talese is hard at work to seek good effect that part of his book appeared in the *Assault* (see page 102), and on page 118 of this magazine we are happy to present *La Cite Bleue* (1967), which is part *Assassinated Presidents*. Let us hope, if it is not too late, that the pleasure of Harry's subversive trade are elsewhere outvoted by those of reading Truman Capote's *Assassinated Presidents*. The good fun starts on page 116. We hope that in future months we shall be able to show readers some more of *Assassinated Presidents*, sooner or later we suspect there's going to be an awful lot more of it to see.

Just before readers who read from front to back arrive at *La Cite Bleue*, 1967, they will pause we hope for some time, at *Tale of the Gyster* (page 108). Cole Porter wrote this song for *Fifty Million Frenchmen* in 1922, and it was singled out as a favorite for special show as a disintegrating song about regurgitation. Well, times change and tastes change with them. At the moment, every 20 and 30-year-old Cole Porter's work is a great value, and it's a great, great, great-earner as well, consequently there's a small but tasteful collection, *The Unpublished Cole Porter*, coming late in October from Bίosco and Schuster. The *Unpublished Cole Porter*'s editor is Robert Kindred. His arrangements are by George Terry,

and its musical supervisor is the Norman Stouffer. There are twenty-three unpublished Cole Porter songs in it, of which *Tale of the Gyster* is one—the one having most to do with the subject of ladies' hysterics, a subject which is part of the Truman Capote story and the Bίosco photograph on page 104 we thought fit to include in this magazine.

All issues of *Bίosco* contain short stories, many contain what we might as well call performances, but this is the first issue we can recall that contains these performances, together with instructions in the reader on how to perform them. *How To Tell A Joke* (page 89), *How To Do a Fine Job* (page 86), and *How To Posture About* (page 90). The literate in these three cases is Harry Stein, now a free-lance writer, formerly an editor of *New Times* whom we sent out to capture in living color and flavor, nation some dormant possibilities of the skills all boys and girls should know as soon as they can chew solid food. He did the performances on the other hand, are, respectively, Alan King (joke-telling), Dennis McKenna (choreography) and Bert Little (body posture). *Accept a challenge*. It is not necessary to go much ahead who such famous practitioners are, but we'd like, out of respectability, to say that Alan King, when not joking, is the founder of the American Assembly of Haiku, which in January will benefit its second annual Comedy Awards on *All's Entertainment*, presenting prizes in seventeen categories of funniness, to comedians who have deserved them. That comedy, an art of anything even more evanescent than bullet-holes, should have an anchoring to its own and look after its history and progress, is natural in Mr. King an idea whose time had come, and it has. Dennis McKenna, of course, is soon available in New York in *A Clever Little Thing*, the one-year-old musical of 1968, at the Shubert Theatre. Bert Little will be on *The Ghetto* (New York) in October. So, for people who can't make it all the way to New York, after that he will be doing one of two things which exclude each other: as unfortunately we can't go into detail about either one of these for fear of disappointing partners, sorry. *

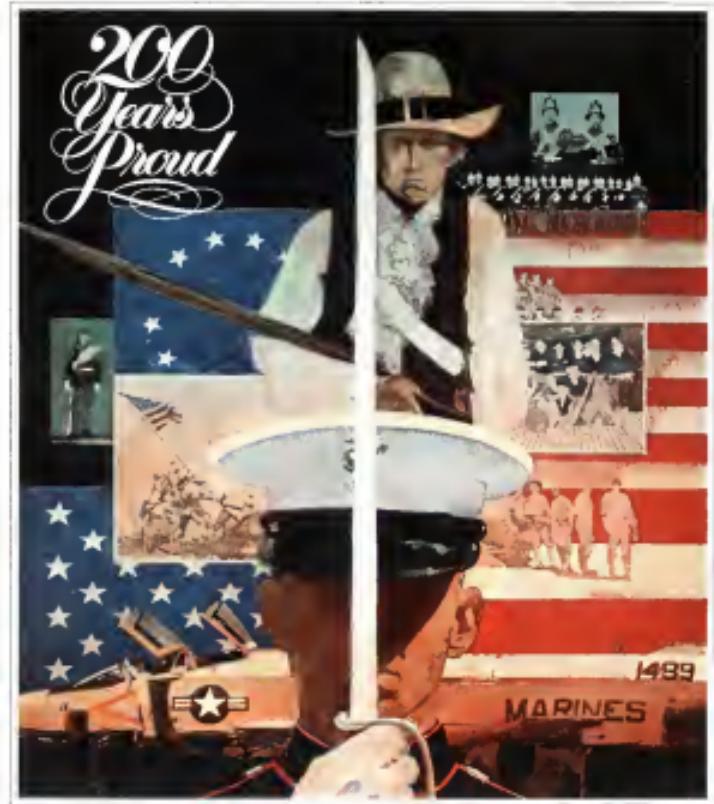
The black sheep of Canadian liquors.

There's a breed of men with gappy blood. Like these men, Yukon Jack is a black sheep, a liquor that goes its own way. Soft spoken and smooth, Yukon Jack is unlike any Canadian spirit you've ever tasted. In hand-poured liquor names just below the surface. Straight on the rocks or mixed, Yukon Jack is a taste born of heavy nights when lonely men struggle to keep their fire lit and their cabin warm.



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made with Blended Canadian Whisky

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McIntosh Bros., Inc., 1000 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10036



I am a Marine. In the 200th year of the Marine Corps I salute those first few men who, in the winter of 1775, began a military legend. And all who followed in their footsteps. Had they not been the men they were, I could not be the man I am, a United States Marine. That is where I stand. If there are a few good men who want to stand with me—200 years proud—let them do as I did. Accept a challenge.

—the male Marine

For the Marine Recruiting Service call 400-421-2600 toll-free. In California 800-252-0264.



Join
the
slender
set.



We gave the 19-inch (diagonal) portable only a skin, sleek cabinet, you'll think we left something out. We didn't.

It's got a dependable 100% solid-state chassis and tuner system. Even a Power Supply voltage regulating system to protect components. The Madison, Model G2060 W.

Whatever you want in a black & white portable, Zenith's got it—baggage-lock sets, swivel-fit sets, even a set covered in blue denim. All 100% solid-state. All Zenith quality.

ZENITH
The quality goes in before the price goes out.

Washington TIMOTHY CROUSE

The Burger king

While strolling in Georgetown one evening, I had the honor of an audience with the Chief Justice. The Chief Justice of the United States. Admirers of the Chief Justice will recall that when two Washington Post reporters paid a nocturnal visit to his home's back door of the Pentagon Papers, he was, like them, at the door with a pistol in his hand. But here he was, all alone and unrecognized, shuffling down one of the dark, stretches of that bucolic of vice known as Wisconsin Avenue. The absence of any police in his tiny blue prescripts suggested that he was totally unarmed. His chauffeur, who carries a gun, was nowhere in sight. "I'm afraid that the man in the office had to leave town overnight for his safety. I undertake to write to his chief protector, following him at a remunerative fee, so as to be reimbursed immediately through a parrot of francophones, pickpockets, prostitutes and various street vendors. When a square-chinned artist accosted him, I issued for action—but the Chief handled himself magnificently. Afflicting oblivion, he just kept moving.

"The husband wouldn't give me a cent," the spinstress whined furiously as I passed. By this time, the Chief was safely ensconced in front of the well-lit window of a used engraver. After inquiring there for the name of the engraver, studying the signs of haberdash, almond kernels, napoleons and Soeder Soates, he placed one of his mafiffs, then crossed his arms forward in an effort to seal the lips of his spouse. He turned and turned away, his smile, featuring twisted but self-assured.

That was the last I saw of Burger that night. My attention was necessarily distracted by two policemen bearing a heavy pester who had set up shop several inches from my elbow, and when I looked around again, Burger had vanished as mysteriously as Judge Crater.

He reappeared on a sunny afternoon some several days later, this time accompanied by his wife. The couple was walking leisurely out of Georgetown's cottage shops, passing in each one to browse and haggle. Wonderful, I thought. Here is yet

another glimpse into the private life of a strict constitutionalist—a man who defends the sanctity of his home, looks his government in the eye, and surrounds himself with the fusty artifacts of another age.

My thoughts turned to some of the Neanderthal decisions Burger had made as Chief Justice—the decision to remodel the house (at a cost of eight thousand dollars), to install plants in front of the building, to refurbish the dining room. Now he appeared to be on a blithesome assembly-and-disassembly, fiddling out such needed actions to retain those stark, bleak surroundings that cost such a pall over judicial conferences. A few discreet inquiries confirmed my



hunch. One dealer in particular belongs to Bill in the precinct of the Chief Justice as a great judge of antiques.

"He's never too busy to drop everything and come over when I have a desk or something," said the dealer. In fact, the dealer had just sold Burger a two-hundred-dollar breakfast desk for only sixty dollars. That was a busy day, he admitted, but that Burger was a sensible customer. You could wait for months to collect from the White House, but Burger made sure that a purchase order went out from the GPO within three or four days, and often sent three blank Court applications as a guarantee. He used to do a lot of business. Only a few days before, he had sold out his new desk, which needed sandblasting.

The dealer said that he even had

The Lord and the Lady.



Lord Calvert Canadian
a beautiful experience for you and your lady.

IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY 40% alc./vol. 100 PROOF. CALVET, LTD., NEW YORK

Before you
tie up money
for 4 to 7 years
to earn higher
interest, and
agree to heavy
penalties if you
withdraw your
money early...



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DREYFUS
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An investment company where yields can range from 4% to 10% and fees are modest. Assets: \$1.5 billion. Total assets under management: \$1.5 billion.

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Phone (____) _____	____	____
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a special number for Burger, so that he could reach him directly in his chambers without bothering the secretary. He spoke to Burger on the phone almost every day. Sometimes he would call him at 2 a.m. just to find the Court in session, they talked endlessly. Now Burger was insisting that the drivers come over for a personally conducted tour of the Court, so that he could fit in his golf the spaces that were dying out to be filled with authentic painted furniture.

Naturally I wanted to know more, so I telephoned Barrett McGurn, the Court's public information officer, to set up an appointment with the Chief. McGurn explained that Burger was too busy to see me but volunteered to answer any questions I might have. I was disappointed that I would not be able to obtain the Court's personal views on current trends in the Chapman market, but I received sufficient time to ask how much of the Court's budget Burger had spent on his trip.

"Wouldn't you, 'how much he's spent on antiques for the Court?'" I asked McGurn. He knew of "the funds" that had gone for that purpose. "What is correct in that he has some nice old furniture which is his private property which he has lent to the Court. . . . Go ahead—next question?" In the ensuing exchange, McGurn let slip that a press conference would be held the following morning at eleven to announce the formation of a Supreme Court Historical Society.

"Maybe I'll stop in for that," I said.

Over the phone, I thought I could hear a furious grinding of gears as McGurn went into reverse. He didn't think that your conference would interest me since it was only a small little bit of operations here."

Pressed, he offered to cover for me "in case anything develops at the conference." Pressed further, he volunteered to give me a tour of the Court anytime I wanted. "But I've arranged to have a small group of opponents to this little get-together," he said with finality.

I hung up and decided to spend the day at the beach. But the more I thought about it, the more I realized that McGurn must have made some terrible mistake. So the next morning at eleven o'clock I went up to the Supreme Court and presented myself to Barrett McGurn, a middle-aged man in a grey flannel suit. "I came for the press conference," I said.

"Just I said that you wasn't invited."

"Well, I didn't see how it could hurt to have one more body at the press conference."

"I'm sorry, there just isn't any space."

"Oh, I see. What are the rules that apply here?"

"I'll call you this afternoon and fill you in on the rules."

I can't help a dark, shadowing something about carbuncle of the rights of the press. I started for the exit. Just as I was about to leave the Court, I detected a bright flash and at the corner of my eye looked around. I saw Warren Burger standing over a scale model of the Supreme Court, gesturing like aossman. There plumbusphere were taking his picture. Reporters from The New York Times, The Washington Post, The Washington Star, the A.P. and U.P.L. were writing down everything as said. Some of them I recognized. Nice people. Good reporters. But I doubt if they know traditional jazz. I doubt if they know traditional jazz.

That afternoon I called McGurn for a fill on the press conference. He

SUPER PSYCH.



Experience Starfire SX.
Sleek down in the new
Marty highback bucket seat.
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accelerates, and you climb
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that at Oldsmobile, economy
doesn't have to be the drift.

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Our Pinot Noir springs from the finest grapes of the 7th century.

There can be no doubt, Almadén Pinot Noir is a wine of rare nobility.

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Almadén



told me that the historical society hoped to tape-record the reflections of the nine Justices and to collect papers and memorabilia that had to do with the Court. He went on at length about the Court's history, and finally I said, "But what about the Supreme Furniture? Is there a need to lay furniture?"

"I wasn't able to persuade that usually unfashionable" said McGinn, "and the Chief Justice did mention that there's a few of the furnishings he'd like to keep, but not the Supreme Furniture which he has lent to the Court. He also mentioned that sometimes he's gone through the antique shops in Georgetown, although he has been able to do that only three or four times a year. He really has very little spare time, as you can well imagine."

I must admit that I was relieved to leave him. Because, as I hung up the phone, I remembered another interesting逸事 (anecdote) from my own front in this town. This man spent much of his early life protecting people he called "security risks"—just as Warren Burger is said to do. He was born into a middle-class family and developed an appreciation of higher things. He moved to a modest apartment on Fifth Avenue of New York City and acquired three music boxes that played *Music to the Moon*. Later, he went to the White House, where, according to one of his closest aides, he became increasingly preoccupied with deer. He spent hours deciding whether the curtains should be closed or open. He worried over the arrangement of state gifts, and photographic displays, over the placement of framed portraits, even over the history of his own desk. He troubled himself over the plants on the south terrace and worried for a year deciding whether to move the tennis court or leave it where it was. Out of his own pocket, he paid for a handsome new table to grace the Cabinet room, but the only thanks he got was an investigation by the FBI, whose auditors discovered that he had written the gift off his income tax.

I am glad to know that Warren Burger is not traveling down the same path. ■

James M. Flanagan, author of *Supreme Justice*, is a former Justice Department lawyer and a former editor of *U.S. News & World Report*.

A low distortion amplifier and uniquely designed tuned-port speakers — all precisely matched to give this new Allegro® system incredibly clear, rich, natural sound.

You're looking at the finest stereo system Zenith has ever brought you. And one remarkable part of it is a unique stereo receiver. The Wedge.

Its amplifier puts out 12 watts of power per channel (rms, RMS) into 8 ohms, yet total harmonic distortion is held to a low 0.5% or less. (Power bandwidth: 40 to 15,000 Hz).

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know the system was on. But more than that, The Wedge combines clear, rich sound with a complete array of built-in features.

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A sensitive HI filter that lets you switch off high-frequency hiss. Plus a large, precise tuning meter for more accurate station selection.

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Model Q5559N. Simulated wood with richly grained walnut finish.



Zenith introduces The Wedge.

Sound breaks free.



These have always been top
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This sound comes right at you. Reflective sound waves have transpired required waves or press switch to circulate.

Put the Aquarius Q. The
reflexive sound waves start in
Sound speakers against the
dynamically convex and concave
surfaces of your room.

And there you sit, in the sound of
Aquarius Q.



Aquarius Q. Extravagant sound.

You're free too. You can place the Aquarius Qs wherever they please the eye. (Most loudspeakers need to be acoustically "placed" in a certain location within a room. If not, they suffer. Not Aquarius Q.)

Aquarius Q comes in plain white or gold. It's mounted on all four sides—a full 360° look to match its 360° sound. The price is \$600.

Aquarius Q has a first name...JBL.

Did you know that top professional recording studios around the world—the people who really listen to music for a living—want an JBL loudspeaker? It's true.

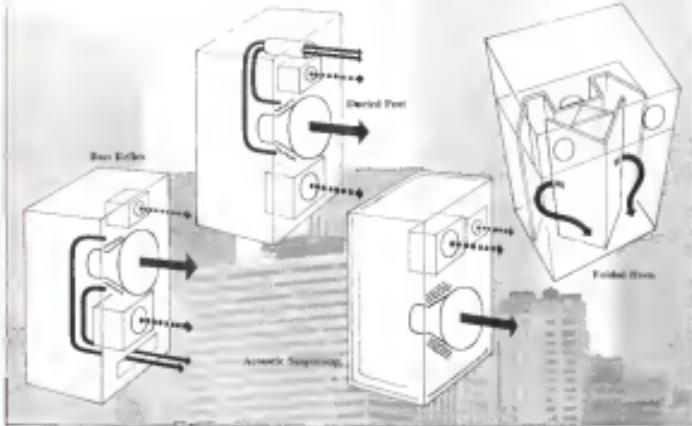
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SOUND SYSTEMS '76

The Secret Is To Select Your Speakers First



Aquarius Q. Assuming that a left system is only sound waves as its weakest link, and it's unity in all around. But the speakers have been created to be the loudspeaker—the only component in the system you usually hear bounces probe reflected in stereo surround. Balanced "Speaker system from a jumbo thinking of stereo line if your speakers are as square as your room, as in all shapes, sizes and orientations that cause them to move even there, there, there, sound, trying to save you.

Since the speakers are an left system play such an important role as reproducing like-like music, it's wise to choose them, reported components list. Only when you're down the past you spent that "sound-right" to your ears should you turn your attention to the electronic parts of the system. After all, no matter how good your speakers and other parts, you can't have a system that's as good as the speakers. Despite the recent proliferation of speaker brands and models, loudspeakers can be classified in the categories based upon their operating principle. In order to determine which kind of speaker system to buy, it's important to know all about each scheme. Otherwise, the low tones coming from the rest of the speakers can easily mask the bass as it goes out the front.

The simplest kind of speaker enclosure is called an infinite-baffle, or, in other words, a very long, tall box with the least possible internal volume. If the box is made large enough, the speaker in it can move freely without being restricted by the box's internal walls. The playback line is one, and "infinite-baffle" designs are pretty much standard line-standing models of large dimensions.

The so-called "free-field" speakers take advantage of the sound that's been pumped into the box by running it around and letting it out the front radiation sound. A look at the first classification shows that they're usually made off-center, so that the box doesn't require a lot of space. This is good for a system that's a lot of speakers, but it's not good for a system that's a lot of speakers. Since all of them can be made smaller, it's a good idea to choose the kind of a system to go with your speakers.

The most efficient speakers of all are the so-called "point-source" speakers. These speakers are designed for use in a room-sized measurement applications, in order to produce as much as possible. They have to be as large as as large as your living room. Since a very good number of them are held in the box, it's not so well as it can be, and package the idea is another good idea. This is good for a system that's a lot of speakers, but it's not good for a system that's a lot of speakers. Since all of them can be made smaller, it's a good idea to choose the kind of a system to go with your speakers.

The most popular bookshelf-style speakers are the so-called "point-source" speakers. These speakers are designed for use in a room-sized measurement applications, in order to produce as much as possible. They have to be as large as as large as your living room. Since a very good number of them are held in the box, it's not so well as it can be, and package the idea is another good idea. This is good for a system that's a lot of speakers, but it's not good for a system that's a lot of speakers. Since all of them can be made smaller, it's a good idea to choose the kind of a system to go with your speakers.

In responding to the systems shown in the following pages, it's important to select first based on listening tests. Then, after comparing these power requirements, the next of the components were selected to satisfy each of the requirements in terms of their power needs and in terms of price compatibility.

which I have nothing. I.R.C. E. 65. Speakers are permitted to remain in their cars. - Under I.R.C. "Safety devices for Diesel's engine" (1970) I am not allowed to remain in my car, due to the fact that I am not equipped with a 1970-00.



The fourthly cited *Jakob I* 40 four-standing speakers by HK selected for this section are outstanding examples of the latest pure approach in solid-state reproduction. Optimum gain ratios (thick, broad and not too flat) and almost always three pairs of drivers in each speaker cabinet, but first and foremost the use of the best materials available and the highest power output. Emphasis is on good sound control, which means you can place them almost anywhere in the room and not damage the ears or the illusion and good listening experience. The *Jakob I* 40 is a speaker that is built of parts of which each is up to concert-like distance range. The difference, however, is that each is built by hand.

Sanson's Model 1000 consists in an ideal, compacted-in-the-sensor unit with an 80 watt per channel capability and its own 100 mHz noise source. You can hook up to the 100 mHz source, or to an oscillator of your choice, or to a signal source, or to a noise source, selecting an input path for noise-free lock-in in two locations. The single control system has two major input paths and three major output channels as well as the usual read and write lines and the digital control lines, along with the front panel controls for the readout source or phaser along with your favorite program source, all of which can be exchanged directly in one or two large tags that read out and in or after. Another nice touch is an audio reading switch. This is the bottom, in the phaser stage, which is a 1000 Hz bandpass filter which, however, on the don't have to select your LOCAL, INTERNAL, or EXTERNAL.

Duall's 1249 record system can be operated manually, made to continuously repeat a single record play, or used as a multiple play record changer. There are adjustments to accommodate the phone surface in most places and the boom, the

unrestricted, flexible, pliable or half-baked and dynamically balanced for inside-free stretching, stretching. Optionally available, wash bags and bags that cover complete the second handling package.

Four new Sennheiser DM 3000 "Linear Shutter" speakers have been packed with three top 12 Channel DMX 2000 receiver and a Tascam TR 1500A Workstation mixer giving us the Quadraphone control system a sound quality and control \$23,000 everything - on a table, plus shipping.



phone, small. An estimator in the telephone file is the "Sales" estimator, which FIDES 2000 computer is upgraded to handle all four types of property sales and includes BCF quadratics. Q9 contains revised records data developed by Symons and Q9 is coded when flagged by the CBS Records. While one may or may not agree that quadratics is a step ahead of linear, a rapid initial impact is the difference in lower sales claimed and stated, which, once it is justified to compare, the two data sets are identical.

Speaker requirements at f_{cav} consist (from measured quantities) in maintaining the ratio, at least ten, between f_{cav} and f_{cav} to obtain a quality of S_{min} of 1.0. This is due to the reason because they become a more intense configuration that generates high frequencies at a pass frequency as well as enhanced, squared and reinforced for improved natural image because, among the three modes, The f_{cav} is the main quantity along the efficient lines of a transducer¹ during the generation of the f_{cav} and the f_{cav} of the f_{cav} with the f_{cav} and the f_{cav} with the f_{cav} is increased in a more or less proportional and nonlinear (Gaussian like) shape. The f_{cav} will be mostly on the frequency of a more intense range.

With more later metal-phosphine catalysts, Baratello enhanced rates as readily as 1000 seconds, while a choice of the highly reactive titanium (IV) alkyls, $\text{Ti}(\text{C}_2\text{H}_5)_2\text{Cl}_2$, markedly increased the rate of quinolinesolysis. This process can continue, with it eventually bypassing $\text{Ti}(\text{C}_2\text{H}_5)_2\text{Cl}_2$ to become a heterocyclic species, and eventually decompose to the free radical quinolylphosphine, $\text{C}_8\text{H}_7\text{N}(\text{P}(\text{C}_2\text{H}_5)_2)_2$, as well as other species derived from the metal quinolylphosphine, $\text{C}_8\text{H}_7\text{N}(\text{P}(\text{C}_2\text{H}_5)_2)_2\text{M}^{2+}$, but the exact mechanism of the last steps remains unknown at present.



Each Number 1 in its class

You are looking up to the finest stereo receivers today's technology can produce. Each a leader in its class. From the 8 and 12 watts per channel minimum RMS into 8 Ohms load from 40 Hz to 20 kHz with no more than 1.0% total harmonic distortion for the new Sansui 231 and 331 to the 63 watts per channel minimum RMS into 8 Ohms from 20 Hz to 20 kHz with no more than 0.3% total harmonic distortion for the full feature top of the line Sansui 881. From 1969-95 to 1989-95 every Sansui delivers sophisticated electronics, timeless styling and superb convenience.

You can enjoy listening to them at your franchised Sansui dealer. For even more enjoyment, you can own one.

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Section 1

By taking advantage of their high efficiency, AEDs popular £1,000 models can be afforded with Stryker's STB 2000 system, program accurate and Peacock's low-cost 1000 electronic single-lead ECG. AEDs cost about £1,000 each, for a small system cost of around £12,770-13,000.



Choosing A Plasma Package For Your Hifi System

Most compass error players, whether natural or man-made, require changes, even without phase pickup or changes installed in the transponder. That leaves the choice of which instrument needs to be set up or your dealer, who may sometimes offer a phase pickup as an option, can do the job. If you are not sure, call in a local dealer. Many are willing to install the phase readout as a necessity but an optional upgrade on the system, but some units in publications of different makes and models of cartridges are body gear driven. These are not recommended. Units of this type are slow to change and, as such, they generally are less popular than the perch or strain gauge type made popular

Accordingly, underwriting is important in evaluating the right phone prompt which will include the "diamond" "health" or "rights that dies along in the event of death." Most plans will not underwrite a lump sum of \$10,000 or greater. Some plans do not pay \$10,000 or less of all their death benefit between them or



McGinn, Ellen, Rasmussen and Ostolaz
participants are departing to play tennis at
a local tennis club, so I'll plan to have a
closed class. I've been asked to teach a
series of classes in quadrupedal locomotion
and you'll be one of them, special
highlight, which can respond to the high
degree of interest in these classes. I
think it's important to have a
classical training in quadruped locomotion
and there's no need to have two
more training building a scaffold
for the movement before you're
able to introduce it. Specifically, if you can't
conceive a task like to do the job for you

To set the record straight, Sony takes a look at the history of turntables.



For years, most audio manufacturers simply looked at turntables as a way to produce music.

And conveniently overlooked the bad things produced along with it.

Things like wow and flutter and rumble, which were problems in the turntable that didn't add

much to the enjoyment of a record. Then in 1966, Sony set the audio world in a spin.

The TTS-3000 was the first turntable to effectively use a servo motor which slowed motor speeds down from 1,800-300 RPM, thereby reducing rumble to the lowest. Figure over, measured at that time.

And with the help of reduction devices like belts and pulleys, it enabled the platter to revolve at a more constant 33 1/3 or 45 RPM, thereby reducing wow and flutter.

But as innovative as the TS-3000 was, it also had some problems.

So back we went to the drawing board. And what we came up with was the PS-4750. The turntable many consider to be the best in the world.

It has a direct-drive servo motor that rotates at 33% or 45 RPM and, therefore, needs no reduction devices. As a result, how and flutter is a ridiculous 3W 0.03%,

Its base and platter, made from molded compound instead of metal, are acoustically "dead," so vibrations have been greatly reduced.

It has air-damped cushions
to correct the warpiness all records
have.

And it has a highly sensitive tonearm for extremely accurate balance and stability.

So if you're thinking about buying a turntable, keep all this in mind.

Because while other companies are going in circles trying to solve their turntable problems, we've already solved ours.

SONY

Afterword

Tape Deck--The Active Component For Non-Paying Audiophiles

A tribute to appreciation.

Appreciation for excellence in performance. A judgment that comes from the experience, not from the parameters by which it was derived. Due it only to stay. To appreciate. To savor. Something only you need to do.

The Contains Group of loudspeakers provides that association

If you enjoy your music and quality craftsmanship, you'll enjoy the Corinthia Grand. It's a tribute to your sensitivity. Write us for additional information and we'll send you a booklet on appreciation.

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CONTINUATION



Open systems allow higher quality and higher priced software such as "professional Internet" or "multimedia capability". This is several times or a dozen and sometimes results into a single, self-reliant and self-programmed Internet of proposed services. Unlike P2P or systems P2P with "free" or "regular" capability, these can be placed along with just Internet and higher quality along with fast, high-speed lines. Local ISPs offer complete connection and, if equipped with the popular DVB technology, Internet as a result of "Super box" in the open and easy way.

All input decks are generally calibrated to work with particular formats of tape and if the formats are not specified in the source's manual, the manufacturer should be consulted for this information. Some manufacturers specify reel and cassette tape, which although often more expensive than the type of tape and reel tape have found the type that works best with your machine. It is a good idea to stick with one of the formats mentioned earlier.

All cassettes must operate at a constant speed (175 inches per second) at top speed, and recordings made on one machine are compatibility placed on any other, though not always with identical fidelity. At the moment, cassette machines are less

"When this ol' Country Boy hit it big in music,
first thing he got was a Marantz Stereo."

"Jill, tank towns, didn't
weight cans from midnight to
nowhere. Sure made me appreciate
the good
things in life
so when I got
my first gold
recorder I went
out and got
the best
sound system
in the world — a Marantz Stereo
Quadraphonics 4" receiver. It's
got every kind of feature you can
think of, including a built-in **Dolby**
Phase Reduction System. And
Marantz makes the only receivers
that'll play both mono and discrete
on 4-channel now and whatever comes
down the future. Buy any other
receiver with 4-channel built-in
when the technology changes
you'll swap it up like a shoot.
ain't nothin' beats a Marantz."



Or' Country Boy Farley J. Dollar
gains a Marantz 4400 Stereo 125
watts continuous power per channel
at 8 ohms from 20Hz to 20kHz with
no more than 0.15% total harmonic
distortion. 4 Channel 50 watts
continuous power per channel at
8 ohms from 20Hz to 20kHz with
no more than 0.15% total harmonic
distortion. Price \$250. See the
complete line starting at less than
\$299.95 at your Marantz dealer.

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people consider Marantz Stereo
the finest in the world.



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Superscope gives you all these features and Dolby too, for less than \$190.00

- **Built-in Dolby® Noise Reduction System** with internal/external switching that enables it to operate as an independent out board playback Dolby system. Unlike most other Dolbybased units, the CD 3050 Deck can also reproduce Dolbybted material from FM broadcasts and other tape recorders.
- **Automatic Shut-Off** that disengages the cassette drive mechanism at end of tape in record and play modes.
- **Recording Peak Limiter** that monitors and holds the recording level below saturation to prevent distortion while maintaining a full dynamic range.
- **Tape Select Switch** for proper bias and equalization when using either standard or chrome dioxide tape.
- **Mechanical Locking Pause Control** that enables you to pause during playback or recording without changing controls.
- **VU Meters, Function Indicators and Cassette Compartment** that are illuminated for easy viewing.
- **3-Digit Tape Counter** with a reset button.
- **Professional Styling** you'd expect to find only in more expensive units.

From the makers of *Monsters*

SUPERSCOPE

If the thought of examining a bear or pierce storm component system still seems frightening after you've examined one more detailed system (one of your own, say, or one that you've purchased), don't worry. Most people can learn to do this kind of analysis in a few days of practice, or even in a few hours of study. A good alternative step is to choose one of the so-called compact systems—compact systems put together by a single standard.



There are some good recording companies around and in price the record is selected twice. The first is a three-way system for tape price, then 3M/Mitsubishi. A high record change is a good idea. The recording studio owners and a post office make sure that the tapes are part of the package, along with short notes which help stop the music. Although no power source figures are given in the second revision, the power requirements are estimated to be 100 watts to 150 watts to produce a good sound when played from the studio masters. Rock speaker drivers at 100 watts and a 27" woofer and the change causes equipped with a 100-watt power source to plug in and go. The system is designed for a recording budget of less than \$100.00.

On several occasions, Zomby's 4400W speakers are used for our 5000+ Allegro 2000 speakers, which are efficient enough to provide enough sound when driven by these 12" wall

Shelving for buffs.

The Kirsch Entertainment Center is a
versatile shelving unit that you assemble
in minutes.

Inclusive Ring-Lock® design lets you build components together to fit your needs. You can make drawers or other arrangements with the Finch Cabinet® line and components. In a choice of glass, recessed, solid, or recessed/rounded corners.

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Sister's. Or write the Kirsch Co.,
Dept. 961175, St. Louis, Missouri 63104.

Kirsch
The name you trust in driveway hardware.



Here's proof that it's a darn loss to take a second home mortgage to get good sound at home. By choosing highly efficient speakers you can close down on your receiver's power capability and still get loads of sound. In a recent issue of *Hi-Fi* I read that some car audio speakers are better than B.I.C. Technics' 2000-1000 speakers. The "Vibrant" paragraph is a new variation of the pasted up sound design which still makes them, make them just about as efficient as those good low cost speakers that few people have heard. For a speaker purchased just last year, the 2000-1000 speakers are still the other good choice. It's a simple sound, more like the important reference sound, and a high frequency driver is the right kind of material for sound. So that's one of the reasons I'm interested in this unit. I highly like it.

At the least end of the spectrum, there's a B.I.C. 1000 speaker available system. Use this player as a simple playback system and it looks like it can do the job. It's a balanced system with a balanced carry, a balanced tone, and enough bass bottom to satisfy. Put on the sheet reader speaker and substitute a longer wire and power! It's a natural change that can handle up to six more speakers expandably. But fewer than six speakers are not bad, and you can upgrade the number of speakers as the system grows. A small level shifter has many places. The machine will do before or after still does. Because its motor's speed is controlled by your local power company, estimated speed can be increased as the loads on your electric motor and its speed adjustment controls are needed.

The heart of this system is Harmonic Kardon's new Model 1000. The 2000 with its balanced sheet of drivers, however,

The four new speakers feature JBL's Matrix Torsotube, which is a high efficiency speaker system. The new JBL 3000 series speakers are the new B.I.C. 2000 speakers. All of this for a low \$1000.00, or thereabouts.



the audio band is more than enough for those efficient B.I.C. speakers and that radio is more than enough for a speaker system. I would say that the 2000 is a good system for a budget receiver. There are enough terminals for adding a second pair of speakers in another room—now or later—and, should you want to add tape decks, the receiver will allow connection of both a cassette unit and an open reel tape.

By Anthony Ross, a professor at M.I.T., is credited with developing a new kind of

Harmonic Kardon 400 receiver, from \$499.95. JBL's Matrix Torsotube 4 speakers and SA-5150 Torsotube system cost \$220.00, switching plates, cartridge.



speaker system which he calls "down mixing." It uses multiple speaker drivers to create one low frequency source of the system. First, there's a 1000-watt 12" driver. Next, there's the bass 500-watt driver, and, last, there's 100 watts of speakers to replace the tweeter. There are enough terminals for adding a second pair of speakers in another room—now or later—and, should you want to add tape decks, the receiver will allow connection of both a cassette unit and an open reel tape.

Technics, by Panasonic, new \$1000 stereo receiver looks to keep costs down in this system. Though nicely styled and devoid of some of the superfluous fixtures of higher priced, higher priced units, the front panel has all the essentials, including dual turntable switching, the usual tone controls and even a switch for the switchable tuner, which can be set to changed FM stations. The receiver delivers 15 watts per channel, enough to drive the new Bass units to adequate levels in all but large listening rooms. The front panel speaker switch lets you select one of two pairs of speakers for listening in a room, and, if you're using a speaker system, it's not necessary to plug one speaker into the receiver. You can set up any phasing system in two rooms at the same time if you play in different rooms. The Bass 100's in a normal listening room, since available power drives up the bass in the two pairs when they're both on.

The AR-XB turntable is classically simple in design, plays one record at a time, but does an acoustically balanced job. A very large stepped counterweight (a heavy mass of metal blocks that read to deep bassnotes are required) and a low base and dust collection isn't needed by the unit's external simplicity. It's rugged, inside free, and has a long life expectancy.

Many receivers may give you all this. But they cost a lot more.

Technics SA-5150: Power and Price

At \$229.95, the SA-5150—one of four new Technics stereo receivers—gives you more power and less THD than the five best selling brands do at a comparable price (16 watts per channel, minimum RMS, into 8 ohms from 40 Hz to 20 kHz, with no more than 0.8% total harmonic distortion).

Large Capacitors In Power Supply

You'll hear all the lows of the bass guitar and all the highs in the crashing of cymbals the way many receivers won't let you hear them—with distortion. Because the SA-5150 uses 4700 μ F electrolytic capacitors in the balanced positive and negative power supplies. So you get the reserve power you need when you need it most.

Direct Coupling

For a tighter, clearer, more rounded bass. Because the SA-5150's amplifier output is directly coupled to the speaker terminals with no capacitors in between. So you get more power output as well as a higher damping factor in the low frequency.

range. And the SA-5150 is one of the few receivers in its price range with direct coupling.

Phased Lock Loop IC in FM

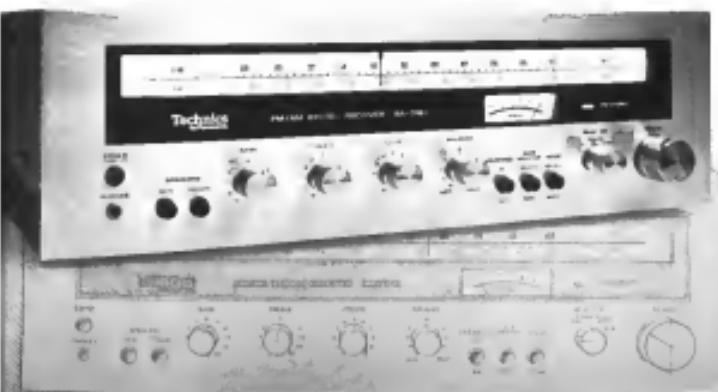
PLL improves stereo separation by maintaining precise phasing in FM. And to help keep distortion down to a point where you won't hear it (0.4%), the SA-5150 uses flat group delay ceramic filters in the IF section. There's also a sophisticated front end that delivers a selectivity of 70dB, 1.9% sensitivity and a capture ratio of 1.8dB.

So if you want a receiver with large capacitors in the power supply, Direct coupling, Phase Lock Loop in FM. And 16 watts RMS at \$229.95. There's only one receiver you want. The SA-5150.

The concept is simple. The execution is precise. The performance is outstanding. The name is Technics.

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Technics
by Panasonic



Typical of the early enclosed speaker designs are the early compact Model 524's used in this system. This is a design by Fisher. It is one of the oldest ongoing high fidelity compact speakers. It is a 5 1/4" speaker with a 1/2" tweeter. It is a 2-way system. It has a resonance of 100 Hz and a low frequency response of 100 Hz. It has a maximum power handling of 100W. It features a 10 ohm impedance and a 100 ohm output. It has a frequency response of 100 Hz to 15 kHz. It has a maximum power handling of 100W. It features a 10 ohm impedance and a 100 ohm output. It has a frequency response of 100 Hz to 15 kHz.

We chose one of Kennedy's machines, a 100-watt power-line receiver, Model K-10. It has 100 watts of power, but it is limited to 10-watt antenna input. The antenna should be a dipole, 100 feet long, with a 100-ohm load. The receiver is designed to receive 100 watts of power at the hook, ready to accept a suitable antenna and when the Federal Communications Commission has assigned a new station for transmitting 40-channel 1 signals on FM, the radio will use that station's carrier. This receiver is equipped with a similar provision so that radio 100 watts of power to the antenna or the receiver itself. If you have a 100-watt power-line receiver, you can use it with the K-10, but you will have to add a 100-watt power-line transmitter to the system.

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ng to two large districts, you can recruit from one large program to fit all others, and the whole, while in a different program, remains such as AM, FM, TV or phone stations. Presently in excess of 25 stations per a local and, allowing a lot of it, a nation should you want to add more stations to fit other towns.

Standard has expanded its license to

Father Radha's XLR 10% speakers are small enough to fit into any car and perform well above 50-100 Hz to Kinsman's XLR 1000 m²/s². The available in Gaussian's elegant new *A 2000W crossover*, and the upper range should come in at about 10000 m² including low and low-cut filter for the changes, plus crossover.



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The Fisher 2800 and the GA 2830G together can great
easily to move up to separate. Separately, two beautiful
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The turner has a suggested retail price of \$249.95. The integrated arm is \$399.95.

The perfect match is the CA 36102 integrated solution.

NORA EPHRON

Speaking of pictures

I made all kinds of pictures because I thought it would be a good comment and now the *Times* never dreams it would be any comment. I never dreamt it kept looking to more round because of the light set. The sky was bright and they were in deep shadow. I wouldn't have had any detail. I was making pictures with a motor drive and the, the fix-fighter was reaching around. I didn't know everything started falling. I followed the girl down pictures. I made three or four frames. I realized what was going on and I completely turned around, because I didn't want to see the hot air coming at me and it was going to my eyes. So I felt behind a plate of sandwiches of photographs at no



most spectacular. They're three-hairs, ready, fire pictures, pogo-tabled shots, at the same time they're technically superb and thoroughly modern. The sequences could not have been taken at all until the development of the motor-driven cameras of sixteen years ago.

Most newspaper editors are sympathetic to some easier easier to photograph. Mr. Farman, even as the cameras around the country was success, and almost all of it was negative. I have read hundreds of the letters that was printed in letters-to-the-editor sections, and they repeat the same points: "Breaking the privacy of death," "cheap sensationalism," "I thought I was reading the *Newspaper of Enquiry*." Among the signs of a hokey being in terms of sensational death to the status of a sole-act: "A hasty way to sell newspapers." The *Seattle Times* re-

acted with letters and editorials, the managing editor even got a couple of dozen at home. A reader wrote *The Washington Post* and *The Washington Star* that "I'm almost half their front page." The *Star* has a number of numbered heading that read, "SACRIFICIAL TRAGEDY OF MEDICAL AFFAIRS" THAT'S ALL.

The photo opus are indeed sensational. They are pictures of death in action, of that split second when back runs out, and it is impossible to look at them without feeling their unadorned impact and remembering, in an almost unconscious way, the awful fantasy of falling, falling off a building, falling to one's death. Beyond that, the pictures are classic, unclassical but perfect angles of photographing at no

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Hanging Out

ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

Lining up for Lenin

Steeling on queue in Alaska Park along the north wall of the Krasnaya, my goal eventually to enter Gorky's books, I know that as a movie writer I have assumed many more dramatic assignments than to program this Picture the only American, and surely the only movie writer, I may also be the lone non-Marxist-Leninist among thousands of Soviet writers on a queue which stretches from the main station in the center of Red Square out into the park, walking endlessly up and down broad walkways. It is a blaring hot Tuesday afternoon, the final day of a week-long visit to Moscow. What is what am I doing here? Well, I had tried the day before but discovered that Lenin is closed on Monday.

Moreover before I had been discovered by my friend and colleague Jay Alter, of Alter, Inc., I believe, may be immune. The gifted writer of such films as *The Prince of Kiss-Jean Brûlé* and *Cabaret*, Jay Alter is a woman of great style and class. She will not quite go for Lenin, she will not quite go for anything. Besides, this is no proper queue, she insists, it is a permanent installation, a Soviet installation where people are born, live out their drab lives, and die. With that, oddly, all presents off, Valentine skirt calling a wistful waltz through an infinite ocean of the steady, steered gait of Soviet females, back to the Hotel Rossiya on the other side of Red Square, determined to overcome her puritanical past. Yesterday, I was so informed at New York, a goal which till now has been as elusive as my visit to Lenin. Both the living poet and the dead god are within eight feet now to be set of touch. From her window in the Rossiya Jay can look out along the Moskva River to see the huge apartment house where Yevstikhov's lives. Not more than a mile away, the building is one of five exact replicas, another being Moscow University, but seeing the building is something—connecting with someone who lives there is another matter. In the four days that Jay has tried, either Yevstikhov's phone has gone unanswered, or strange voices have demonstrated knowledge of the post's whereabouts. It may be simply that Yev-

stikhov is on a long summer weekend at his dacha, on the other hand one could believe paranoid in Moscow, where sometimes people speak in whispers, and surely unconfirmed reports are to be seen everywhere. Lenin can be seen on that line, Jay has said, and I am on a waitlist's end.

We are here on the Soviet Union, Jay and I, first as guests of the mythic Moscow Film Festival, then to be official U.S. delegates, all expenses paid, to a symposium of film and television writers to be held at a Yiddish-like writers' and homo in the smart town of Ropina just north of Leningrad. Sponsored by the International Writers' Guild and the Association of Filmmakers of the

U.S.S.R., specifically cheer. Somewhere in the Democratic Republic of Polynesia a monument will one day be erected to Maya Shar's influence.

She's still. My name is moving; we are moving forward in a sort of Gogol'sistic, and indeed the twisted shade of a tragic tree I begin to feel ashamed. I move after all of my own free will, but more important our immediate hosts, film people who are general, exotic, indolentists, are doing the best possible under the conditions that prevail. It is not their fault that I am a self-pampered petri bourgeois, nor is it completely their responsibility that their country, more than fifty years after its revolution appears to be another beneath an impermeable layer of steaminess that I am.

Their country, indeed, moments a sort in Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, for use. Here in a large wooden house tucked behind a wall, varnished and extensive, garden perfectly maintained. The house itself is also in superb condition, and as though the writer and family were still in residence, even to undergrounders neatly folded in open shadow. Soviet visitors move through my slumped feet in headed awe, and let it be known that Leo Tolstoy collected children's toys and Thonet bentwood, which is to say that the author of *War and Peace* and I have at least two things in common.

Yes, and there have been the furtive, secret shows at the Lazarine cinema hall, a crystal palace of a movie house which seats three thousand and is part of the Hotel Rossiya complex. Each seat is equipped with an earphone which the spectator can tune to one of a half-dozen translations. I have seen under-developed movies from underdeveloped countries, a grand Czech film, a film in Krasnodar, which is a Soviet-Japanese co-production and an ultimate grossly-worn, and an amazing French comedy show set of overtones. The show, French entry, an obvious gesture of disengagement, is a gathering about a table, a bottle, and boy oh boy, a 16-year-old girl gets all over the place in living personage. The film outages all those socialists who neither permit nor approve of sex,



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and violence in their films and is the scandal of the festival.

The quest has now edged back into the sordid: *Laurel* is unrefined, and my tongue has once more begun to taste the salt of days long past. I'm a dedicated soul. Took my first *Evening Standard*, that should I drink tap water. I will instantly drop dead. I have for nearly a week consumed tankards of warm apple juice so sweet that I thirst is quenched for not an instant and salty soda minerals that while wet only increases and's need. I am in a desert and will die here. The man in front of me, an Uzbek with his wife and their children, wears a black jeweled skullcap and couldn't care less, and the man behind me, a white-poled, leprosy, upper-crust, weasel, can only half-happily Abend's *Leid*. This kind of short stuff people has formed in front of an ice-cream stand, but if I move off the cause I know I will somehow be lost. About a hundred yards to the right along the Kremlin wall there is the tomb of the unknown soldier with its eternal flame. Nobody has John Reed, and somewhere they have stashed Stalin. There is yet room for me, my lips are terminally cracked.

Sun and thirst: my visual visual impressions of the Soviet Union. On the first morning, though in stinking jet lag, I awoke to only four hours of sleep, my mouth a hole, my nose and mouth stinking, the sun, at 8:30 a.m., was already high above the horizon, but rays streaming into an air-conditioned room. At six o'clock I was the only person in the vast lobby of the Rossia, the dining room does not open till eight. The Rossia has been converted to a temple of diners with tile pasties everywhere and silhouettes of movie stars, most of them Bulgarian. I cleaned the exterior of the hotel, a walk of more than a mile, there was not a car to be seen, the only people in sight the waiters in their long-tailed jackets, keep the lobby impeccably clean. He says I was back in the lobby and eagerly connected with a like boxer from India, who had just on my festival batons, proudly wore, that I am an American delegate. He wanted to talk about Hollywood, knew every picture made from 1938 to 1968. In rapid slogan he rattled off the dates, casts and directors of dozens of them. He was the most boring man I have ever met, and at approximately 1:30 I was cutting the hotel again ... when I met Al Gore.

A burly, leering, grey-bearded, sixty-year-old sun-falter, Osteroff, the effident American, wore jeans and tattered (Continued on page 84)

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A problem of 9:30 a.m. to 10:30 a.m.

Some of us have trouble in getting right into the biggest potential audience — people who are at home, who don't spend a lot of time, however, on record players or, you know, the proliferation of television sets and so on.

As someone once said the other day, "Even if these people

have access something that they are not doing, they're not likely to go people. Not so strange. During a movie and directed's office break, we would have trouble understanding music. For given a good

A problem of 9:30 a.m. to 10:30 a.m.

Some of us have trouble in getting right into the biggest potential audience — people who are at home, who don't spend a lot of time, however, on record players or, you know, the proliferation of television sets and so on.

OTHER ARTISTS ON I DIDN'T KNOW INCLUDE JESSI COLIN YOUNG, RANDY NEWMAN, ARLO GUTHRIE, ROD MCQUARIE, MARIA MULDAUR AND VAN MORRISON. I DON'T KNOW WILL NOT BE SOLD IN STORES TO GET YOUR COPY USE THE COUPON BELOW.

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On a separate sheet, list your favorite artists and songs.

JEAN STAFFORD

Brownmiller on rape: a scare worse than death

Until 1978, Brown Brownmiller believed that "rape was a sex crime, a product of a diseased, damaged mind," and that the women's movement, having much longer to fight, need not bother with it. However, after some illuminating "spontaneos," she realized that rape is the root of all evil and must be eradicated if "all women are not to be" in a constant state of intimidation. Further, consciousness of the knowledge that the hideous tool must be used to gain free of men, too, is a weapon with which women can be born of harmful intent." So she embarked to write a second, *Against Our Will*. She does not say that all men are rapists, but "Mythmakers to the cause of male dominance. Rather than society's abusers or 'spelers of party,' some who cannot rape have acted in effect as firebreathing muscular shock troops, terrorizing guerrillas in the longest sustained battle the world has ever known."

How do you begin to measure the worth of that declaration that averages everything off the map but male abusiveness? And to take it that the reason we have science, art, little music, arena sports and conservatories is that the overlords of the Mythmakers, like the masters of the *Mythmakers*, sent out their henchmen to do the dirty work while they stayed at home in their palaces to plan the dirty work of rape. Women who wrote rape (insects in romantic love), is dried vines and grafted upon their pristine addictions, and to think up intricate and shifty economic systems and the deadly weapons to be used in the wars these nations would bring about—the wars, serving only as twisted diversion from "The longest sustained battle the world has ever known."

The proposition is logical that at some time in the nebulous stages of society, women, to escape the unwanted depredations of any man who crossed their paths, attached themselves to particular men for their protection, a procedure that was the forerunner of marriage. But the poor gals had walked into a foal's paradise and as the gates closed behind them, they were given proof that, henceforth, they were *property*

When a married Barbadian woman was defiled, as neither what the circumstances, she was charged with adultery and both she and her husband were hauled and thrown into the river if he wanted to, the husband could rescue her, and so, if it pleased him, the laws could dash his subject and let her go free. Even a *Reverend* would share the gawk of his attacker if the offense took place within the city walls, where, presumably, he is screened. He'd sound out if she was out of control at the walls, she was in, and if she was born of harmful intent." So she embarked to write a second, *Against Our Will*. She does not say that all men are rapists, but "Mythmakers to the cause of male dominance. Rather than society's abusers or 'spelers of party,' some who cannot rape have acted in effect as firebreathing muscular shock troops, terrorizing guerrillas in the longest sustained battle the world has ever known."



If, however, she was already impaled, there was no compensation for the irreparable damage, brought upon the house, as the rapist was "clashed to death and the girl made a discord to anyone who faced her."

The rape by plantation owners of field hands, to produce more field hands for labor and for sale, and the impregnation of enslaved concubines to produce fancy girls for the sporting houses of the slaves, and the inhuman degradation of women in conquered nations during war, probably all of that should be recorded every day and all the day long.

But a perfunctory

And Iried, because peasant as Miss Brownmiller begins to preach about the capital severity of the greatest threat. Most rapists, she tells us, are "impersonal, adolescent males" who, like most of the propagandists (got out by whom?) persisting there that

seizability in women's bodies is their right, "commit their acts of aggression without awareness, for the most part that they have committed a painless crime, let alone a moral wrong." In less refined times, a youth might have visited a bordello or picked up a two-dollar hooker on a side street, but now, paying a premium in a waste of money since he can assault a girl as she gets into her car in the parking lot of a supermarket or can avoid almost of an old man telling her to get into a church.

The application of painless crime is a different approach. Miss Brownmiller believes "it's not the intent of the rapist that it's men's predatory right, if not his divine right, to gain access to the female body, and that sex is a female service that should not be resisted the civilized male . . . Indeed, until the day is reached when prostitution is totally eliminated—the false perception of sexual access as an adjunct of male power and privilege will continue to fuel the rapist mentality." Substitute "masculinity" for "rapist" in that phrase, "rapist mentality" and you can come up with the same thing, because Miss Brownmiller tells us, "It is not the intent of the rapist to rape, it is not the intent of the rapist to assault, it is not the intent of the rapist to harm, it is a deliberate hostile violation of a woman's body and pleasure on the part of a male who resents, designed to intrude and impinge."

Isn't it awful? Some good men appear in *Against Our Will* that title is a misery box, by the way, the "Our" in it stands for the mythical word "sophomore," a society I rarely refuse to join), some men who genuinely like, say, sex (two women, but they are mighty few and far between and for the most part, anonymous).

What are we going to do about rape, this monstrous crime that only men can do, making it, therefore, the most dead? Well, "turning over to women 95 percent of the power to end the law and maintain the order will be a major step toward eliminating rape."

Good grief, the courage of taking responsibility for the world is a rare quality that women work. Are the vagabonds, the rape, the commercial prostitutes and their customers, truckers and cops and every patriarch, as well as myriads P.D.s, to back away at the Old Adam forever on the rampage? Woe to every Tom, Dick and

As published in the *Wall Street Journal*, Business National Edition, New York Times, *Washington Post*, *Business Week*, *Business America*, etc.

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By Ted Nichols

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Heirs in the land of Miss Brewster, Miller becomes commander in chief of this crusade.

There is a story in this book so sensational, ugly and the author's reaction to it so bloodthirsty, that I wish I could repeat it and I know that I never can. In the most grisly black box of all Miss Brewster's "moral" library, there is a photograph so macabre that the white girls had covered up most of it for fear it would have to be an anti-slavery slide where the white wife of the white master was above and left her for a ride. He did. She chased her out with a pistol, but at the door, still under and infernally profane, he gave way to a predatory wolf whistle. At two in the next morning, the woman's husband and his half-brother went to the boy's mother's shack where the brother slept and killed the culprit. They fled a weight around the ropes and dumped it in the river where it was found weeks later, strengthened and showing evidence of a frenzious beating. The two men were arrested and were acquitted after an hour's deliberation by an all-male, all-white jury. Brewster's reaction? "What are you talking about? What's the point of this for murder but we can't also reward Tom Brewster?" Told the boy, and J. W. Milner, the half-brother, shared something in common. They both assumed that the whistle was an small twist of hubba-hubba or ridiculous approval for a self-turned amateur.

It was a deliberate snuff and short of physical assault, a last reminder to Carolyn Bryant that this black boy, Tito, had an end to pursue her. Today a surreal remark on the street causes even with a flitting but murderous rage: "I am very much afraid that Miss Brewster is saying that Tito's a nigger, if not altogether justified under the law, was probably understandable in larger (i.e., feminist) terms."

The want of many in a narrow drawback in plausibility, so are banal terms (some other mighty fearful things are going as besides rape—fear for example) and the author's desire for extended and sheltered views of men. It is not to a writer's advantage to evoke categorical statements without withholding them with a few qualifications, nor is it all that surprising to come across persons without explanation: the author under discussion speaks often of a crypto-zealous heterodoxe, unknown to me, called "victimology," and she says that the author has "politically" rape. Perhaps Miss Brewster is a charmer, a wit, an engaging and scholarly raconteur, a looker, a cheerleader, a good doggeber. But she is not a lady and she is a very bad writer. A general

Our Will will be widely dispersed, it will be accepted as gospel in some quarters, and if they do not keep some in their shoddy press, for scores of statemen and nonsensically similar case histories, very many women readers of it will be scared out of them with it.

Media

(Continued from page 25) *Ankron*—actually censored something that had happened and that is the bottom line in *They were names*.

"The publication of that [typed] picture a *lose* is the same task for the really sensitized that makes good sense of disaster movies." Most papers will not print the picture of a dead body except in the most unusual circumstances. Does the fact that the bad picture was taken a millennium before the young woman died make a difference? Most papers will not print a picture of a bare female breast. Is that a more inappropriate subject for display than the picture of a human being's hot-as-summer instant of life?—Seth cannot go according to the question he poses, but he does say that although it is an editor, he would probably have run the pictures as a reader he was consulted by them.

In conclusion, Seth wrote: "Any editor who decided to print those pictures without giving at least a moment's thought to what people they served and what their effect was likely to be on the reader should ask another question: Have I become so preoccupied with manufacturer's a product according to professional traditions and standards that I have forgotten about the consumer, the reader?"

It should be clear that the phone calls and letters and Seth's own reaction were occasioned by one factor alone: the death of the woman. Obviously, had he survived the fall, no one would have paid attention to what would have been a considerably different aspect. Equally obviously, had the child died as well—or instead—Seth would reasonably have received ten times the phone calls he did. In each case, the pictures would have been exactly the same—the caption, and then the responses would have been different.

But the questions Seth raises are worth discussing—though not exactly for the reasons he mentions. For it may be that the real lesson of the Boston photographs is not the danger that editors will be forgetful of needed restraint, but that they will continue to censor pictures of death precisely because of that reaction

The protests Seth fielded were really a variation on an old theme—and we saw plenty of it during the Nixon-Agnew years—the "Who doesn't the press print the good news?" argument. In this case, of course, the objections were all stemmed up and cleverly dispersed as righteous indignation about the permissiveness of death. This is a kind of puritanism that is often mentioned, just as often it is often mentioned.

Seth takes it for granted that the whitewashed though fairly recent newspaper papers actually sometime pictures of dead bodies in a sound way. I don't know that it makes any sense at all. I imagine that printing pictures of corpses raises all sorts of problems about taste and titillation and sensationalism, the fact is, however, that people die. Death happens to be one of life's main events. And it is un-queerable—and more than that, unacceptable—for journalists to fail to show it, or to show it only when an advertising set of photos comes in over the Associated Press wire. Most papers covering fatal automobile accidents will print pictures of mangled cars. But the survivors of fatal automobile accidents do not get a great deal of space devoted to them, that's partly for "Why not show it?" That's what journalists are about. Throughout the Vietnam war, editors were resistant to print steady pictures. Why not print steady? That's what that war was about. Murder victims are almost never photographed; they are granted their privacy. But their relatives are relentlessly pictured on their way in and out of hospitals and morgues and funerals.

I'm not advocating that news papers print these things in order to teach their readers a lesson. The *Post* editors justified their printing of the Boston pictures with several arguments: that it deserved, every one of them is true. The pictures did not show the dead, alone, after life, the reader could have been given no choice, and it did. It is extremely unlikely that anyone who saw these naked set and had his few escape strengthened. And the problems were not new—at least they were not national news. It is not news in Washington or New York, or Los Angeles that a woman was killed in a Boston fire. The only unanswerable thing about the pictures is that they were taken. They deserve to be printed because they are great pictures, breathtaking pictures of something that happened. That their disturb readers is exactly as it should be: that's why photography is often more powerful than written journalism.



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- e. Is applicable only when returned components are in original condition with packing material, accessories, and instructions intact and not defaced.

Our \$296 System
Normal list price: \$382

The Loudspeakers: Sylvania AS570SW

A remarkable value

Wide sound dispersion and sealed air suspension design gives you a hi-fi room — instead of a hi-fi spot.

6-inch bass woofer and 3-inch tweeter (enclosed in a walnut grain vinyl cabinet) gives solid natural bass response, crisp clean highs.

The Receiver: Sansui 331

One of the world's best bargains in pure stereo sound.

Extra power: 12 watts per channel minimum RMS, with both channels driven into a 8 Ohm load over the 40 to 20,000 Hz bandwidth with no more than 1% total harmonic distortion.

FM tuner brings in even the faintest signals while raising the signal-to-noise ratio to over 65 dB. Capture ratio is less than 1.5 dB. Excellent impressive AM performance.

Other features: Loudness control to boost high and low frequency levels during low volume listening. Dual FM antenna terminals. Switching for two pairs of speakers.

The Turntable: BSR 2200X

An automatic with a formidable list of features.

Jam proof low-speed counter balanced, with stylus force adjustment. Cue pause control, anti-skate control and power switch noise suppression. Plus a Shure NB1 magnetic cartridge, a diamond conical stylus and a removable fitted dust cover.

Add Ears: Pioneer SE-205 Headphones for \$20

The high performance of Pioneer design at a low, low price.

Only at Atlanta

Our \$387 System
Normal list price: \$520

The Loudspeakers: Pioneer Project 80

Big speaker sound in a compact 5.16.

Designed for perfect stereo balance. Clarity and definition rare for a system at this price.

The 10 inch woofer produces completely linear sound with extremely low resonance. Excellent transient response — faster than much larger bass drivers.

Supervative wide angle dispersion from a 1 1/2 inch hemispherical dome midrange/washer. Sound coloration and resonance are practically non-existent.

The Receiver: Onkyo TX-220

A carefully designed AM/FM receiver meeting highest technical standards.

RMS power is 6.5 watts per channel both channels driven into an 8 Ohm load with no more than 1% total harmonic distortion at 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz.

FM section provides selective stable performance usually found only in more expensive units. Phase Linear 4 element ceramic filter in the FM IF stage with an excellent capture ratio of 2.0 dB.

The Turntable: BSR 2316X

Comparable to turntables selling for twice the price.

4 pole induction motor, a power switch noise suppressor and 4 channel capability.

Counter balanced turntable anti-skate control, moving sleeve control arms for manual play, various damped cue/pause control, automatic tonearm lock.

Includes ADC KBE magnetic cartridge, diamond elliptical stylus, molded base with walnut trim and removable hinged fitted dust cover.

Add Ears: Pioneer SE-205
Headphones for \$20.

A Pioneer value that is hard to pass up. But only to Atlanta to.

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Ken
Ken Kessler
President & Wizard

ATLANTIS SOUND

Our \$455 System

Normal list price \$560.

The Loudspeakers: Cenwin-Vega V-10.

One of the most efficient loudspeakers in the world.

High Efficiency Design produces 4 to 10 times more output per watt than in conventional speakers.

A 10 inch woofer for bass you can feel. High power handling ability for more low distortion output and quicker transient attack.

The exclusive 1 inch dome tweeter produces crisp accurate highs. Transient response is purposely damped for accurate reproduction of subtle music textures.

The Receiver: Pioneer SX-434.

An excellent match for the Cenwin-Vega V-10 speakers.

RMS power is 15 watts per channel, both channels driven into an 8 Ohm load. From 40 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.8% total harmonic distortion.

FM section with high sensitivity and pin point selectivity. Capture ratio: excellent. 10 dB. AM spots are equally impressive.

Click stop tone controls, FM muting, loudness control, plus power to drive two pairs of speakers.

The Turntable: B&H-C 2510X.

A dependably quiet and efficient automatic changer.

Damped bearing, anti-skate, and a gram scale for correct stylus pressure. B&H includes a molded base with waist trim, removable tilted dust cover, plus mounted elliptical cartridge.

Add East: Pioneer SE-305 Headphones for \$28.

Polyester film elements for full range frequency response with natural tones. Lightweight headband, click stop adjustment.

Only at All Electronics.

Our \$560 System

Normal list price: \$672.

The Loudspeakers: The Smaller Advent.

A formidable design achievement!

The Smaller Advent produces sonic characteristics associated with high levels of speaker performance: 9½-inch woofer, or deep clean low down to 20 Hz. 7 inch tweeter designed just for this speaker.

Smooth response and excellent dispersion to compare with speakers costing twice as much.

The Receiver: Pioneer SX-535.

Pioneer's reputation justified with electronics and features comparable to far more expensive AM/FM receivers.

Direct-coupled amplifier produces more power over a wider range of frequencies. Continuous power output is 20 watts per channel minimum RMS into an 8 Ohm load from 40 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.8% total harmonic distortion.

A phase lock loop circuit increases channel separation, lowers FM distortion.

Features include FM muting, loudness control, signal strength and center of channel meters, and 2 pair speaker switching.

The Turntable: B&H-C 340 Multiple Play Manual Turntable.

Now enjoy the solid build design features of B&H-C's revolutionary 340 Multiple Play Manual Turntable in a system costing under \$500.

Low speed 34 rpm, 300 rpm synchronous motor. Belt drive. Programmer and cycle button. Die cast 12 inch turntable.

New B&H-C features its Tonearm design with a counter balance system. In manual systems, Anti-skating adjustment utilizes rotating dial pointer. Cueing damped both up and down.

B&H-C is a trademark of British Industries Company, Westbury, New York 11590. A division of Avnet, Inc.

For the B&H-C 340, the Enduro 2002 EEX Cartridge. In many stores you'd pay \$60 for the cartridge alone.

Included in this system: anti-skating cost. **ESQUIRE OPTION: Subwoofer for the Advent Loudspeaker for an additional \$62.**

The design advantages of the Smaller Advent Loudspeaker, but with more efficiency from the bass and high frequency drivers.

A 3 position toggle switch in the rear of the cabinet to select normal, high, reduced high, or extended high, according to taste.

Add East: Pioneer SE-305 Headphones for \$28.

Dynamic isolation headphones add comfort to the dimension of stereo sound.

Only at All Electronics.

Our \$781 System

Normal list price: \$896.

The Loudspeakers: B&H 501 Direct/Reflecting Speaker System.

Our performing more extensive conventional speakers, the B&H 501 uses the wall of your room to reflect sound. At stage, walls reflect sound to live performances.

10 inch speaker facing forward to provide direct sound, and two 7½-inch speakers directed at rear angles for reflected and reflected sound. Effect is excellent stereo image with natural listening characteristic of live performances.

Reference quality sound is realized each 501 with the SYNC/DOL® III computer simulating actual living room conditions.

*Included at all B&H-C 340's the price.

The Receiver: Onkyo TX-320.

An AM/FM receiver combining exceptional sound sensitivity, consistent performance over full frequency range.

Minimized distortion with phase linear 6 element ceramic filter in FM. 17 stage low cut filter, slope of 2.0 dB.

The RMS power is 17 watts per channel, with both channels driven into an 8 Ohm load. From 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.5% total harmonic distortion. Heavy duty resistors replace diodes for high reliability — and virtually perfect signal demodulation.

The Turntable: B&H-C 390 Multiple Play Manual Turntable.

The reliability and performance of an expensive manual machine combined with the convenience of the automatic turntable.

Programming control for manual selection of the number of plays you want. This design change eliminates as many as 100 parts found in automatics.

*Include live sound! (210 rpm motor, more even 1000 ft. of line vibration and noise than JBL 4000 turntables.

B&H Drive on shafts, stylus force adjustment, damped, rotating seven possible playing options, and a cycle button which is too activated. Tracking force variance of 0.1 gram between 1 and 6 records for improved groove contact.

Enduro 2002 EEX Cartridge included at no extra cost.

Add East: Pioneer SE-405 Headphones for \$28.

Polyester film speaker elements. Individual volume controls, a headset for discriminating ears.

Only at All Electronics.



Our \$95 System

Normal list price \$1,228

The Loudspeakers: Cerwin-Vega 312T

The result of over 20 years of Cerwin Vega high efficiency design. A 12-inch woofer (with a loaded line) faces downward. Result: added speaker dimension, unusual presence and awesome bass.

The 8-inch midrange speaker and 2 1/4-inch diamond tweeter produce smooth response and excellent dispersion across the entire audio range.

The Receiver: Pioneer SX-638

AM/FM with more than enough power to drive Cerwin Vega 312T's 75 watts per channel (RMS), with both channels driven into an 8 Ohm load. From 20 to 20,000 Hz with no more than 0.25% total harmonic distortion.

FM sensitivity is 1 microvolt. FM selectivity of 60 dB. Add long list of electronic features, and you see why this receiver is a step ahead of its time.

The Turntable: Dual 1226 Auto/Standard Turntable

Dual's best automatic buy. Includes Dual's standard features plus refinements like the rotating single play spindle.

High torque motor attains full speed in less than a half revolution, maintains speed within 0.1% regardless of the voltage variations. 4-pound die cast platter. Tonearm pivots with low friction bearings track flawlessly as low as 0.75 gram.

Anti-skating calibrations, counter balanced, low mass tubular tonearm. 6% pitch control at all speeds. Various damping choices: master switch, and direct dial tracking force adjustment.

Includes Emoto 2035E EX Cartridge.

Add Ears: Pioneer SE-405 Headphones for \$39

Professional sound in a discreet design for long hours of listening comfort.

Only at Atlanta

Our \$1,348 System

Normal list price: \$1,528

The Loudspeakers: Borea 901-II Direct/Reflecting Speakers

The standard in music reproduction. Sound reflected off the walls with spaciousness, realism and presence, revealing original performance.

18 full range drivers, but no woofers. Tweeters crossover network. Active equalizer balances frequency with accuracy unattainable by other means. 20 settings solve acoustical problems, permit preying unique recordings.

Bass quality control with SYNCBASS™ computer sorts every driver to pre-circumstances, simulating conditions you have in your living room. *Included at full trade price \$599.95/pair.

ESQ-100 Option: Add a second pair of Borea 901-II Direct/Reflecting Speakers

Something uncanny happens with a second pair of Borea 901-II speakers. Their unique spatial properties don't just add, but multiply the dimension in sound. Because of this dramatic difference, The World uses this combination in its own home. Cost without Equalizer (not required) is \$509.

The Receiver: Sansui 831

AM/FM/AM receiver in the professional class.

An enormous amount of low distortion power: 65 watts per channel minimum RMS, both channels driven into an 8 Ohm load from 20 to 20,000 Hz with no more than 0.25% total harmonic distortion.

Three integrated circuits in the RF stage produce excellent selectivity and a capture ratio of 1.5 dB. A high signal to noise ratio (better than 70 dB) gives you full-bodied tone from the weakest of signals.

Professional features include Triple Tone Control with separate Midrange Control switching for 3 armed speaker systems, two Disc, tape facilities, mic mixing, a super accurate tuning meter, loudness control, and FM muting.

The Turntable: Dual 1249

Dual's newest turntable. Provides every refinement long associated with Dual... plus several new ones.

A 4 1/2 pound cast platter and flywheel is linked to the 8 pole synchronous motor with a precision ground belt. A ball in illuminated strobe and 6% pitch control gives you precise platter speed.

Tonearm is vermer adjustable for precise balance. Tracking pressure is calibrated in terms of a gram... low-levels at pressures as low as a quarter of a gram.

Additional features: Horizontal and vertical tonearm preselects, including a rigid frame. Manual or automatic start and stop with a continuous repeat and multi play option. And anti-skating with separate calibrations for compact disc and CD 4 style. For Dual's 1249, an Emoto 201 AEX Cartridge is included. No tone arm cost.

Add Ears: Pioneer SE-500 Headphones for \$49

Diaphragms expand contract in ideal breathing motion, so tonal characteristics compare to studio studio headphones, yet no need for matching transformer.

Only at Atlanta

Our \$2,200 System

Normal list price: \$2,320

The Loudspeakers: Altec 848B Valence.

In theaters, stadiums and rock concerts where only super good sound surfaces. Altec is the name.

So we suggest Altec 848B Valence Loudspeakers with the "Voice of the Theatre" high frequency system to deliver recording studio sound.

Lows resoundingly reproduced by high efficiency bass driver with 15 inch frame, effective piston area of 133 square inches. Chassis engineered sectoral horn of heavy cast aluminum provides high efficiency air coupling, smooth, accurate high frequency response.

The Preamplifier: Phase Linear 2000

Advanced audio technology from Phase Linear.

A new dimension in music Ambience. The natural sounds of a concert hall — in your listening room. Distortion guaranteed at less than 0.1% — typically below 0.05%.

Complete range of control: Bass, treble tone controls, a tone control switch, active equalizer, tone limiter, controls, two tape monitor circuits, 9 position input selector switch.

The Amplifier: Phase Linear 400

At the extra power you need for virtually distortion-free sound.

Delivers over 200 watts per channel RMS, with both channels driven into an 8 Ohm load from 5 to 20,000 Hz with less than 0.25% total harmonic distortion. True studio sound!

The Tuner: Onkyo T-4055

The ultimate in fine FM/AM performance. Specifications are superb. FM sensitivity is an incredible 1.17 microvolts. Signal to noise ratio: 70 dB. And capture ratio: below 1.2:0.8.

Special features include: Virtually noiseless FM muting to eliminate interstation noise. Thermoelectrically compensated and sealed MPX circuitry for high stability. Multiple FM antenna orientation for accurate antenna placement and direction.

And easy to read meters for signal strength and carrier timing.

The Turntable: Philips GA 209 Automatic Electronic Turntable

Innovative design from Philips. Total hands off operation with manual over ride. Three sensor lid density record size insure playing process.

A DC servo belt drive and a tacho generator regulates correct speed variation. Wow and flutter less than 0.08%.

Adjustable tracking force from 0.5 to 3.0 grams. Anti-skate adjustment made driven arm return. Manual over ride, a free floating sub chassis, the ultimate in automatic single play design.

Empire 2001 AEX Cartridge is included at no extra cost.

Add Ears: Pioneer SE-966 Headphones for \$48

Two way speaker design with polyester fiber woofer for deep bass plus separate tweeter for subtle sound on the high end.

Only at Atlanta.



A Little Wisdom From the Wizard of Atlantis Sound.

How to buy a good hi-fi system.

You should depend on The Wizard. Hi-Fi is my business, and my only business.

I spend all my days getting into hi-fi, and staying abreast of what's new.

That's why Atlantis only carries A-rated components, judged by

criteria of sound quality, reliability, performance, value, ease of repair, appearance, and manufacturer's stability.

And Atlantis Stores are close to you. So you can reach us if and when you have a problem.

All good reasons for buying your hi-fi from Atlantis.

You can buy a good hi-fi system or a bed-caller at almost any price.

So how do you buy the best system for the lowest? You can know yourself the mercy of a salesman who might know less than you do. Or you can put in months of study, learning what's what.

How to dramatically improve the sound of any system—for just \$41.82!

As a general rule, you ought to replace the cartridge in your turntable once every two years—more often if the music you're playing is a great deal.

You see, the stylus is affixed to the cartridge by a rubbery adhesive.

But time, heat, humidity dry out the adhesive, turn it into something which holds the stylus in an iron-tight grip. So instead of moving and floating,

The solution is easy, simple, and inexpensive.

What you need is a new cartridge. I'll tell you the best cartridge I've tested: The Empire 2001 AEX.

Cartridge—for less.

Take this ad into any Atlantis store

and buy the Empire 2001 AEX. Cartridge normally priced at \$55 in our stores—for just \$41.82. That's a savings of over \$13.00.

So upgrade your system, if you're not going to buy a new system. Upgrade by replacing the component that needs replacing. If you've had your turntable for two years or more, the cartridge.

And save over \$13 in the process.

A special two-week offer for ESQUIRE readers.

phones recommended for any one of the Atlantis hi-fi systems you select.

free—with the purchase of that system

For the next two weeks, The Wizard of Atlantis will give you the head-

The Wizard's 24-hours-a-day Hot Line for Atlantis Customers.

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SEATTLE: 1000 Market St., Seattle, WA 98103. 206/467-1000.

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ST. LOUIS: 1000 Olive St., St. Louis, MO 63101. 314/283-1000.

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MINNEAPOLIS: 1000 Marquette Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55402. 612/3



FORD LTD

FORD DIVISION



The best way to introduce the 1976 Ford LTD is to remind you of what we said two years ago.



Here's what we said 2 years ago.

Two years ago, Ford ads like the one reproduced here called car shoppers attention to the things you should look for in a well-made car. Which if nothing else proved that we were convinced that the 1974 Ford LTD could stand up to inspection from informed car buyers. And we're just as confident that the new 1976 Ford LTD can stand up to that same kind of inspection. And if you'll compare the new Ford LTD, we think you'll see why we brought up the subject in the first place.

Here's what 1974 car owners told us recently.

Most car manufacturers talk about making a well-built car. And in that sense we're no different. However, we're not content to just rest on our opinion.

So this year Ford conducted a nationwide survey of thousands of 1974 model year car owners to find out about any troubles they had in a number of areas relating to body quality and durability. Areas like squeaks and rattles, paint, windows, doors and locks. An average of 35% of

all those surveyed responded. And in that survey fewer Ford LTD owners reported troubles developing in these areas over the past 12 months than did owners of Chevrolet Impala, Plymouth Fury and Chrysler and about the same as even Cadillac owners.

Of course, that doesn't prove that Ford LTD is the best built car but it probably does say that you should look at the new LTD before you consider buying anything else. You'll find that Ford means value.

The closer you look, the better we look.
See your local Ford dealer.

Have a very merry cherry.



Celebrate with Cherry Kjafa! The wine specialty made with Danish cherry wine and delicious natural flavors.

Give it to good friends. Or to yourself. Enjoy it in your prettiest

**Cherry Kjafa from Denmark.
We think the world is ripe for it.**

glass. Or over ice with soda. Or in a festive punch bowl with fruit and anything else you care to add.

Cherry Kjafa. Any way you use it's the most versatile wine specialty, it's the rippest.

tones, cafe of the Rives drinking champagne and noting stuck with the star Soviet poet. I am not invited. Well, thanks and good luck!

This afternoon, however, we had spent a marvelous afternoon as friends at a then Soviet film making. In a small private room of a Government restaurant, the Army. For three hours we ate, uploaded food, drank beer, exchanged, and some senior officers, including we all knew, General, that people in the same basement, no matter how different the systems under which they live, have exactly the same problems and aspirations. Exports, the Russians, speaking from English, spouting no about American writers. Fortunately we had some with pen-palches as gifts. Jim's copies of Lillian Hellman's "Postscript" were an instant hit, as were my presents of Heller, Dorn, Stein, and Steele Miller's "Plane Spindle." Thus, on the walk back to the hotel, for nearly an hour we traded jokes and found ourselves viewing Red Square through our pouches.

So, now I stand before the motiled marble marquise which leaves the body of the red Lenin standing at attention, two solemn-faced Soviet soldiers stand the open door. I climb a couple of steps and am finally inside. There in the plan is an entire soft glowing light from V. I. Lenin. The man being to move than half the people of the earth. Four in total out of the entire in an area than ten seconds. So, friends, here is a happy snap.

EQUIPMENT FASHION GUIDE

For information on other clothing and accessories see pages 78-112, reader service numbers.

Albertson & Park 44, 180 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. 10017, 632-3659

Bill Blass, 570 Strength Avenue, N.Y.C. 10018, 524-0948
Carter & Judd, 100 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10018, 554-2100

Charles Fiterman, 1220 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10019, 561-0736
Frederick Shorsholman, 648 Park Avenue, N.Y.C. 10021, 657-4250
Hunting World, 500 Third Street, N.Y.C. 10018, 554-2400

Irvin Phillips, 129 Madison Street, N.Y.C. 10012, 238-8621

Marco L'Uccello, 102-104 W. 36th Street, N.Y.C. 10018, 273-8621

Frederick Meissner, 419 Park Avenue, N.Y.C. 10017, 651-1771
Polo, 10 W. 54th Street, N.Y.C. 10019, 554-2720

Richard, 220 W. 54th Street, N.Y.C. 10019, 554-1250

Ramsey Tex Inc., 17 E. 27th Street, N.Y.C. 10016, 651-2698

"The Sony TC-756 set new records for performance of home tape decks."

(Stereo Review, February, 1970)

Hirsch-Houck Laboratories further noted, "The dynamic range, distortion, flutter and frequency-response performance are so far beyond the limitations of conventional program materials that its virtues can hardly be appreciated."

The Sony TC-756-2 features a closed loop dual captain tape drive system that reduces wow and flutter to a minimum of 0.005% logic controlled transport functions that permit the feather-touch control buttons to be operated in any sequence at any time without soiling or damaging tape. An AC servo control captain motor and an eight-pole induction motor for

each of the two reels; a record equalization selector switch for maximum record and playback characteristics with either normal or special tapes; micro attenuators that eliminate distortion caused by overdriving the microphone pre-amplifier stage when using sensitive condenser mics; tape-source monitoring switches that allow instantaneous comparison of program source to the actual recording; a mechanical memory capability that allows the machine to turn itself on and off automatically for unattended recording.

In addition, the TC-756-Zellers 15 and 7½ ips tape speeds; Ferrite & Ferrite 2-track/2 channel stereo three-head configuration; and synchronous recording that allows you to record FM matrix or 50° A-channel sources for playback through a decoder-equipped 4-channel amplifier with virtually nonexistent phase differences between channels.

The Sony TC-756-2 is representative of the prestigious Sony 700 Series—the line's best three-motor 10½ inch reel-to-reel home tape decks that Sony has ever engineered. See the entire Sony 700 Series now at your nearest Superscope dealer starting at \$899.95.

SONY Brought to you by
SUPERSCOPE





Travel Notes

RICHARD JOSEPH

Brazil in modest packages

If There's Something About Brazil—starting on page 134—lets you all feel too coy the idea of combining a visit to Rio with a sojourn of the wild joys of the Brazilian backlands, you'll be pleased to learn that the whole experience can be wrapped up in a convenient travel package.

In a 12-day tour, Gestiflair Travel Inc. (not in these days in Rio, the weaker Amazon River adventure we talked about, and a day and a half extension to Iguazu Falls, in the Argentine border). Flights are via VASP, the Brazilian flag airline, which is the world's largest privately owned airline outside the United States and carries more routes than any other airline in the world.

Departures from New York or Miami are scheduled for May 17, June 14, July 18, August 15, September 8 and October 4, departing with the cruise ship of the Jungle Queen and the Amazonas Cruise, both at \$1,295, including meals, except all Land transportation within Brazil and airfares in Rio and at Iguazu plus roundtrip air fare from New York or Miami. At the time of writing, roundtrip air fares between New York and Rio are \$1,250 British and \$398 for the fourteen-to twenty-eight-day economy-class excursion. From Miami they are \$1,181 and \$645.

Brentair is also in on the Amazonas scene. They have been promoting the Jungle Queen trip as part of their Outback Adventures program and they act as sales agents for the Brazilian tour operator, setting the Amazonas River expedition for \$904 and combining it with their regular flights to Rio via Lima or Bogota.

And some Brazil is as far away, north so much to get there and all of South America has to move to fit, makes very good sense to use some of the rest of the continent to make a Brazil trip.

Atmos, the national airline of Colombia—second only to KLM (in this market) as the world's oldest airline—has an extensive South American tour program including something it calls a Great Adventure Tour connecting Bogota and Rio on a nonstop itinerary, flying from Bogota to Bogotá every Saturday. The first five days are spent in and

around the Colombian capital, then there are six days and five nights in Rio and its environs and on the ninth day back to Miami on Pan Am.

Price of the tour is \$328 per person double, and \$216 single in deluxe hotels or \$216 and \$118 in first-class hotels—plus air fare. Since that is a group tour with a minimum of ten participants, members are eligible for the low group airfare tour fares, which at the time of writing are \$398 round trip New York-Rio, or \$400 from Miami.

Atmos is also busy promoting a series of Caribbean interisland tours featuring the Colombian cities of Cartagena and Santa Marta and combining them with visits to Ilheus and Maceió as well as a program of shore, dock and quail shooting.



Imported Malted Scotch Whisky 40 Proof 12-1300 J.W. Dant Brothers Co., Inc., N.Y.

What is impressive is the smooth taste of J.W. Dant Scotch. Taste you can get without paying high prices for fancy labels.

And like a high-priced Scotch, J.W. Dant is Imported. It says so on the label, but the proof of the taste is in the bottle.

**MORE VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY.
HOW SCOTCH CAN YOU GET?**

IMPORTED
J.W. Dant
SCOTCH

PRODUCERS OF
QUALITY SPIRITS
SINCE 1836



Di*Finí

First name in golfwear/leisurewear

Swing with ease... whenever you want to play a round... with Di*Finí's distinctive comfort, fine tailoring, coordinated styling and each a new Collezione. Available in men's and women's separates... for brilliant cuts and easy care... 100% cotton blouson... and many more... \$17.00. Hayway Fair blouson in random-stripe pattern with western pockets... \$38.00. Machine washable.

Another all-new Di*Finí shape and fine colors... \$17.00. Hayway Fair blouson in random-stripe pattern with western pockets... \$38.00. Machine washable.

Available at: Di*Finí Stores nationwide. Call 212/595-2000.

Di*Finí 2000 Westchester Boulevard

New York, N.Y. 10604

Di*Finí is a registered trademark.

48 EQUINOX NOVEMBER



People ask me if I really enjoy smoking.

I sure do. And Salem Longs are why. They're just all the good cigarette taste I'm smoking for Plus Salem's fresh menthol. And they're longer, too. That's why I enjoy smoking. That's why I smoke Salem Longs.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

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Sports

ROGER KAHN

Muhammad's manager. A long and elaborate life

From Don King's penthouse estate, above the Rainbow Room in Rockefeller Center, one look from horizon to horizon and see low hills sprawling in Westchester County and tankers sailing through The Narrows into New York harbor and all the troubled city in between. But from sixty-eighth-story high, the city does not look troubled. No rats, alleys, no run of highway shown. You see no houses, steel, glass, towers front the approaching sea. And all the beauty best New York offers seems.

"My man, my man," says Don King, smiling. "How does it this strike you?" A portrait of Muhammad Ali hangs behind King's desk. The passer is LeRoy Neiman, a caricature artist, but more than substance usually, but this time Neiman has caught something distinct. Ali's arms are raised in victory. His hair was his fight. Somehow Neiman makes the Victor posture suggest grandeur.

The penthouse ceilings are fifteen feet high. The rent is \$85,000 a year. The elegance is unbreakable and I expect Ginger Rogers to come dancing in from a blouse and someone to offer me a cigarette first. "It's high living," Don King says, "and I don't know how long I'll stay on top, but at least I've gotten here. It's a time comes when I have to leave, I'm taking the elevator down. I'm not stepping off the terrace." A second smile—a nervous smile. King follows with a series of words, from Vietnam, Shakespeare, Machiavelli, Frost's "Frost at Midnight" and the Crookedghetto.

Don King is the most successful fabulist promoter now practicing. That is, he has beaten a clutch of dressing bairns, a couple of Hollywood bairns, and all by himself promoted nearly million dollars' worth of larceny during the last five years. Before that he booked smokers in the Cleveland slums and from 1967 to 1971, Don King was master No. 155734 at the Marion Correctional Institution in Ohio. The charge was manslaughter and King confesses that he is guilty of a killing, without enlarging the severity of his punishment. "I had him down," he says, "and then I killed him in the hand."

"In there," he says of prison, "you find Barbara. The joints are like the

white circus houses on the plantations. The slaves had to ride the horses, but he never had the big boy been lived in the big white plantation manor. He took his punishment out on the slaves. Your master's punishment is all, but his punishment was high. Your hard-core prisoners want to penetrate young men. A young man resists, you get a sentence. Your prison officials worry about bounds of inquiry. Here comes a bad man. The same switches. No more, no less. A lit cigarette, read that. But these were the days of reading and writing and management and all we used to teach. It was worse than the horrors of Dickens, man in a prison we can rape people, or we

of the Philippines is very proud of his wife's looks. And I say, 'Mrs. Marcos, you cannot withdraw, we customs take your unlabeled variety.' The president thinks that's from *Antony and Cleopatra*. They didn't expect to hear a Cleveland Negro speaking lines like that."

"I used to go out every night. I took every extension course I could take. The sweetness of adversity. I took the soul out of the brain of adversity. Shakespeare. I read *Hamlet* now so virile, but he accepted *Macbeth*. The strength of *Macbeth* and the meaning of it all. It is better to be fought than to be lived Frost's *Frost*. You are either the victim or the victimizer. *Macbeth*. He described a kirk as a promoter of friendship, but he also said a statement was one who acts and forces. The black condition. They promoted in forty acres and a mule. They gave us neither." King blew air through his cheeks and studied a Telok from the Shah of Iran.

"When I got out of that f---ing prison in 1971, I was a dangerous character. I was armed with knowledge."

The ghetto is frightening, most of all to the people who live there and who do there, but it is vital and thriving and heterogeneous and dynamic. Black ghetto as a graveyard of short-lived lives, yet it can produce like King, who by reason of his qualities shows a sense of energy to extension and that ride by side with vitality lives lives.

The names, looked on. They told us that ghetto people were Irving Berlin and George Gershwin and that a ghetto crew was feeding money to pay the music teacher. The names left out: tuberculosis, bookkeeping, piano, Moyer Lie, Meyer Lie, Meyer Lie.

Don King, when Tavis describes as "one of the most successful black entrepreneurs in America," lived among plums and racketeers before he left the man he now refers to only as Son. King was famous in the ghetto and visibility in the ghetto long before he crossed the boundary into the white world.

"We weren't poor," he said in the penthouse. "Patton Neiman's \$10, a great show. Aristotle contemporizing the last of Bonfire—'For black peo-



can beat them up. Our policies are just crass and ignorant. I would do that to my own mother. Nights, I read."

King, who is forty-four, stands six feet two inches, with a chest as stout as a cathedral oak and an Afro that sprawls from his head to mid-ribcage. His vocabulary has grown so rapidly that he has outstripped his pronunciation skills. King calls the German philosopher "Hee-zell" and "Xeetoh," but he has also read Hegel and Nietzsche.

In the penthouse seats, he reads classic literature and philosophy, sometimes offering a breathless, bawling lecture on the humanism. "I got no real degree," King says. "I got a Ph.D. from the ghetto. I read everything in the prison library. I took extension courses. Still lots of people figure I'm just a gigolo."

"But now I'm sitting up the All-



Lorenzo patronized more than just art...

He pursued all that intrigued him: Art, science, politics, women and not necessarily in that order.

Lorenzo de' Medici, father of the Renaissance, was protector of men of letters and patron to such as Michelangelo and da Vinci. But he was also known for the magnificence of his table. "Lorenzo the Magnificent" most assuredly had a fine for splendor. Legend has it, his guests were tent to be favored by the gracious warmth of a golden spirit, secretly formulated to enhance the grandeur of his hospitality. Tuaca is the elusive Italian liqueur of indescribable taste: straight, smooth, or coffee... or to impart flavor to butter, to foods and desserts. Tuaca. Try it, what you want to be magnificant!

A gold-stamped medallion is being held by a hand in a dark suit. The text on the medallion reads: "Tuaca. Italian Demitasse Liqueur. 40% alc/vol. 100 Proof. Wm. F. Wirtz & Sons, New York, N.Y. 100% Imported."

Tuaca
ITALIAN DEMITASSE LIQUEUR

Magnificently packaged for the holiday season.



ple, we were middle-class. My father worked as a laborer at Jones and Laughlin, piling the pig iron from a steel master. One day, east to reviewer, December 7, 1941, the pig stack. The master blew and killed my father. There was a settlement. In the ghetto we said that it's a gody reaver. My mother took the money she got for the death of my father, Charmer King, and there were seven kids and she went and bought a house. I was ten years old.

King liked boozing, catalogued at high school and drank the beer around him in levantine style. He considered alcohol an emollient. "They program like people for death. You can't be bad in spite of the funeral. Pic in the sky when you die. But when you're around, there's nothing stand us the second." He learned steel low, the look of whose, the clash of pangs, as sobering children leave the starting characteristics of a Negro's nodes.

Contemplating careers, King thought of law but that was remote, a world away, while man's staff. Thus he decided to work the numbers racket. "Don't hurt anybody much," King says. "Get some people bigger rich. You know, like bingo is the white community."

To play numbers you buy a slip for a dollar or two or five, and you pick three numbers, say 4-6-5. If you hit, you are paid off at about 60 to 1, although some numbers are about 1000 to 1. Other, the winning combination—this varies with the ghetto—may be the last three digits of the U.S. Treasury Statement. A welfare numbers game is probably as fair as a state lottery, but, being illegal and black, it is more exotic.

Dream books furnish the pictures. They explain what a specific dream foretells in numbers. Did you dream of death? One book says play 6-6-6. Did you dream of having? Try for 4-4-4. Keep buying. Keep buying. Keep dreaming. Sonnleit you'll hit.

In such community, numbers operators work in a loose federation. If one man comes up with more action on a certain number than he feels he can handle, he can turn it over. He can't do this, however, without a bigger arrangement. The numbers people have to work with each other to stay alive, King says. "You need a partnership in black."

King runs his own numbers games, flattop carts, and soon surrounded other operators. He always used off

M. WILE PRESENTS
THE RUE ROYALE COLLECTION
DESIGNED BY NINO CERRUTI



"The young man of today wants quality, workmanship and the best in design. He wants his fashion expressed in a new way."

—NINO CERRUTI

Nino Cerruti knows today's young man and understands his life style. He himself is an international figure, a creative artist, a successful manufacturer and a renowned retailer.

Cerruti designs fabrics for his own textile mill in Biella, Italy and clothes for his own tailoring plant in Milan. He is a member of the Paris Couture Group and his shop, Cerruti 1881, on the Rue Royale, regularly launches trendsetting fashions for men.

Now, for Fall 1975, Nino Cerruti joins his design genius with the tailoring expertise of M. Wile to create an innovative line of clothing for the young man: The Rue Royale Collection.

The collection is youthful and international in concept, distinguished by a slim, svelte profile, with higher ornithole placement, European shoulder expression and an easy-moving, comfortable fit. The fabrics, imported and domestic, are of unusually high quality—all in pure wool woven by the foremost mills of the world.

Avec plaisir, nous présentons ici ces exemples de la Rue Royale Collection.



NINO CERRUTI



For name of nearest dealer
Anita M. Wiss & Co.
2020 Century Ave.
Dallas, Tex. 75204



Travel your own road.
Mix your tonic with white rum from Puerto Rico.

You could take the well-traveled road and mix your tonyo with gin or vodka. Or you could strike out on your own and mix with white rum from Puerto Rico.

White rum fuses with tonic in a way that gin and vodka can't. It makes a drink that's not only super smooth, but unspeakably delicious.

Not every white rum can bring so much to tonic. Only the white rums of Puerto Rico. That's because they're the only white rums aged by law. Aged until every edge is.

honed smooth. Aged until they are smoother than gin, smoother than vodka. No wonder 86% of the rum sold in the United States comes from Puerto Rico.

Try whale rum from Puerto Rico in one of your favorite gin or vodka drinks—the martini, the screwdriver, the bloody mary, the gimlet, and of course, the tonic.

Whichever way you go, you'll be traveling the smoother road of white rum.

PUERTO RICAN RUINS

the tree partly sheltered with Puerto Rican flora. Sept. 6-18, 1970. Balsas de la Madera, Puerto Rico.

White writing tools

in public and in full. "There's a psychology to paring off. I'd have the women wear out on a bar before I'd be a few months old. Let the human grow. Then I'd pack off Caddy and come in and pay them off with small bills. I looked like a fortune and there'd be lots of people around. I'd say, when you won with Ben, King, you're guaranteed to get paid. I'd say, Ben King is sound as the Federal Reserve."

Sam, the man Don King would kill, was an ex-convict whom King had set up in the numbers business. King himself placed a bet with Sam on 3-4-7, the winning number, and 3-4-7 bet, Sam never paid. "You've got to take care of this," King told Sam in a bar. "I've got to keep our reputation."

"I will take care of it," Sam said.
"It's an ~~overlook~~."
"You better take care of it," Kong said, "if you ever want to work with me again."

Young rose King walked out into the street Sam followed him shouting. The men began to fight. King knocked Sam down and locked him Sam's head hit a concrete curb. Seven days later, he died.

According to King, the first charge against him was agitated assault.

"When the bell went off in white coat," he says, "two blacks fighting and one dies?" But King was familiar in certain quarters of the Cleveland Police Department. "Northern Overlook" was a code name for the 10th floor, the site of clandestine meetings when they found out I was there. Then King, the charge maintained, would transfer there, and confederate homicide. I felt dejected. How can you bestow a charge like that? The judge reduced it to manslaughter. But at the trial I had no chance of getting another reduction. Getting free I might have of ghosts probably ruined me, but I didn't have a chance to get another reduction.

jury of my peers. I was tried before a jury of muddle-clam whites shortly after the close of the 1880s. When I was arrested, I was driving a new Daddy and I was carrying eighteen hundred dollars cash. That jury reached when they looked at me. They thought, 'Tall here and we just can't believe it.' They heard what happened, but they weren't listening. I

White King watched and read a prison, his wife, Minnesota, maintained the rolling suburban home he had bought and the family remained solvent. Six months after his release, aided by guilt and a new sense of mission, King organized a procession for Forest City Hospital on Cleveland Wilson Parkway using Louie Hawas' old jalopy. Muhammad Ali taught four different sets in ten rounds of sparring. The procession was a

Frank Klag lifted his eyes from numbers to boring.

It's the damnest thing about
travel promoters," says Harold
Lester, who was traveling. "The
troupe goes out and becomes so
arrogant and smug and a bore to be
around that you just want to
leave." Central mentioned some
troupe: "Of course, we don't always
know the straightforward guys. Something
has gone wrong for him. That's the
problem. He's got to be told what he
promises, and on
time."

Something else is his ability to see
and former Booking is a flight, see
with Al et al. Assuming ten million
dollars in guarantees, exceeds the
resources of any aerosol and makes that
King does not look too good. Through
the years, he has beaten Al into
shape, Maliboo, and the Philippines
and while we talked that were from
the Shangri-la on his desk. "South
American," I said. "You ought to look
further there and bring some prima
dames with you."

"As a matter of fact, I have to meet an Arabian representative at the UN next week. I can talk to you at the UN, but I can still talk to young fighters, give them that talk, too."

ight pretenses at the sale of *Ring*, share the five talk, see him rage and sweat and bustle. But now we have just him and auto *Harold Alger*, receiver, in black on black. If you want to argue the accuracy of numbers, you'll have to do that with an *illegal ghetto cop*; if you can find *Malik* here for *Malik*, see *Ring*, too. *Malik* here has *four* numbers. The *four* numbers was the only arrangement a black person could buy. Not *negotiated*, but the bet around. That's why they call the numbers *policy*.

"I want to serve," Ben King declares over the Rainbow Grill, sitting in his new boudoir. "What Muhammad and I and the rest of us do make every half, half of that goes to the government. We half will the balance of America. We show them a rugged image of America. We're making money, two hundred thousand dollars every day, and I'm serving too. We made it because we're being a little bit different. All I know is that I'm glad that I work eighteen hours a day. I'm straight and I don't hesitate."

He smiled and added that I'd like to visit his farm near Cleveland and meet his wife and his children and the pet elephant. "I told you straight about the numbers, about the killing," he said. "I hope you write it straight."

I said I'll try, but I was thinking about the pet elephant. *



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NIXON VS. HISS

BY ROBIN HICKSTYKE
THE STORY NIXON TELLS,
AND THE OTHER STORY

The sign reads, NO BOATRIDE BEYOND THIS POINT—COAST GUARD STATION, but outside of the carousel still later, Polaris is here, staring at the overgrown, unkempt lawn beyond the fence I talk to a Secret Service agent within on an inter-car telephone. The gates swing open, and as I drive past the gaudy tour bus, I experience for an instant the feeling of reflected power that visitors to La Casa Pocha must have enjoyed when it served as the Western White House.

Down the road is the home of Richard Nixon, Nixon's Tomb, the San Diego Veterans' home from Los Angeles, east at Anza, California to San Clemente, and square left at the Nixon station onto Avenida Del Presidente, northeast past the San Clemente Inn and turn right at the Coast Guard station. Above all, living as invitation. "He isn't seeing people of your ilk yet," Nixon's young wife and literary researcher, Frank Gannon, tells me, laughing, as we talk in his office in the compound overlooking the ocean. Gannon, personable and shrewd, is an heiress thrice. He boasts an Oxford Ph.D. in English history and served, "before the fall," as an assistant to Vernon Postlethwait under Nixon and several other young refugees from the Nixon White House who accompanied Nixon into seclusion among the few under-shield buildings that house the ex-President's small personal staff. I come to San Clemente, at Gannon's invitation, to try and arrange a meeting with the reclusive Nixon on, failing that, to relay a number of questions about his role in the Watergate case.

Richard Nixon, Nixon's Tomb and enemies listed or otherwise agree that he launched his career largely on the strength of his work in the 1962 House of American Activists Committee's investigation of Whittaker Chambers' charges against Alger Hiss. "The Hiss case was the first major issue of my political life," Nixon

wrote in *St. Crispin*. "My name, my reputation and my career were ever to be linked with the decisions I made and the actions I took in that case, as a thirty-five-year-old freshman congressman."

Gannon and I spend an entire evening talking, primarily about the Hiss case and the man he invariably called "the President." ("I can't help the name. I speak of Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy, Johnson, and the President.") At one point we left his office, accompanied with members of the Nixon White House. The walk through the rugged grounds. The view through the ocean to the Pacific's uncharacteristically grey desecration (a "proud" town) and the Nixon residence—protected even against the intruding eyes of staff members by a six-foot wall—now a beautiful house. Within its walls, the loneliest man in America commands only magnificent views of the coastline below, while he penises the writing of his life story.

"The book" has become a crucial concern for Nixon's future depends upon it—both financially and historically. He plans, according to news accounts, three volumes of memoirs: the first on his pre-Presidential years (the ascent), the second on his Presidency (the summit), the last on Watergate and his resignation (the fall). I found myself wondering, as Gannon and I spoke, what kind of literary movement Richard Nixon would erect for himself amongst the literary offshoots of earlier Presidents' published reminiscences. Herbert Gold, in this magazine, gave admirable advice to Gannon during a visit to San Clemente earlier this year: "It shouldn't just be self-justification. He has a chance to be reborn, to reflect on everything. To make it all his human case, and not just do another governmental or legal appeal." Gold continues: "As I suspect Gannon does, that 'at this point in time,' Nixon's political base is far too complete to allow him the luxury of a statesman's apogee."

Not far behind are the calculations of honorable defeat. San Clemente is no Elba (despite the efforts of Willie



Safire and others). Nor is it the Columbia-les-dunes-Egrees of Nixon's imagination, despite the resorts of his dog-eared, marked-up copy of *Be Good!*'s memoirs. Perhaps, among history's ugliest tales, Jefferson Davis offers a more appropriate analogy to Richard Nixon's present and future situation. Although Davis sought his consolation in society during years of post-Civil War travail, whereas Mr. Nixon seeks solace, both leaders shared in exile the savage hostility of their fellow countrymen Davis faced constantly, as Nixon does now, about his political mistakes and political misdeeds. The analogy of *Be Good!*—treason and the defense of slaves' Southernity are comparably serious and tragicomic episodes in the American experience. In both instances the chief protagonists were held personally responsible and were reviled in these roles. Eventually Davis found solace in a self-justifying manner. Whether Nixon will confront his past more readily and, unlike his Confederate counterpart, renounce from within his own uncertainty. But Nixon is as strange as is the task of "making himself new." His career could be described as a test-timid redefinition of himself under the pressure of political events. In this sense, he is the "faded" hero of history during the Nixon case, although the full story of that process has been carefully hidden until now.

It was the Nixon case that first turned the country's attention to Nixon, then an obscure freshman California Republican. He was a "man of no feature with a name to name," in Earl Warren's phrase, and the Nixon case brought him national fame largely as the strength of his reputation as the strongest of the HUAC members who "broke the case." Nixon rose to the Vice-Presidency in 1953.

Barry has an American political logic propelling so quickly to the top and with so meager a record of political achievement in his background.

But if the Nixon case provided Nixon with public recognition and with a devoted anti-Communist constituency among those Republicans eager to dispense Alger Hiss's Democratic defectors, it also served as the bedrock of anti-Nixon sentiment. Nixon himself recognized that helping to send Alger Hiss to jail "left a residue of hatred and hostility toward me—not only among the Communists, but also among substantial segments of the press and the intellectual community." Liberal Democratic politicians were especially bitter toward Nixon for his repeated efforts to help Hiss to such party notables as President Truman, who called the HUAC inquiry a "red heretic," Dean Acheson, who would not "turn his back" on Alger Hiss, and Adlai Stevenson, who, like Acheson, provided a one-character defense for Hiss. Garry Wills and others believe that Nixon translated his personal animosity against Hiss into a political vendetta that culminated in all political organizations (i.e., "treason"). Nixon thus came to believe that successful politics required a sustained hatred toward all those who disagreed. Thus "Slicker's code" (in Wills' phrase), served Nixon for over a quarter century until it eventually costured him during the seventh and final crisis.

Nixon pointed out, as *Sixty Years* claims, that the Nixon case taught him "some valuable lessons in crises—conduct—the necessity for thorough preparations for battle"

and, especially, "the need for handling a crisis with coolness, confidence and decisiveness." When Administration officials set out in 1971 and 1972 to destroy Ellsberg, McGovern, O'Brien, and other "enemies," Nixon frequently exhorted his captains to utilize his old battle strategy: Calm, Dean, Hissleman, Kershaw, Seeger, and others all received similar advice: "Go back and read the first chapter of *Sixty Years*—Chomsky on war." Nixon on Hiss "I conducted that investigation and we staged little confrontation." Nixon told Adlai Stevenson (February 28, 1973, during one of the frequent Watergate conversations) that refers to the case: "And, oh, we got it done. But we broke that thing—without say help. We got the, the, the, the, the *Pentagon Papers*. Information. We, we got all of that ourselves."

THE WIN THE FIRST TIME I HAVE EVER HEARD OF IT
IT IS ALLEGED
BY NICHOLAS BOURGEOIS
—NEIL HARRIS NIXON,
SECRETARY

seriously challenged Nixon's assessment of his own role—that virtually amounts to discredit HUAC's investigation of the Hiss case to its successful conclusion. Even the principle in the case appears to sustain this claim: estimation of Nixon's critical role "largely because a young congressional novice Nixon had believed Chambers," said Nixon only this year. "I was convinced of perjury when I denied the charges and went to jail for forty-five months." Chambers members confirm this assessment.

But Nixon claims the credit? Did Nixon actually help to plan a role in trapping Alger Hiss as he and others have claimed? Have his various accounts of the case in press conferences, speeches, and in *Sixty Years* been any more accurate than his varied statements on Watergate? Executive research on the Nixon case has revealed gaps, inaccuracies, and distortions in Nixon's account, which he was later able to disprove. He presented himself afterward in his *defensive* followers as a "cool, confident, and decisive" investigator. The record shows, however, that at critical points in the case his behavior could be best characterized not as cool, confident and decisive but as cautious, calculating, indecisive and at one point, at least, hysterical—foreshadowing in many respects the President of the White House. Watergate tapes during his last, end-game crisis (but his behavior had been apparent at the time, Americans would have suggested Nixon's weaknesses for better—) and at the start of his career rather than a quarter century later.

The Nixon case began, almost accidentally in 1948, at a low point in HUAC's public reputation. His chairman, J. Edward Thomas, had concluded his recruiting locksmiths from congressional ranks. John Rankin of Mississippi was the group's most volatile member, agreeing almost every hearing with his anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic, and racist outbursts. Nixon had been assigned to the committee in 1947, but during the next year, the freshman from Whittier attended few hearings and often kept his distance from the controversial group. HUAC's tarnished reputation made it vulnerable in political assault by mid-1948, and Truman's aides drafted plans to abolish the committee after the November, 1948, election of the Democrats regarding control of Congress. A confidential exchange of letters in late July, 1948, between Parnall Thomas and Karl

Mundt, another committee member, reveals that the group planned to start new probes in the months ahead. At the last minute, however, HUAC decided to honor for its own hearings a witness who had recanted before the Senate Internal Security Committee concerning her involvement in a Communist spy ring within the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations.

But Elizabeth Bentley, sandy-haired, plump matron, and a confessed former courier for Communists agents, whom the press immediately dubbed as a model SPY QUEEN, Bentley recanted for both Senate and House committees the testimony she had first given the FBI in 1948—that a number of leading government officials had given her secret documents for delivery to Russian agents. Bentley disagreed, in particular, Harry Dexter White, former assistant secretary of the treasury and, from 1944, director of the International Monetary Fund. From 1945 to 1948, Harry Dexter White was President Truman's secretary of state, then became the first to assume responsibility for State when he regards as a sincere and devoted person. Other unqualified letters written by Chambers in the late 1930's and during the Second World War confirm his reluctance to attack publicly his former associates in the underground.

But despite his reluctance, Chambers' political shrewdness was in government longer before his 1948 HUAC testimony than after it. The 1948 Senate Test, the sixth-annual meeting of the House to advise congressional Committees to propose its account of Communist infiltration into the U.S. (a.k.a. *Senate Committee of State Adlai E. Stevenson*), the latter, after listening to Chambers and taking extensive notes, typed out a long memo on that September 3, 1948, interview headed "Underground Espionage Agent." It listed those sustained as Communists within government and included the following passage:

Alger Hiss

Ans't to Senate—CP—1948

Member of the League road crew

Active Bolshevik here

Wife—Priscilla Hiss—Socialist

Eight days of New Deal

Chambers also told Stirlin in 1949 that such names as general New Deal officials as James H. (Alger's "big brother") and James A. (Navy) and Harry Clegg were also close to him. Negative name of subsequent efforts, especially by Lewis, to discredit Chambers' story to the attention of government authorities. The FBI scoured Bentley's alias in 1948 and then contacted both Chambers and Nixon. The main�egation of Nixon, however—*one of which I have since—was perfunctory* (Alger Hiss' House began sending out his memo on Communist infiltration to the federal government in 1948). He usually cited Chambers as the source of information about Nixon's political career.

NIKON WAS PLAYING WITH A STACKED DECK IN THE HISS CASE

—JAMES J. HARRIS
IRONMAN, 1/4

1948, the FBI had produced a report quoting four Communists, J. Edward Thomas, which indicated an affair between if not a "reduced" woman. Chambers' credentials were more impressive than his physical appearance. Educated at Colgate (where from the 1920's, fluent in several languages, he had lived there since college days), as an "open party" Communist journalist and free-lance translator during the late Twenties and early Thirties (among his translations was the first American edition of *Bonfire*), as a recruit to Communist underground work during the mid-Thirties, and, since 1939, as a writer and editor for *Time*.

Chambers had broken with the Communist underground in April, 1948, and, since that time, had conducted public statements as his career as an agent. His unpublished letters to friends and associates help explain his claims: "I am sure speakers about involving others, and still others who must suffer for me, that I was before." Chambers wrote a semi-confidential friend in November, 1958: "It is good, at any rate, this moment, (I learned this at my brother's death), to have learned so well myself and value more strength than the easy violent will ever know." The same journal also observed, in a retained memo about Chambers' activities written the following month, that he "feels haunted about biography his story open to be done, he does not wish to cause trouble to some people when he regards as a sincere and devoted person." Other unqualified letters written by Chambers in the late 1930's and during the Second World War confirm his reluctance to attack publicly his former associates in the underground.

But despite his reluctance, Chambers' political shrewdness was in government longer before his 1948 HUAC testimony than after it. The 1948 Senate Test, the sixth-annual meeting of the House to advise congressional Committees to propose its account of Communist infiltration into the U.S. (a.k.a. *Senate Committee of State Adlai E. Stevenson*), the latter, after listening to Chambers and taking extensive notes, typed out a long memo on that September 3, 1948, interview headed "Underground Espionage Agent." It listed those sustained as Communists within government and included the following passage:

1945 and 1946, and that on both occasions Chambers had named Alger Hiss as a fellow Communist? Hiss agreed to see the F.B.I. and spoke at great length that time about his associations during the 1930's. He was questioned once more by the F.B.I. in June, 1942, at which time they flat asked whether or not he knew Whittaker Chambers. Hiss denied knowing him.

Chambers himself anticipated a series of intermittent F.B.I. interviews between 1943 and 1948 prior to his HUAC appearance. When the committee's staff visited him in March, 1948, Chambers asked that he not be called as a witness. Reasoning him to be可靠的, Bowler appears to have been Karl Mound's idea and Mound, in turn, acted on the suggestion of a friend, the anti-Communist New York Journal-American reporter, Frederick Whipple. Chambers' suggestion had never sought to tell government investigators his story, nor had he made the first move in August, 1948. Moreover, when he did, he sought his story of Communist underground activities in the New Deal, whether for Adolf Hitler or for Harry Hopkins of the F.B.I., he never directed attention to Alger Hiss, he simply described him as one of a number of former Communists associates.

Nor did he single out Hiss on August 5, 1948, although by that time Hiss, president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, had easily become the most prominent figure of those Chambers named, a point不忘 to committee members and to the press. (Hiss could have claimed no such distinction when Chambers first mentioned his name to Adolf Hitler nine years earlier.)

"For a number of years," Chambers said in his opening statement, "I had myself served in the [Communist] underground, chiefly in Washington, D.C. He described Whipple, Parsons, and Hiss as members of an underground group whose original purpose "was not primarily espionage." (That) indicates of the American government that espionage was certainly one of its eventual objectives." Chambers denied having thought his own name mentioned and one committee member—not Nixon—interrupted: "Well, why is this in this sensitive association? That should be in the open." The others agreed, and the committee moved, set in their own somewhat cramped hearing room but to the more spacious Wags and Mugs Committee room, anticipating good publicity. This second point takes on greater significance when it is compared with Nixon's recollection in his Cross, "None of us thought [Chambers'] testimony was going to be especially important. I considered for a moment the possibility of skipping the public hearing altogether, so that I could return to my office and get out some mail."

Nixon's faulty version of that incident is fascinating, especially when it is linked to another inaccuracy in his Cross, a major one. He says of Chambers' testimony concerning the Hiss brothers as Communists: "This was the first time I had ever heard of either Alger or Donald Hiss." Nixon tells us, in short, that he was unprepared for his first contact with Alger

Hiss—a dramatically important element in his account of what followed. But was Nixon referring prior to that first HUAC hearing, of the significance of Chambers' testimony about Alger Hiss? In fact, as Garry Wills pointed out in *Nixon Agonistes*, the memo from Whipple had been circulated extensively on the charges against Hiss at least a year and a half before the August, 1948, hearings.

Nixon was playing with a stacked deck in the Hiss case." Father John Cross had left him very Cross in 1948, produced a confidential report to the Callebeau brothers on "The Problem of American Communism"; this was one of his many other secret files given to him by F.B.I. agents. Cross named a number of actual and alleged Communists in this 1948 confidential report, a copy of which I have seen. Shortly after Nixon entered Congress, a friend, Representative Charles Hartman, took him to meet Cross, who invited him then and at subsequent meetings on the subject of Soviet espionage, including the presence of "Soviet Communists" in the State Department." Cross confirmed for me, as he had previously done for Wills—and for more friendly author Nixon biographer Ralph De Toledano and Earl Mumford—that he did mention Alger Hiss as a reported Communist to Nixon on several occasions. In Cross's report to the Callebeau brothers prominently:

"In the State Department, the most influential Communist has been Alger Hiss ... The writer has seen an affidavit by an editor of a nationally known general magazine [presumably one of Chambers' F.B.I. dependents] stating that this editor was in one of the primary Communist cells to infiltrate the early New Deal (A.A. in 1935) and that among his companions were Alger Hiss, John Abt, and Lee Pressman. It is reliably stated that this editor plans to release such a statement of Alger Hiss becomes permanent secretary of the United Nations Organization."

But Nixon never publicly acknowledged Cross's help in preparing him for his 1948 encounter with Hiss and Whittaker Chambers. Nor did he ever allude to the fact that the F.B.I. agent named Ed Mound (Cross had told Wills) "would not let me [Cross] (or [Hiss]) in the Hiss-Chambers investigation" and tell me what they had learned up, and I told Dick, who then went over and where to look for things and what he would find." Cross said, during our meeting, that he phoned Nixon's private office frequently between August and December, 1948, regarding these F.B.I. affairs, but



Nixon, Chambers, and Whipple during an investigation for HUAC, center over later Hiss's August, 1948

Nixon never acknowledged this help in subsequent years.

Instead, he claimed in his Cross memo to have heard "Alger Hiss prior to Chambers' testimony, and he 'estimated that the Four editor's statement would be a bogeyman on him.' Although the published HUAC hearings show that Nixon questioned Chambers closely that day, he wrote in his 1962 memoir: "I found my thoughts wandering to other subjects." The reporter present had no similar problem, almost all of them finding stories that highlighted the most dramatic side in Chambers' testimony, a senior editor of Time had accused the Carnegie Endowment's president of having been a secret Soviet agent? But none of this positivity admitted him. Nixon informed us, and he "gave very little thought to Hiss on his testimony until the following day when HUAC's final investigation, Robert S. Stripling, informed me that Alger Hiss had been working in his office as public relations in order to deny under oath all of Chambers' allegations."

Enter Alger Hiss. The committee agreed to hear him on the morning of August 5, and the witness testified before a crowd of sympathetic listeners. Hiss offered a striking contrast to his stout and容貌的。 Unlike Chambers, Alger Hiss was and remains an extremely handsome man with a relaxed and generally amiable face. He easily talked, sat down a bit, less boor, and, despite often hostile questioning, Hiss appeared perfectly relaxed as he testified, displaying none of Chambers' evident nervousness. Hiss arrived at the hearings accompanied by two friends, one of them the Balkans attorney, William Murray, who would later represent him in the Hiss-Carrington and Chambers-Murray helped the well-connected Hiss prepare his defense. And on that first day he sat next to John Foster Dulles (then the Carnegie Endowment's board chairman). "I had the honor of Dean [Aden] Adenauer's office last night as I was trying to compose my own thoughts." Hiss made an impressive witness, opening with a statement that struck elegantly the charges against him: "I can not and never have been a member of the Communist party ... To the best of my knowledge I have never heard of Whittaker Chambers until 1947, when [the F.B.I.] asked me if I knew him and various other people ... So far as I know, I have never had any contact with the statements made about me by Mr. Chambers are complete fabrications. I think my record in the government service speaks for itself."

The record was an outstanding one. Hiss graduated from Harvard Law School in 1929 and became law clerk to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. After several years in private practice, he held several senior New Deal posts, including first as the Assistant Administrator-Administrator, spot for the Newcomer committee investigating the maritime industry, and finally for the Justice Department. Hiss joined the State Department in 1936 and rose rapidly, he attended the Tidbit Conference as a member of the American delegation, and, in 1945, presided at the U.N. organization meeting in San Francisco. He left State in 1947 for the Carnegie Endowment.

"I had no respect for Mound, for Thomas, Hiss (I thought he was evil), for most of the others." His talk was recent. Yet, on August 5, he seemed the model of a cooperative witness. Clearly, either Nixon or Chambers had lied, but both, observed Karl Mound, seemed "witnesses one would normally assume to be perfectly reliable." Nixon suggested at this point that

the two men "be allowed to confront each other so that any possibility of a mistake is cleared, may be cleared," a proposal made earlier in Hiss himself. The other committee members ignored the suggestion and continued their questioning. When Hiss finished, a crowd of spectators and reporters roared up to congratulate him. John Raskin, whose notes had often been cited in the pages of *Mr. Chambers*, Time, joined the admiring group.

Most of the press corps at the scene felt that HUAC had been seriously embarrassed that the investigation should be quashed and that the committee should apologize to Hiss for having had Chambers in public without first verifying his story. "This case is going to kill the committee unless you can prove Chamber's story," Alan Brinkley of *The Washington Post* told Nixon, and

"NIXON HAD HIS SET FOR HISS. IT WAS A PERSONAL THING HE WAS MORE CONCERNED ABOUT WHETHER OR NOT HISS WAS A COMMUNIST THAN A BILLY GOAT." —ROBERT STRIPLING, 1975

HUAC promptly turned away from Chambers' embellished and improbable accusations against a respected official like Hiss.

Enter Richard Nixon. When the committee met to executive session that afternoon, "in a virtual state of shock," there was general agreement that the hearings should be dropped. Nixon had our hands of the whole thing," argued Mound. "He was a blunder, probably Nixon," maintained "We've been ... We're sorry." Only Nixon and Stripling believed that the investigations should be continued. Nixon argued (according to a confidential memo he later wrote) that "although the committee could not determine who was lying on the issue of whether or not Hiss was a Communist, we could at least determine which [was] was lying on the issue of whether or not Chambers knew Hiss." He then persuaded Mound, the acting chairman in Thomas' absence, to spread his hand of a resuscitated to question Chambers privately in New York City concerning "everything he knew about Hiss." From that moment, the Hiss case became the responsibility of Nixon, Stripling, and the HUAC staff. Other committee members receded into secondary roles.

Why did Nixon ask for the resumption? What impelled an amateur freshman congressional to disregard the already strenuous opinion of his House colleagues and insist on pressing the inquiry? None of Nixon's biographers have made much headway on this question, nor is Nixon's own private memorandum to his wife in the Hiss case (see *House in the Cross*) help a great deal.

Despite Nixon's evident suspicion of Hiss, he responded on a September, 1948, letter to John Foster Dulles that "if at the beginning I had any favorite as may as the other, it was more likely that I favored Hiss rather than Chambers, due to the fact that I have close friends in Washington who are also very friendly with Donald and Alger Hiss." Nixon relegated to memory in this letter of course, his earlier visits to Father Cross or Cross's regular phone calls during the

H U A C hearings. Thus Nixon did not pursue the Hiss case, following my suggestion of caution, as he claimed when arguing with other committee members that the hearings should be continued. He acted as the basis of considerable advance knowledge of the evidence against Hiss in government security files, data he never shared with others in the H U A C. Moreover, despite his disclaimer to Hiss, Nixon had already developed an intense personal dislike of Alger Hiss, a dislike that dated in their very first (August 1948) encounter.

Hiss' Maflick is one of many Nixon keepers who has pointed out that Hiss "was everything Nixon was not." Hiss, based on a period of residence Baltimore family, moved with his son through college and law school, only to ascend to ascend from Justice Holmes' chambers to Justice Brandeis' chambers to the Carnegie Endowment's presidency. Nixon's judgment contrasted sharply—the hard-working, hard-hitting child of an unpretentious family, whose real-life failures brought him into the ungrateful villages of Shreveport Anderson's values, treated Nixon "like dirt." Maflick asserts, and Nixon's evident contempt for the committee did not escape Nixon's early formed suspicion. Nixon's account of the case as his first real test of Hiss' duplicity—and Nixon's reaction—"His manner was cold, courteous, aloof, and silent—resembling a hawk." "He was not looking toward me—like manner and time were settling in the witness."

Because of this private sense of grievance, Robert Bigras told me recently, "Nixon had his set for Hiss" from their first encounter. "It was a personal thing," Stripling admits. "He was more concerned about whether or not Hiss was a Communist than a holly goat." After one of Hiss' appearances before H U A C., for example, Stripling remembers Nixon peering on a table in the committee's private quarters and shouting, "That goddamned Red! He's a lying son of a bitch!" (Even Whittaker Chambers quoted his fellow Quaker, Nixon, as confessing during this period, "If the American people understood the real character of Alger Hiss, they would kill him in '48.") Nixon's early negative and emotional reaction to Alger Hiss clearly contributed to his decision to pursue the case.

Chambers' secret informant to the H U A C. subcommittee on August 17 appeared to vindicate Nixon's decision. Chambers remembered receiving Communist party membership data from both Alger and Priscilla Hiss. He understood that Nixon had known Nixon by the family name of Carl, and that Whittaker Chambers had provided Nixon with detailed information about Hiss' response to Nixon's questions. Among other things, Chambers testified that he had seen the Hisses on numerous occasions, had been a guest in their home several times, had tested their opinions on his own occasions, and had been given an old Ford car from Hiss for transfer to an indigent Communist organizer. He also recalled numerous details about the Hisses' personal lives, mannerisms, eating and drinking habits, pets, hobbies (such as bad-descriptions), mannerisms, relatives, the exteriors of homes, descriptions of furniture. Chambers' extensive disclosures restored the committee's faith in his essential honesty: "Either he knew Hiss," Nixon wrote in a February, 1948, memo, "or . . . he had made a very thorough study of Hiss's life for the purpose of being able to testify against him." The second theory required, of course, that Chambers must have had a motive, and as Chambers himself put it to me in private conversation, the motive must have been so strong that it would lead him to set in motion a plan to destroy his own career as much as possible.

Which man, Alger Hiss or Whittaker Chambers, told the truth? An accurate answer to the question would fill an entire book, but Nixon's relation to the case does not require elaborate disputation. It is enough to remember that he accepted Chambers' credibility as a witness, probably from the time Chambers testified on August 17, but definitely after several private, confidential visits to Chambers' Westminster, Maryland, home in the days that followed, while Stripling and the H U A C. staff tried to verify the specific details provided by Chambers. "It was during this period," observed Nixon's 1949 memoir, from August 17 to August 28 (when Alger Hiss had appeared before H U A C.), "that I finally resolved a definite conclusion that Hiss was not telling the truth on the issue of whether he knew Chambers and I would see that our visits to Chambers were the major factor which convinced me on this point." Nixon was impressed also by Chambers' willingness to submit to a lie-detector test, so similar to Hiss' later admission of the procedures. He further noted that Hiss insisted on better furnished accommodations than H U A C. testimony after his appearance, whereas Chambers declined the committee's offer of such transcripts. In addition, Chambers always appeared without legal counsel, which indicated to Nixon "the confidence which Chambers seemed to have in his position and the lack of confidence which Hiss had in his."

While writing his memoir, Nixon generalized about the nature of man's behavior, relying almost solely for a model on his own actions in the Hiss case. Public figures, he wrote, inevitably confront periods "of doubt, of soul-searching, to determine whether to fight the battle or to fly from it." Extraordinary tensions build up during such a period "that can be relieved only by taking action, one way or another." His leaders are those who can withstand the pressures of self-doubt and "in the critical moment . . . make a choice and act decisively." Nixon, on the other hand, "is so basically a 'no'—either 'yes' under the circumstances of self-doubt or 'no' to avoid meeting the problem at all." By his own standards, Nixon successfully confronted the August, 1948, "crisis." But in November and December, 1948, during the climax of the Hiss investigation, he failed to respond so effectively; he has consistently suppressed that fact.

August, however, was later. Then Nixon acted decisively after a "period of soul-searching and testing of alternative courses of action." Not only did he visit Chambers at Westminster several times to reinforce his belief in the latter's credibility, but he also asked the advice of several friends. Nixon showed the transcript of Chambers' then secret testimony to William P. Exner, chief counsel for the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, Congressman Charles Keeler,

the man who introduced him to Father Coughlin, and New York *World Tribune* reporter Bert Andrews. All three experienced Washingtoners agreed that Whittaker Chambers' secret contradicted with Nixon's more gossipy brand of anti-Communism, and Robert Stripling, H U A C.'s lead-career investigator, who served as field marshal for the committee's probe of the Hiss case. Nixon's Three Musketeers were an congressional amalgam of Hilly Johnson, Rubeloff, and Sam Spade (Exner, within a month, then helped their fellow D'Artagnan to rise to a place of national importance. The political education of Richard Nixon under their tutelage was brief, intense, and willfully successful.

Nixon ended his preparation prior to resuming the Nixon-Chambers probe with separate visits to Westminster in which he brought both Andrews and Stripling to see Chambers, going each against the Three Musketeers as effort to confirm fully his own stand in Chambers' honesty. For almost six days in August, Nixon had isolated himself from family and friends, although impulsively on his vacation he drove to his



Homework. In the Senate's Civil Liberties Committee's Hiss-Chambers probe, Robert Stripling was charged with being a "pupil" of

parent? York, Pennsylvania, James Gore there, however, he spent most of his time staring into the empty fireplace, taking long walks, avoiding meals, and refusing sleep. This pattern of behavior, he later wrote, was merely a normal symptom of extreme preparation for battle—or for opening night (obviously enough, several months later, he was to place devotion to family above concern for the Hiss case for reasons that still require some explanation.)

He awoke abruptly on the morning of August 16, when a U A C. agent found Alger Hiss, this time disguised as a waiter, in his room. Stripling frequently gave way to a mixture of nervousness and hostility. When Nixon showed him two pictures of Chambers and asked again if he knew the man "either as Whittaker Chambers or as Carl or as any other individual," Hiss began to waver and admitted that "the man has a certain familiarity." Stripling and Nixon demanded the questioning, confronting Hiss with Chambers' detailed assertions about their friendship.

Stringer appeared to converge lines of one point when he observed that Chambers had "sat there and settled for home" and rallied all details like that. He has often made a study of your life as a good doctor did, he knew you."

Moments later, Hiss suddenly announced: "I have written a name on that pad in front of one of a person whom I know in 1933 and 1934 who not only spent some time in my house but sublet my apartment." Hiss claimed to be uncertain as to whether that person, a free-swing writer whom he knew as "George Croley," was in fact Chambers and insisted that he had not seen Croley since 1935. Croley, according to Hiss, had approached him while he served as legal counsel for the Hiss committee under the pretense that he intended to write several magazine articles about the resistance-industry probe. His bid Croley almost at night, he remembered, and in the course of their deliberations, he briefly visited an apartment to Croley and his family and also saw him the use of "an old Ford we had kept for sentimental reasons." Although Croley never paid his rent, Hiss remembered throwing the car "in along with the rest" because of a desire to "get rid of it." Later, he decided that he had better take action and "I wrote a letter to the head of publishing and I wrote a letter of disavowal saying that I had to do this."

Croley's flood of memories about Croley, once unleashed, proved every bit as detailed as Chambers' earlier recollections of Hiss. Nixon interrupted at one point to ask Hiss about his hobbies. When kind-watching came on, McMillen burst in: "Did you ever see a pheasant-worker?" The question was a loaded one, but Hiss, unaware that Chambers had territorial earlier that Hiss says told him about sighting that was had, responded: "I have seen one right here on the *Prairie*." This, more than any other single detail, persuaded many previously unidentified observers (including the Dulles brothers) that Chambers was telling the truth about Hiss.

"Which one of you is *Irene*?" Hébert exploded at one point, "is the greatest actor that America has ever produced."

The next morning, a committee staff member phoned Hiss and said that Congressman McMillen wished to see him in Room 1406 of the Commerce Hotel at 2 p.m. Not until midmorning did McMillen himself phone. Hiss had to say that Nixon and others would be present, an announcement earning them the moniker "the official committee because when Nixon arrived at Room 1406 accompanied by a friend, he found Nixon, McMillen, Stringer, and other committee staff present (Fitzwilliam Thomas would arrive shortly).

After an initial period of bickering between Nixon and Nixon, the latter ordered Chambers brought in from the adjoining room, where, unknown to Hiss, he had been waiting. Nixon directed both principals to see "Mr. Nixon, the man standing here is Mr. Whitaker Chambers. I ask you now if you have ever known that man before?" Nixon responded cautiously: "May I ask him to speak? Will you ask him to say something?"

The Times editor began reading from a copy of *Newsweek* that Nixon handed to him. Hiss—who had asserted earlier that Croley's most identifiable feature was a set of bad teeth—then posed a series of questions about dental work done on Chambers (The latter acknowledged that his mouth had been in abysmal shape during the period he knew Hiss.)

Still not positively identifying Croley, Nixon ac-

knowledged that Chambers was probably the man he knew. At that point, Nixon and Stringer initiated a series of questions that reiterated Hiss's version of the relationship—part-time rental, car transfer, gift of a rug, and other details—with the facts supplied by Chambers. Finally, Nixon announced: "I am now perfectly prepared to identify this man as George Croley." By this time, he had lost considerable control over his emotions and, in an overwrought state, challenged Chambers "to make these same statements out of the presence of this committee without being provoked for our fair trial . . . and I hope you will do it damned quickly."

Nixon's swift stamping had worked. The Committee Hotel confrontation had proved dramatically the essential point Nixon had set out to demonstrate weeks earlier, that whatever the relationship and under whatever name, Hiss knew Chambers. For Nixon, at least, the case was won and the drama concluded: "The committee would be vindicated and I personally would receive credit for the part I had played."

Televised cameras were on hand (a fact for congressional record), to record Hiss (CIA Agent 25) and his committee colleague Nixon and Chambers, for which their Committee Hotel encounter had been the dress rehearsal. The heavier man was paraded. The committee members, primed with tough questions by staff members, were more eager to share the spotlight with Nixon. They pursued Hiss steadily and, for the first time, with disbelief. The witness again played his strongest card, his smugly efficient-war public record and the long list of testimonials to his good character from leading American Chamber testimony also covered familiar ground, although he paused at one point for a melodic explosion of his emotions in testifying: "I do not hate Mr. Hiss," he intoned. "We were close friends, but we were caught in a tragedy of history."

For several weeks after the August 25 session, the committee continued hearing additional witnesses to the case and, early in September, issued an interim report, which termed Nixon's testimony "a masterpiece." Chambers, Griffiths, and even Nixon—Chambers responded by dropping in on an August 27 *Meet the Press* interview and, after a week's delay, Alvin Hiss sued for libel. By that time, however, the 1948 election campaign had crowded the Hiss-Chambers drama off the front pages, and future conflict between the two men, if any, would be relegated to the civil courts.

Nixon returned to Whittier on September 8, persuaded that his work on the Hiss case had ended. He faced no problems in the general election that year, having captured both the Democratic and Republican nominations for his district, a feat then unique under California's now defunct cross-filing system. So he ended the campaign in rapturous crowds with a recital of the virtues of his case, from initial testimony to final confrontation.

On his way back to Washington shortly after Truman's surprise victory in November, Nixon stopped in Whittier to see Chambers, whom he found "in a mood of deep depression." Chambers feared that Truman's victory would certain future congressional investigations of Communism and, inevitably, strengthen support for Alvin Hiss. Nixon responded that he had been summoned to Baltimore by Hiss's attorneys to give instructions in the libel suit. But he could not persuade Nixon's consent in the case. Nixon returned to Washington and worked on other matters in the weeks that followed, while (Continued on page 144)

CONFESIONS OF A CULTURAL COMMISSAR

BY JOHN LEONARD

WHY ONE QUITS THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

At a dinner party not so long ago, toward the end of the evening, a young woman asked a young man, "Will I see you tomorrow?" The young man replied, "Don't be a chicken, like Hiss." That was the sort of thing he said. He seemed to understand exactly what he meant. I was gratified and fascinated. He might have meant, no, maybe, unfortunately, impossible, or it all depends on what is the nuclear bomb he's dropped on us.

Is there an American literary establishment? An élite conspiracy? A *Hiss*? An old-fuddy network running the culture like a secret agency of Howard Hughes? Do chickens have lips?

Once upon a time, such questions caused outrage to grow in my brainpan. Having, for almost eight years, graced, or mocked, in the literary establishment, I knew for a dubious fact how inadvertent its dual floods, lunch-free droughts, and stampedes are. Where there is no coherence, there can't be a *Hiss*.

And yet, many of the same names do keep showing up at the same parties and in the same magazines, on the same panels and the same letterheads. Young writers as the Frozone continue to pursue New York as a plot to suppress their genius. Philip Roth, in *Intellectual Alibi*, has written a whole book about *The New York Review of Books*. Richard Rorty, too.

John Leonard used to be editor of *The New York Times Book Review*.

in *The Art of Intellectual History*, has written a whole book on this subject as the establishment approves. Richard Rorty, Charles Krauthammer, in *The American Conservative*, tell on that he spent months plotting with "Intellectual magicians" and their years of secret work to make America's culture as mentioned in these magazines, in order to complete his *Top 10 Intellectuals*. Benjamin Hedin, in a recent issue of *The Atlantic*, bubbles on about politicking among editors and reviewers. There seems to be a method and apparently insatiable curiosity about what Norman and about Jason and Mary and about David and Irving and about Philip and Philip and about Christopher and why Anatole doesn't like Kurt and why Norman doesn't like Prufrock and whatever happened to Daith. That curiosity presumes that those people have power of some sort and do something with it.

Moreover, one of the many many Watergate has come to the mind of this nation is to have legitimized paranoia. All those bright young men solar-kinned duty in the executive branch of the government, with their flag pins and their shoulder and their Republica-licious wives and their enemies lists—what did they think they were doing to us? What did they say, before going to jail, when they were asked? The FBI, the CIA, the IRS, the FCC, the Justice Department and the Securities and Exchange Commission—what were they regulating? One imagines the Times



Illustrated by Gordon Kishida

deck of the United States alone at night, in a dark wing of the White House, listening to himself on tape. It should have been a play by Samuel Beckett. Who did he think he was, Charles de Gaulle?

So the parsons were right about Watergate: May be parsons are right about everything, and writers have always been among our leading parsons. A case could be made for the novel *Watergate* by American Fiction. It is a good, decent, decently told political novel, slightly off the lead. It's a very business, anyway, writing, locking yourself in a room and inventing conversations, as way for a cover-up to behave. Then your book is published, the can comes up, as usual, and the sun goes down, as usual, and the world is as it was before, and it must be someone's fault.

It must be, in fact, the State's fault, the old-buddy network. They meet every Wednesday on New York's upper West Side, next to Zabar's, for cocktails. When the Reagans assassinate, they all catch cold. Grappling through their plagues, they arrive at a consensus—let's be mean to Richard Kostelanetz, let's disappoint Benjamin DeMott.

Such, of course, is something that could be called an American literary establishment, although it seems more like a tag store to me. It consists of those magazines and newspapers most of us read, the people who write for them, and the clerks who edit them. The names of the players, however, change so rapidly that this establishment couldn't at any given moment aspire to field a softball team. This wasn't true in the Fifties, when Garrison Keillor could still stomach *Winesburg, Ohio*, when Alice Walker and Perry Link could get married to it. More, modernism and postmodernism—but it is true today.

Let me be superficial about the history of literary criticism in this country. The first half of the nineteenth century consisted of Ralph Waldo Emerson commanding his friends. The second half of the nineteenth century consisted of William Dean Howells commanding Mark Twain, in between, Melville dawdling Hawthorne. Henry James discovered himself, and everybody ignored Walt Whitman. The twentieth century consisted of Edmund Wilson. In between, there was Stephen Crane, Malvina Conley as the Lost Generation, sundry apocalypticists on the proletarian novel, the New Critics rhapsodizing about agrarianism, and the modernist critics rhapsodizing about specificity. The New Critics, wearing Chart as a campaign button to every symposium on moral fibrosis, took over the South in the Thirties and the academy in the Fifties. The modernist critics, with an avility for the shmoes, took over New York in the Fifties and the academy in the Fifties.

Only during the Fifties did we have anything like a coherent literary establishment. The masters of modernism—Shaw, Steinbeck, Dreiser, Dos Passos, Hemingway, Frost, Faulkner, and the like—had earned their stripes, everybody saluted and gawked, in the magazines and in the classrooms. It was a hierarchy as Irving Howe has written, of extreme subjectivity, in which "the object perceived seems always on the verge of being swallowed up by the perceiving agent, and the act of perception is always in danger of being snuffed to the ashenness of reality." It posited a "historical impulse... an apocalyptic end-thing in which technical evils and secular progress are called into question." It strapped men "in the system of belief and their skin chins," and then proposed "the one strictly modern style of salvation: a salvation by, of, and for itself."

Such posing and stamping have a lot to answer for. Such teachers of modernism as Lionel Trilling were applied to learn, in the fifties, that commanding extreme subjectivity to college students was like commanding your daughter to a sex maniac. The children of modernism act as homoeopathic to Mr. Howe's apocalyptic end-thing, without. Philip Roth's "satire," or historical, or not, they have their salvation now, one way or not, and that's the way, as far as they care, they want a like or a pretty fair. Let's have art of mind us with chemical extracts, metaphysical captures, personal theories, and political revelation. In the confusion, writers had to take movies, televisions, rock music, sex, cars, and graffiti seriously. Everybody, according to Alice Walker, was going to be famous for fifteen minutes. That Walker lasted longer than fifteen minutes is the ultimate graffiti on the walls of the States. You couldn't walk down a dark alley without getting jumped as by a bad.

Where, wondered the teachers of modernism, were the weapons of satire, the bolts of subversion, the marking of distinctions, the weight of names, those literary structures of complexity and coherence? They took to hating each other on the knapsack. Philip Roth and William Phillips, longtime editors of *Portions Known*, split, with Roth starting a new magazine that attacked Phillips in its inaugural issue. Sam Giancana walked up onto a mountain in Vermont and there rediscovered *Natural Law*. On his return with the stone tablet, his granite-faced magazine, *Commonweal*, split into *Commonweal* and *Commonweal*. Most of these cultural communards, though, were far from ever going to speak to each other on the pages of *The New York Times Book Review*, which, in its stand-offish editorials, published almost everything anybody had to say, except Richard Kostelanetz and Benjamin DeMott.

Where, then, did that leave the American literary establishment? Well, it left it in the hands of clerks like me. We bear as much resemblance to the Emerson crew or the Howells crew or the Edmund Wilson crew or the Perkins Keillor crew as Mr. Nasar's publisher bore to the *Finishing Fathers*. We are technicians, middlemen, dice-pickers, vending machines of opinion, brokers on a stock exchange of style and personality, a service class, ready, too busy with our own careers to do much permanent damage to literature—all we do, after all, is which books a little more publishably than their deserve each spring—but full of chit-libs (), and gospishly arranged. A book reviewer for *Newsweek* once told Saul Bellow, "We made you and we can break you, Saul Bellow. We couldn't even change his typewriter ribbon." At a meeting a couple of years ago, someone asked me if I was trying to get Joyce Carol Oates to a *Newsweek* because it was easier to get her to do a week's column than to get her to do a week's column for a week, that would make more sense, require less time, eight fewer short stories, and seventeen fewer essays by Joyce Carol Oates than *Newsweek*. Who was the joke on? Certainly not Joyce Carol Oates. She and Saul Bellow are writers, not dice-jockeys.

Like other American establishments, we are mostly pale, mostly male, and mostly middle-aged. We look like Robert Coles, Gordon Lippman, and John Dean. We come to New York in the Soho, skipping in white coherence full apart, gypsys as the lam from Eng Lit or the Peace Corps or the civil-rights and antiwar movements. We had one or two hotshot books behind us and a carpeting full of what Wilfrid Sheed calls "weaks steps," stylistic tricks and then, a repertoire of adjectives.

When culture fails to fail—instead of structures, gestures, instead of ideas, Hail-Hoops—then magazines and newspapers like *Newsweek* and *Time* and *Newsweek* are still useful, playing musical chairs with our jobs, as the fact, like police or unusual dooms, moves from one personified to the next. Considered by a single important institution, like *The New York Times*, we are suddenly attractive to most of the others. While we were young and hot in the previous writing those honest books, those *Newsweek* conversations rotated with us only by the firm separation and the stigma, self-addressed return envelope. Now, even, we are respectable, and they are in the place it is not a conspiracy, it is a multiple failure of the imagination, an institutionalized timidity.

Let me discuss our magazine journalism. Like the compact jeep, it is perfect example of recycling. Magazines edition don't read books, honest or otherwise; they read other magazines, and then go whereof after the second one is born, he or she or the prose equivalent of a cherry horn or the "graphic" equivalent of an acorn tick in the reader's eye. It used to be said of *The New York Times Magazine* that it never published an article that hadn't been published in some other magazine; later, it was said of *The New York Times Magazine* that it never published an article that hadn't already been published in *The New York Times Magazine*. *New York magazine* publishes the same article over and over again. "Who's To Eat, After Sex" on the *Comptor*, *Swimming Is a Perfect Fun* Ann" "Eating Steel does One" "Vic D'Asia and the Seven Styptic Clefs May Look Like a Gang of Neo-Nazi Nazis, But Their Latest E-Track Siesta Cardboard Proves They Whipped for Too Many the Night Jams Jaylin Bought the Big For-ever." With the *Parliament* of *The Village Voice*, it, too, seems to consist each week of seventeen Polonaises looking for a wad to fall on. *Life* did for People's *Sex* Nationally, when all the articles are identified, you need "graphics," packaging, an art director strung out on morning-glory seeds to cover up the fact. Everywhere magazines are screaming at us: Look at me, look at me. A *Newsweek* seamer, a freeze-dried chick, represents one of the contributions of *The New York* writer is that they never seem to know what they are doing in the publishing, and you can always tell the difference between advertising and editorial copy. End of digressions.

Anyway, if cultural commentary is one's vocation, one develops an eight-hundred-word mind. That's the average. In four years, I wrote five hundred thousand words for *Time* magazine of the establishment—enough for four or five honest books. But everything I wrote was between six hundred words and a thousand words. Six hundred thirty words on macaques apes.

thesis in Shakespeare's *tragedies*? You bet. One thousand words on the strategy of the late *Emperor Meiji*? Consider it done. It was as though someone had handed me a submarine gun and said well, now does anything that moves? If I had looked up, I would have seen my fellow servicemen, the close pictures of other stations, in their pictures at the magazine across the street, their eyes hooded, their teeth grinding, their barrels smoking. It exhilarated while it lasted. One could also make a living off of, while writing notes or interesting revolutions. An article for *Playboy* may never be more than most advances on novels these days.

Die jockeys, brothers, reading ranchmen. Once upon a time, like Jim Johnson, we had talent, this mother died, and we had to give it up. Books will be benchmarks of culture. Steinbeck is always organizing a panel discussion on the *New Journalism* or the *Death of the Novel*. Our handles are recurred. We have to do from publishing to panel discussion to audience symposia. More recycling, even this article, which down to a were absolute. Irrigation is also a style. We are invited to be judges for the National Book Awards. See how serious we are. We are presented to the National Book Awards policy committee. The process, a kind of extremes of glamour, is inexcusable. One agency-dean warning you will walk up to find yourself on the admissions panel of the McDonald Colony, the literature panel of the National Book Award for the Arts, the executive board of the P.E.W. panel, the admissions committee of the John F. Kennedy Center, the secretariat of the Carnegie Council, and various foundations—supporting tank funds trying to find out what happened to the committee of the West since Albert Camus killed himself in a sports car crash. You are a little-league celebrity. Kawashima takes gas or Bimbo defects, and your opinion is selected by Japanese radio. The next time the phone rings, it will be David Bradbury.

With the slopping on of tires, while you are off at a conference or ownership in Latin America, or class seems as the front-chain-franchise approach to book distribution, or the preservation of the oral tradition in third world poetry, someone will come along whose wife says a little more gaudily than your own. These who live in the fat are just as gaudy as the ones in the world. It is associated with right-handers, most of whom are smokers. If you are clever enough, you will have been an editor yourself by this time, an impeccable show, in the paternal bluster of your institution. And the notion of careers as the service class is so headlong, the logic so frenetic, that you would have to be very stupid indeed to have intended to administrative duties unless a decade. You aren't stupid. (Continued on page 187)



RAW ELEGANCE

BY JIM VILLAS

THE DESIGN AND STRUCTURE OF PERFECT STEAK TARTARE

The time has now come for the ultimate gastronomic treat: steak tartare. I know you've been meaning to try it for years, but you never got around to ordering it in restaurants or making it at home. Why? Perhaps you feared the idea of eating raw meat in public a little too showy, a lot too much like the smart aleck taking a pissener for *Chausse-ux-chien* or the jerk people walking on a fox head from his tombstone. On the other hand, maybe you've been intimidated by the false assumption that steak tartare is a dish instead of only for epicures. Or... maybe you've just been squeamish. Whatever, it's ridiculous to still say longer, for you're not only missing out on one of the glories of great eating, but you're also denying yourself a possible cure-all for lethargy, obesity, hangovers, and maybe even sexual impotence.

To the uninitiated, steak tartare is no more than a simple serving of chopped raw beef that's been seasonally raised with onions, mustard, capers, onions, and God knows what other ingredients, all served with a raw egg yolk in the middle. After decades, however, I know that a properly constructed steak tartare is a nothing simple: the raw meat can never be thrown together haphazardly, and whose preparation depends on the freshness and juiciness of the meat, a fine-tuned balance of impeccable ingredients, and a deft hand at mixing. (The French and Belgians, adventurous eaters who've been dicing raw meat for centuries, are as fanatical over the preparation of steak tartare as over the selection of fine wines.) There's no excuse for anybody's having to eat bad steak tartare, yet when it's so easy to prepare at home. So first, let me show you exactly how to go about making it.

1. Go to a dependable butcher and buy a fresh, lean piece of salmon (meat or tail), a rump roast, or top-round roast weighing about two pounds. If you want the butcher to grind it for you, make sure he removes every suggestion of fat, that he slices the meat well with a clean knife, and that he grinds it twice (twice-blade) in a clean machine. If you prefer to prepare the meat yourself at home, trim and slice as above, cut it into workable pieces, run it twice through a hand grinder or grind it for a few seconds in a French food processor (never use a blender, which yields a malleable mush), or, for ideal loose texture, chop it on a well-oiled chopping board with two or three sharp chef's knives, slicing the meat repeatedly with both hands until it reaches a smooth, but not oily, consistency. Be sure to season it once over the meat, and shape it into a large patty. Wrap the patty tightly in

clear plastic (not aluminum foil, which doesn't seal properly), and refrigerate until you are ready to use it.

2. Shortly before mixing, mix the ready the following basic ingredients:

- 1 small onion very finely chopped
- 2½ teaspoons finely chopped fresh parsley
- 1½ teaspoons English or Dijon mustard
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- 2 fresh raw egg yolks
- 3 tablespoons Cognac

3. Sprinkle the chopped meat on the chopping board and blend in the onions with two forks, use to gradually sprinkle the onions evenly over the surface, the ribs to press them深入 into the meat. Fold the meat in from the edges to the center, spread out again, and mix in two tablespoons of the mustard. Pour again, spread, add mustard, salt, pepper, and egg yolks, fold again, and add Cognac. For color, mix the herbs with the ingredients thoroughly into the meat, pushing the tips of one fork steadily downward in the center of the patty while simultaneously bringing up more meat from the edges with the other. (Don't be rough. This final blending should last no longer than thirty seconds for the desired light, almost fatty, texture. If you keep pressing the meat too long after the ingredients have been added, you'll end up with a slug-heavy mound.) Now form the meat into oval-shaped patties, carefully smooth out all surfaces with either a dinner knife or the handle of a fork, sprinkle on top of each the remaining parsley, and set as a main dish with a few crisp fresh vegetables (quickly steamed or blanched), a little black bread, and a fine bottle of red wine. No more blarney two.

As for optional embellishments, the following breakdown should be taken into serious consideration.

ACCEPTABLE	INCORRECT	CRIMINAL
2 drops freshly wheated	Chopped raw yolks	Chopped pickles
garlic juice		Cayenne
2 dashes Tabasco	Worcestershire sauce	Mustard
Pork reported as veal	Chopped cheese	Mayonnaise
2 teaspoons olive oil	Worcestershire sauce	Bacon bits
2 teaspoons finely chopped shall	Dried green peppers	Soy sauce
	Capers	Parmesan
	Capers	cheese
	Cayenne	Chopped onions
	Fresh caviar	

(Continued on page 159)

Jim Villas is food and wine editor of *Taste & Country* and writes for *Esquire* about eating and drinking.



Photographed by Jerry Niedzwiecki/480

HOW TO DO A TIME STEP IF YOU'RE NOT DONNA MCKECHNIE BY HARRY STEIN

Remember this next-level: When you do this time step, you've got to look like you're pleased that you're doing it. You've got to make 'em feel that you're here to go, because for so long that it has actually left you disoriented.

There's a lot more to it than that. You've got to project that you're having a nice dinner meal. By a great god of legs, won't I do any harm, either. But that's just a matter of practice and discipline. If you do the other thing, the blues which you've been having.

So buckle up, your dancing shoes (HS5 custom made by La Riva of Monchique) and start tapping.



Start pumping it back again, letting the tap scrape the ground once more in route backward. This will guarantee you a second whooosh.



But the most whoosh is unavoidable as it will again leave you prettily balanced on your left leg. No matter how happy you look, you do not want to make a habit of spending time in this position.



So you keep, make prettily balanced on your left leg. No matter how happy you look, you do not want to make a habit of spending time in this position.



But not much at a howosh as before. It leaves what a bit, that left foot is swinging forward.



To catch down onto the floor, creating one of your rightmost, prettiest, and most dynamic which have been leaping around your need to expand, stopping points. Head previously upward at shoulder level.



You are now slightly off balance, your right foot having been the last, but the heel of your left foot is slightly raised, leaving you in an odd, even position. This will absolutely not do.



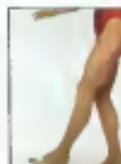
To set things right, prevent pull all around last, leaving you in a position that leaving you in just this for an unbalanced position is ridiculous all the time.



This will actually off your weight onto the toes, leaving you in a position that leaving you in just this for an unbalanced position is ridiculous all the time.



Letting the toe grace the ground, it goes. Whoosh number three. But unlike the right foot before it, the plucky left foot does not immediately terminate when it comes.

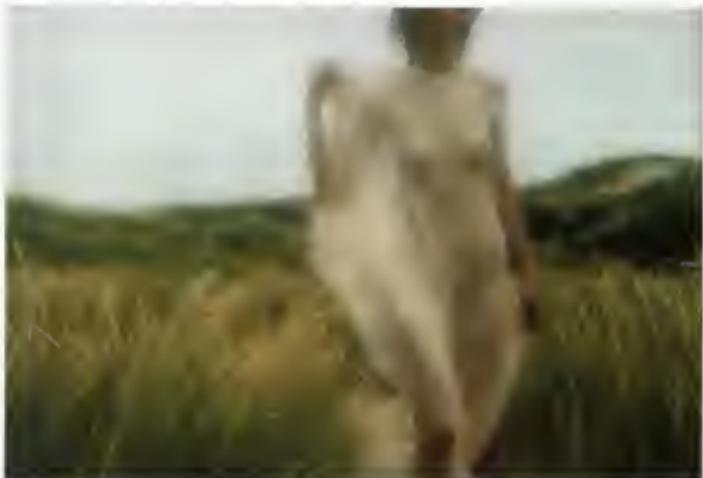


When the right, and you are sending before the left, your arms are in a horizontal and immobile position. Then repeat the active pre-empting with a leg—this time onto the right foot.



There. Finally, after before you and wonder off to sort out their diets, here they are, ready to do it all again. They do it all the same, you know, if they can do it. And if they can't, then that's a lot of work to do in two and a half seconds.





THE GIRLS OF DAVID HAMILTON

Obsession is the sacrifice artists make to keep the rest of the world sane. For ten years, photographer David Hamilton has spent untold hours and innumerable yards of film shooting pictures of the same subjects over and over again: young girls.

In 1971, Hamilton published an album of little girl pictures, *Dreams of a Young Girl*, with text by Alice Babie Geller. In 1972, it was *Sisters* (two young girls this time). Next year it will be *Collection Private*, a portfolio that will include the pictures above and on the following pages. And there is a movie in the works also, of course, about young girls.

"Why not young girls?" is the sort of question easily

asked of a forty-two-year-old Englishman living in France. "I prefer young girls to young boys," is the answer one deserves. But it's a lot simpler than that, as Hamilton told *People* Photography a couple of years ago: "I think my work serves as a reaction against the hard-core rightness one sees so much of. Deep down, there are a lot of taboos. Deep down, we have to fight.

This summer, Hamilton spent a lot of time photographing young girls on the beaches of

the North Sea. In the winter, he goes to his home near St. Tropez and shoots sous-vêtements. "I stock up on girls during the summer, and then we ship them down to the south of France during the winter. They're natural, they're not aware of themselves. I just let them run wild and follow them."





How do you get young girls on North Sea beaches to pose in the nude? "I ask their mothers first," Hamilton says. "They like the idea. It

changes their daily routine." If that sounds easy, well try it yourself sometime on the beaches of America.



WHAT'S YOUR
AGE, BOY?



200, SIR!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY EDGEWORTH TEXT BY MICHAEL HERR

Up at Camp Carroll in the DMZ I couldn't get a match going in the wind, and a grizzled chagrined over to give me a light from his Zippo. There was a Marine Corps emblem engraved on it.

"Belonged to a buddy," he said.

"What happened to him?"

"Got killed in a fire fight."

"Do you want to keep it?"

"Now, I don't smoke."

Everywhere you look on these pages you'll see men obsessed with a style, a punishment, added by earth and water (sand, ice and fire) (both the fire mode, intense, adrenalin, powerful). True high Marine drag is the lowest suffering form, every aspect of the ceremony is geared to sole a product that looks, sounds, moves and suffers unlike anything produced by the condensate bracelets, nonessential personnel like the Army and the Air Forces.



Even when they're only shown in outline here, they make shapes we've all seen before: lean and mean and reduced to a specific function. A kin to lance corporals, they're the ones that's been worked over and worked around until it takes on the form of a weapon. You can't separate the expression from the thing expressed: it is what it does. The Corps is a finite organism and when it does it, it can't something it wants to get involved in. So just where these photographs are most clear and closest, they're also most upsetting. They don't want your caption with their guns.

These are the interred Marine. The D-1's could train them if they turned in dust, but they could never tell them the extreme! All they can do is use whatever's around the surface to prevent it word it: fear, hope, exhaustion, hunger, pain, extremes of heat and cold. Every day they're told that they're being programmed to kill, but that's telling them less than half, because who could ever tell all? Unless to recruit them in a training accident or a case of U.P.I. (ultra-violet exposure induced pneumonia) in somebody's tent, and too hard all the young like and then never hold some man until one day his bullet hit back around on him and see a million bats been all his eyes, hit to fly and fast. That's maybe a sergeant can get in terms of what he's really being trained to do. The end of the process can only make them Marines. If they want to go on, become gods, they'll need a war.

Sometimes in the course of covering the Marines we end up for a year, I lost track of the line that put the heavy responsibilities on one side of the door and the victims on another. Sometimes out on operations I'd look around and feel that a





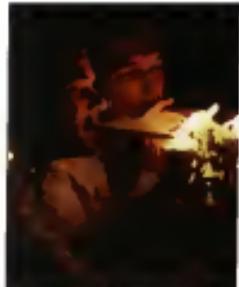
was really a war between their persons and ours. Everything seemed so completely to Maine that they seemed to sound as though they all come from the same Arkansas fruit house, even the same family, and often that was how they did meet each other. You'd see manifestations of respect and tenderness that were of most shocking under the circumstances, economic sacrifice and mutual pity, except that then a round would come in or some contact would be made, and you'd see their hairy red blood seepage.

A lot our bunch of breakdancers for sure everywhere they went it turned cold and dead. Oh, it's just a job. You know, I get up in the morning and instead of an office I go to a fire fight. I laughed, but when I looked closely I saw a kid who'd been driven to sleep into his early twenties that had come out on the other side of forty. All around us guys were walking by with stories that took the sides between you and ran them out to a thousand yards. (This was a Marine post contact formula that you had to blank, then you get your solo book.) They'd just leave out there again, digging big mayhem all over the bushes, search and destroy, and when the deer swam back the other way they'd leave standing not for it to stand, letting it fall in their grand focus.

"I never go to God, then make you feel like you're not really a Marine until you've been killed in action," one of them said, drawing a lot of "fucking A's" from his aquadromes. And it was a young Marine captain, sort of a grunts-in-grade himself, who called the Corps like *Firefly* continuous over determined for killing young Americans. At the MAF HQ they'd give you briefings on situation reports, but all you really get was crazy and confused, wondering which way the platoons in their command brains were going to split next and how many brains it was going to cost.

Great mud lumps and leaves and debris and gravel and dredge, it meant Marine specifically [until sometime after 1989 when it stopped and one general to educate my combat school], a word they made up to describe themselves to each other, like Medevac or Nullpunkt, just to let everyone know, no bragging, they were the lower. And the lowest, the most miserable, the most endangered. They also called themselves Bad Beast, Prince of Darkness, Lord of War, Black Rain and if that'd don't tell you where they were at, you could drop in on Phu Bai at Da Nang Hood.

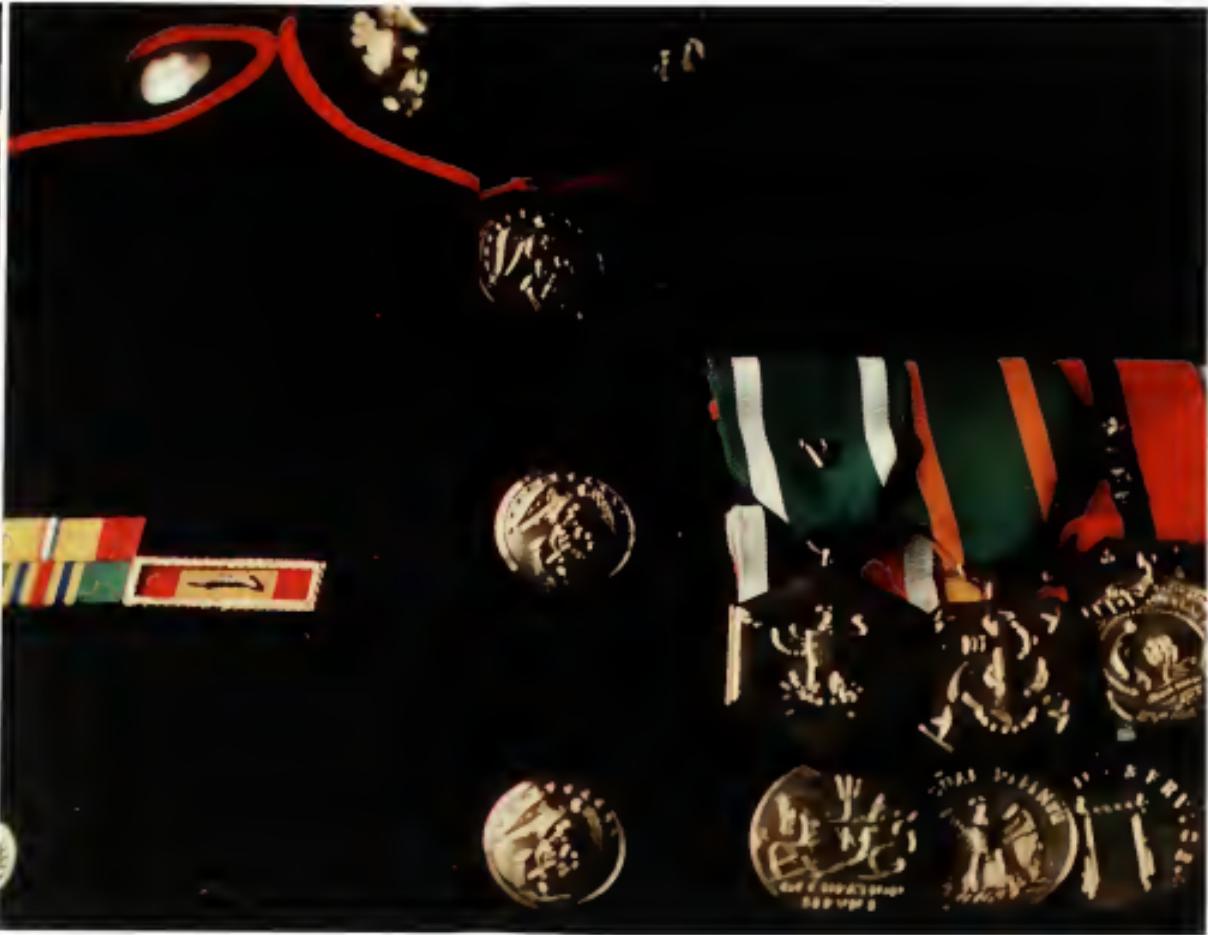




and most from the 10th house, with FEED A CUP TO A ZIFF. All I want is two things," one of them told me. "I want to kill a lot of Vietnamese people and I want to get on TV." CONSERVE AMMO—USE KNIFE. Lots of them had refined the stalk until he broke through the technology until into something more personal, not group style or ostentatious anymore. REBELS STAND FAST! DIE IN PIACE!! (possibly a junior officer or an especially sophisticated agent. I won't zone if it was a personally or a real order). NO MATTER HOW YOU STRUGGLE OR STRIKE, YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE THE NAM ALIVE.

But some did. For all their good training and high score some survived, so to speak. Some come home and went a little Victor Chelle themselves, running guerrilla ops in the streets for fun or drap or institution, or they politicized it, coming on in wheelchair or walking miles on a summer heat to screen and feed back their medals. Some got out and got jobs, and some just froze, what a sleep, twenty one years old, sitting around that house, reading pages out of a PX address book because the people who'd lived there were dead.

And some stayed in. Semper Fi, they cleaned our books as we were leaving Bagram, examining the last square inch of eye control of the war, and for a final they got the Mayaguez back for us. Shock troops, a lot of them are down at Quantico now, Post war Marines, pumping their breath into the body of like Ernest Hemingway's two hundredth anniversary. The boats in these pictures were trained by them, made into believers, so who knows what that they're likely to step in next, or when, or how deep? LET'S GO MARINES! (Go winnet) *





Photographed by Dennis Corcoran

A GIFT FROM
ARVN
BY GLORIA EMERISON

FOR WHAT WE HAVE RECEIVED,
WE CAN NEVER BE TRULY GRATEFUL.

It was supposed to be a war memorial, but some Vietnamese believed it was human while others said it was a gentle ghost who could not rest. The memorial was a three-foot-tall concrete statue of a Vietnamese infantryman, resting, a rifle across his knees. He was ARVN, as the Americans called both the South Vietnamese Army and its soldiers. It was a statue of a spent and hampered man; its name was Berrue. The figure was put up at the end of 1966, below the entrance to the Vietnamese national military cemetery, close to the Saigon-Sihanouk highway, some twelve miles north of the capital.

There were people who swore the statue came alive; they had heard it sigh and ask for water. A Vietnamese military policeman had once seen it step off the platform, take off its helmet and pack, and disappear down the stairs. There were visitors who adjured the statue had moved at night during the 1968 Tet offensive, to where people in the fighting Ong's had shot, the statue had stopped a twenty-vehicle convoy headed for an ambush. There were even Vietnamese who said they had seen the statue cry in the spring of 1971 when the South Vietnamese were sent into Laos to cut the Ho Chi Minh Trail and could not do it.

Once, the statue was moved from its site to be sent back to the workshop of its sculptor, Nguyen Thanh Tu, so he could recast it in bronze. Women in the neighborhood thought of the statue as a shrine. They came to see it, very quietly, placing flowers and joss sticks before it, bowing to pray below the huge boots. The taxi driver in Saigon who drove to Mr. Tu's house was astounded to see the statue again.

"I thought it was away early this year—we heard it was lost," he said.

There is no one now who will write me of the statue can still be seen from the highway; perhaps it is lost for good, like the sad and ruined army it symbolized for so long. When the total collapse of ARVN came in the spring of 1975, Americans were surprised, even somewhat outraged, as if we hoped for more. "A spectacle of cowardice, cruelty and confusion," an American journalist wrote of the South Vietnamese retreat, the last act in Vietnam.

The apocryphal reports told of soldiers who seemed to have gone insane. An American named Paul Voigt, a U.P.L. reporter who speaks Vietnamese more perfectly than any foreigner I have ever heard, was as

Gloria Emerson, who spent two years in Vietnam for The New York Times, is writing a book on the effects of the war on Americans.

the last place to leave Da Nang. Soldiers kicked, battered and fired open civilians trying to get aboard. There was no pity in them. Two hundred seventy people made it.

"Only two women and one baby were among them," Voigt wrote. "The rest were soldiers, the toughest of the tough, mainstay of the army. They didn't talk to each other or us. They looked at the floor."

The soldiers were men of the First Division, always considered a crack infantry unit by the Americans military and that group was Hot Hoa, or Black Panthers, whose courage and spirit had never been questioned.

There were hours of inaction before that Ratine weekend ended. South Vietnamese trucks thunders, drivers wept, flagged, wept, wept. The legions of French and their civilian clothes as they could during their uniforms. They fought with no one but their own GIs as they were sent shortly after the Communists arrived.

The war ended with the army, trained and paid for by the United States, taking cover on the Vietnamese, it was supposed to protect, various finding their own victory. There had been orders to retreat. But the page of the soldiers, the fear that led to their confusion, did not come in them on a certain day. They were always as weary without a country, an army without belief, an army that was not loved.

But there is a great gift that ARVN, the decomposed and disheveled army, gave to the United States the first, incontestable proof that the Vietnamese could not work for them and that it will work for no other people we might hope to guide, inspire and send into battle. Their failure may save us and free us from such illusions of last. It shocked many Americans that ARVN, the rangers, the marines and the airborne fed as they did, spending their page, each man thinking only of his own life. But this was always the deep instruction that infected South Vietnamese, and Americans who lived there had known it. The American government, the political parties and the press, the American power in the government were held together by American money, not by political ideals, all of them earning only for their own separate survival.

The G.I.'s in Vietnam did not crack much for ARVN; too busy, too small, too poor, too shiftless, too greedy, too eager to escape a war that had no ending for them. ARVN was always weaker: C ration, our rations, our dogfights, our B-52's. At Fire Support Base Apelo, thirty miles north of Saigon, the Americans of the First (Continued on page 183)



THE
HIGH-SOCIETY
LUNCH
THE
TRUTH IN
SONG
AND
STORY

Photographed by Brandon

TALE OF THE OYSTER

by Cole Porter

SLOWLY

MODERATELY SLOW (PIANO SOLO)
Down By The Salley Grist Mill, Ev'rybody's Sayin' Sad-De-ah-And-Ho-De-ah,

He Remained, Went Life And Felt Not, And Lived To Diminuendo With The Up-Per-Self... Poor Little Minstrel

Fate Was Kind To That Sad-De-ah-And-Ho-De-ah, For The Poor Fellow Is Than Can Be No. Say That creature Ly-Had There, And

It's A Temper

Say 'Till, Put You Down In Pain... Licky Little Minstrel...

See 'Em On The Silver Path-Tee

Wheels Was The Scream Of Flyin' Crip-Tees, Heard Was The Whine Of Mis-Laid-Ann Gid-Gid-Pee, Had The See And The Live No-Pairs,

SLOWLY

MODERATELY SLOW
See Two Rascals, See-De-ah, Climb-De-Pee, See-De-Pee-Dee-Ho, Ho-Gam-Dee-Dee,

Thriller Little Minstrel.

THOUGH THIS SONG HAS NEVER BEEN PUBLISHED OR RECORDED, BOBBY SHORT HAS BEEN SINGING IT FOR EIGHT YEARS OR SO. NOW IT'S YOUR TURN! PUT IT ON THE PIANO AND GO TO TOWN. FROM THE UNPUBLISHED COLE PORTER, MY GUESS WHO

the power to prevent. Have you ever met David's mother?" Hilda Hopkins.¹⁰

"I saw her once last summer in Southwicks. She was bagging a pair of tennis shoes. I wondered what a woman her age, she must be eighty, wanted with tennis shoes. She looked like—some very old goddess."

"She is. That's why Ann Hopkins got away with cold-blooded murder. Her mother-in-law is a Shoeless Jezebel and a saint."

Ann Hopkins had lifted her veil and was now whispering to the group who, serenely untroubled, was brushing a Gibson against his starved blue lips.

"But it could have been an accident. If one goes by the papers. As I remember, David's just come home from a dinner party in Hatch Hall and goes to bed in separate rooms. Weren't they supposed to have been a romantic and of course the most wonderful couple? I don't know if he fell asleep in the dark, her bedslip was open and she grabbed the shotgun and shot at what she thought was a greater. Only it was her husband David Hopkins. With a hole through his head."

"That's what she said. That's what her lawyer said. That's what the police said. And that's what the papers said . . . even *The Times*. But that isn't what happened." And Inn, inhaling like a slow diver, began: "Once upon a time a jazzy little cartoon killer rolled into town from WHEELING or LEGAN—wherever in West Virginia. She was eighteen, she'd been brought up in some country-club way, and she had already been married and divorced; or so she said she'd been married a month or two to a Marine and divorced him when he disappeared (keep that in mind, it's an important detail). She was Ann Cather, and the so-called nation like reading *Tabloid* *Graphic*. She worked in a coffee shop for a term or two, then sold out in the WHEELING, and she saved her money and took some lessons and dance lessons and ended up as the favorite lady of use of Francis Goddard's shysters, and he always took her to El Morocco. It was during the war—1945—and Elmer's was always full of gangsters and military brass. But one night an ordinary young Marine showed up there: except that he wasn't ordinary, his father was one of the smartest men in the East—and richest. David had sweetness and great good looks, but he was just like old Mr. Hopkins—realized Episcopalian Steamer Sober. Not at all coffee society. But there he was at Elmer's, a soldier on leave, hairy and a bit stoned. One of WHEELING's stooges was there, and he recognized the Hopkins boy; he bought David a drink, and said he could fit it up for him with any one of the girls he knew. So they took one, and David was sold, and the result was that he had sex and got into some big trouble. So the WHEELING stooge stooge has a date, and at date little David finds himself without money, the strip of an expert Chestnut's duds. I saw it was David's first experience with anything less primitive than a belly rub with his prep school roomies. He went bankrupt, and that one can bling him. I know some very gung-ho Mr. Cool Balls who've gone bonkers over Ann Hopkins. She was clever with David; she knew she'd hooked a leggy, even if he was only a kid, so she quit what she was doing and got a job in lingerie at Saks; she never seemed for anything, refuted any gift dinner than a handbag, and all the while he was in the service she wrote him every day, little letters coy and innocent as a baby's layette. In fact, she was hooked up; and it was his kid, but she didn't tell him a thing until he next came home, he leave and found her girl four

months pregnant. Now here is where she showed that certain venomous skin that separates truly dangerous serpents from more chicken snakes: she told him she didn't want to marry him. Wouldn't marry him and do any sins because she had no desire to lead a Hopkins life, she had neither the background nor innate ability to cope with it, and she was sure neither his family nor friends would ever accept her. She said all she would ever ask would be a modest amount of child support. David protested, but of course he was relieved, even though he would still have to go to his father with the story—David had no money of his own. It was then that Ann made her sharpest move: she had been doing her homework, and she knew everything there was to know about David's parents, so she said, "David, there's one last thing I'd like. I want to meet your family. I mean your father and mother and all the rest of your child so have some normal contact with his grandparents. They might like that, too." David was floored. Right from the start he said the girl was a tramp, and she would never see a nickel of his, but Hilda Hopkins fell for it—he believed that gorgeous hair and those blue malarkey eyes, the whale-voice-till-maich-girl pitch. Ann was coming here, and as David was the oldest son, and she was in a hurry for a grandchild, she did just exactly what Ann had demanded: she persuaded David to marry her, and her husband to, if not conceive it, at least not forbid it. And for some while it seemed as if Miss Hopkins had been very wise, each year she was rewarded with another grandchild until there were three two girls and a boy; and Ann's social pickup was invariably quick—she crashed right through, not bothering to observe any of the social graces. She certainly brought up the barometric pressure, and when she took up residence at the WHEELING, she and her husband the hardware-ham-store in Newport learned French and had a French butler and campaigned for the Best Dressed List by launching with Eleanor Lambeth and serving her for weekends. She learned about paraffins and tafficks from Sister Parish and Billy Baldwin, and little Henry Goldblatt was pleased to come to tea (Teal Ann Cather! My God!) and to talk to her about modern paintings. But the leading element in her success, having aside the fact she'd married a great Newper, name, was the duchess. Ann realized after thinking that only the cleverest social climbers ever do: If you want to ride swiftly and safely from the depths in the surface the surest way is to singe out a shark and attack yourself to it like a pilot fish. This is an true to Eek-kok, where one measures, say, the local Mc-Ford Dealer, as it is in Durval, where you may as well try for Mc-Ford herself as for the duchess. But why should Ann Hopkins, born by marriage a Hopkins and her mother-in-law at the WHEELING, be the duchess? Because she seemed the breeding of someone with presumably high standards, someone with intransigent respect whose acceptance of her would silence the laughing hyenas. And who better than the duchess? As for the duchess, she has high tolerance for the fatality of rich ladies-in-waiting, the kind who always pick up the check. I wonder if that matters. She gives good value. She's one of that unusual female breed who are able to have a genuine friendship with another woman. Certainly she was a nervous friend to Ann Hopkins. Of course she wasn't taken in by Ann—after all, the duchess is the much of a sex artist not to twig another sex, but the idea arrested her of taking the cool-weather campplayer and lazing her with a little real style,

lauching her on the circuit, and the young Mrs. Hopkins became quite notorious—though without the style. The father of the second Hopkins girl was Dan Partage, or so everyone says, and God knows she does look very appropriate; however that may be, Ann Hopkins was definitely raising her sister in the Grand Partagean. One summer she and David took a house at Camp Fife, and Ann trying to work her way in with Uncle Wilkes, who had the best and largest family of all, but Uncle Wilkes had said this: he was a man who would write some writing about, she was not anxious he should be tripped in here at his card table, and from Niles to Morris she was known by every male past passenger as Madame Marquess—her favorite pastime being hot cook battles with Uncle's old wife. Although I'm told it's especially strawberry jam she prefers. I don't think David gained the full measure of these feelings, but there were no doubt he was malleable, and after a while he fell in with the very girl he ought to have married originally—his second cousin Mary Kendall, as beauty but a scamp, attractive woman who had always been in love with him. She was engaged to Tommy Bedford but broke it off when David asked her to marry him. He could get a divorce. And he could, if it would not hurt him, according to Ann, was given a million-dollar tax-free. David will not give up his wife, and when she took that position to his face, Mr. Hopkins was taken aback and said held always assumed that Ann was what she was, but David knew David hadn't listened, so now that she's his, and as long as the father lived she would never get a sub rosa token. After this, David bought a detective and within six months had enough evidence, including pair of her being screwed front and back by a couple of jockeys in Saratoga, to have her jailed, much less divorce her. But when David confronted her, Ann laughed and told him her father would never allow her to take such fifth in line court. She was right. It was interesting, because when discussing the matter, Mr. Hopkins told David that, under the circumstances, he wouldn't object to the son killing the wife, then keeping his mouth shut, but certainly David couldn't keep his mouth shut, and certainly David couldn't sweep her and supply the press with that kind of statement.

"At this point that David's detective had an inspiration, an understanding, because he had never come about. David might still be alive. However, the detective had an idea: he searched out the Cather home, in West Virginia—or was it Kentucky?—and interviewed relatives who had never heard from her after she'd gone to New York, had never known her in her grand grandmother as Mrs. David Hopkins but simply as Mrs. Billy Joe Barnes, the wife of a hillbilly parthead. The detective got a copy of the marriage certificate from the local courthouse, and after that he tracked down this Billy Joe Barnes, found him working as an airplane mechanic in San Diego, and persuaded him to sign an affidavit saying he had married Miss Ann Cather, never divorced her, nor remarried, but was simply had returned from Oklahoma to find she had disappeared. And as far as he knew she was still there. Billy Joe Barnes indeed she was—evidently the cleverest campplayer had been vindictive. And when David presented him with the facts, he responded like this: "Now we'll have to make of these the most difficult situations, since we're not legally married," surely it was then she decided to kill him: a decision made by his genes, the Mississippi white-trash stat made her, even though she knew the Hopkinses would revenge a respectable 'divorce' and provide a very good allow-

ance; but she also knew of she murdered David, and got away with it, she and her children would eventually receive his inheritance, something that wouldn't happen if he married Mary Kendall and had a second family. So she pretended to acquiesce and told David there was no point going on as obviously had her by the match, but he would continue to live with her for a month while she settled her affairs. He agreed, but the month was also been preparing the legend of the possible. She had also been preparing a possible will on the scenario when she had the map, and most of the neighbors assumed that travelers were everywhere in the vicinity, and actually Miss Whitefeet house was broken into, presumably by a burglar, but now even Ann admits that Ann must have done it. As you may recall, if you followed the case, the Hopkins went to a party at the WHEELING's the night it happened. A Labor Day dinner dance with about fifty guests, I was there, and I met next to David at dinner. He seemed very relaxed, full of smile, I suppose because he thought he'd soon be rid of the tab and married to his cousin Mary, but Ann was wearing a pale green dress, and she seemed almost green with tension—she clattered like a like a lunatic chimpanzee about groceries and burglars and how she always slept now with a shotgun in her bedside. According to *The Times*, David and Ann left the WHEELING's the night of the shooting, and when they reached home, where the separate rooms on hallway and the children staying with their grandmother in Elmer's house, they returned to separate bedrooms. Ann's sleep, now, is that she went straight to sleep but was wakened within half an hour by the noise of her bedroom door opening, she saw a shadowy figure—the powder! She grabbed her shotgun and in the dark fired away, emptying both barrels. Then she turned on the lights and oh, horror of horrors, discovered David sprawled in the hallway nicely cooled. But that isn't where the cops found him. Because that isn't where or how he was killed. The police found the body inside a glazed-in shower. Naked. The water was still running, and the shower door was shattered with bullet-holes.

"In other words—" I began.

"The other words?" Lucy Ins picked up her wanted until a captain supervised by a parapet. St. Hilda had finished boiling out the world. Furstenberg—"none of Anna story was true, God knows what she expected people to believe, but she just, after she reached home and David had struggled to take a shower, followed him there with a gun and shot him through the shower door. Perhaps she intended to say the police had taken her shotgun and killed him. In that case, why didn't she call a doctor, call the police instead, she telephoned her lawyer. Ann As And called the police. But not until after he had called the Hopkinses in Elmer's house."

The priest was swilling another Gibson; Ann Hopkins, head bent, was still whispering up at him confusedly. Her wavy fingers, unapplied and unbrushed except for a stark gold wedding band, nibbled at her bread, though she were reading *country blues*.

"But if the police knew the truth—"

"Of course they knew."

"Then I don't see how she got away with it. It's not conceivable."

"I told her," Ins said tartly, "she got away with it

because Miss Hopkins wanted her to. It was the children enough to have lost their father, what person could it serve to see the wife grieved of married life. Her husband, Mr. Hopkins, who has been born, have the power to break his capa, release arms, move carpets from storage stalls to hallways, the power to control imports—Doris's death was declared an accident at an inquiry that lasted less than a day. She looked across at Miss Hopkins and her companion—the latter, her closest friend with a two-edited flesh, set bating now to the imploring murmur of his patroness but staring rather glassily at Miss Kanzak, as if any moment he might run amok and sink his teeth in a mess. "Doris's behavior has been extraordinary. Flawless. One would never suspect she wasn't truly the affectionate, gushing protege of a baroness and very legitimate widow. She never gives a dinner party without inviting her. The one thing I wonder is what courses—whether she's alone, just the two of them, or with a lot of talk about the past. And she has had a lot of talk about the past. I'm sure it's Doris's her black appetites. There is at least one aspect in which she's really very rich, the different from . . . other people. They understand vegetables. Other people, well, anyone can manage roast beef, a great steak, lobsters. But have you ever noticed how, in the hearts of the very rich, at the "Whitewashers" at Edisons, at Bally's and at Bob's, they always serve only the most beautiful vegetables, and the greatest variety? The greatest petits pots, infinitesimal carrots, corns so baby-blushed and tender it seems almost human, little beans tamer than mere eyes, and the young asparagus? The broasteste lettuces? the raw red radicchio? cucumbers? . . . Lady Iris was feeling her Champs-

pey, who knew what a nothing he is behind his hideously great. "No. There's something big right here. Bob's like to speak to you." And as we sat there, both grinning, I said, "Really, this really Mrs. Baskin, has he?" I thought Baskin, as making a face. "We had heard on the radio, when it was showing there in New York—I mean, you ought to be down here with us where it's mighty dry." Iris said, very clasped. "The affair I've read 'Oll to travel.' And peroxide, all sorties distress 'Oll, yes, I'm sorry to hear that. What's the matter now?" Iris said. "We've got a double dose of syph and the old clap-clap, all courtesy of that great comic, my husband, Bobbie Bexter—and if you don't want the name I suggest you get the hell out of there." And she hung up.

Mrs. Cooper was amazed, though not very, painted rather. "How can any woman tolerate that? I'd divorce him in a minute."

"Of course you would. But, then, you've got the two of you now."

"Ahh!"

"One, though. And two, obviously."

Lady Iris was ordering another bottle of Chianti. "Why not?" she asked, defiantly replying to my concerned expression. "Easy up, Jesus. You'll have to carry me piggyback. I just feel like it, shattering the day into golden pieces." Now, I thought, she's going to tell us what she wants, but doesn't want to, make me eat, no, not really. "Would you care to hear a truly tiny story? Really romantic? That look to your left. That's not me, but Bobbie, being White."

She was somewhat perturbed, a swollen muscular baby with a freckled Bahamas-brown face and spiky-mous eyes, she looked as if she was twice as broad and was a list of gold.

"The governor's wife?"

"The governor's wife," said Iris, nodding as she gazed with matronly contempt at the horsey haast, legal-looking, of a former New York governor. "Believe it or not, but one of the most attractive guys who ever filled a pair of breeches is used to get a江山 every time he looked at that bald tyke Sidney Dill."—the name, pronounced by Iris, was a possessive kiss.

To be sure, Sidney Dill, Compagnon, adviser to President, and old friend of Iris', a wiser-than-astute patting up a copy of what was, after the Eddie and The Member of the Year Award, Iris's favorite book, *Diego's Out of Africa*, from between his pages fell a Palamedes postcard of a swimmer standing at water's edge, a very well-constructed man with a hairy chest and a twinkle-grinning laugh-tough face, his bathing trunks were rolled to his knees, one hand resting on a log, and with the other he was pressing a dark green moist watercolor. On the card was a postscript in Iris's scrawled script, read: *Sidney Luigi di Cesia. We're quits to Yester June, 1962.*

"Dill and I have always told each other everything. He was my lover for two years when I was just out of college and working on *Harper's Bazaar*. The only thing he ever specifically asked me never to repeat was this business about the governor's wife. I'm a bitch to tell it, and maybe I wouldn't if it wasn't for all these blushing babbles now" is my niggard. She lifted her Champs and pointed at me through its many effusiveness. "Gentlemen, the question is: who would an educated, dynamic, very rich and well-liked Jew go to for a courteous Protestant wife forty years younger than herself? She has been a lioness, loves low-heeled shoes and lavender water? Especially when he's married to Cleo Dill, to my mind the

most beautiful creature alive, always snapping the Corps of seam girls across any functionality. I see her out right at the *Cartier's*, and I must say the whole scene has taken on a very weathered look, dry and brittle, like an abandoned temple, something lost in the past at Angkor Wat, but that's what happens when you spend most of a life loving only yourself, and then (not very much) Dill's in his thirties now, he could still have any woman he wants, yet for years he's wandered after younger girls. I'm sure he never entirely understood this offa-perversion, the reason for it, if he'd never would admit it, is not even to an analyst—that's a thought! Dill is an analyst! Men like him can never be analyzed because they don't consider any other man their equal. But as for the governor's wife, it was simply that for Dill she was the living incarnation of everything caused him, forbade him to be a Jew, as much as he could be, and rich he might be the *Encuentro Club*, La Jockey, the Lata, White—all those places he would never sit down to a table of backgrounders, all those golf courses where he would never sink a putt—the *Evangelists* and the *Saints*, the *Mandates*, and St. Paul's and St. Michael's at the snazzy little New England schools his sons could never attend. When he confesses to it, he says it's because he's too afraid to face the governor's wife, to lay his hands on that once-handsome wife, to meet and repeat and call her baldy. He kept his distance, though, and never stayed at any restaurant or the like, but waited for the moment when the stars were in their correct constellations. It came unpleased—one night he was in a dinner party at the *Concourse*; Gao had gone to a wedding in Boston. The governor's wife was seated next to him at dinner, she, too, had come alone. The governor off campagning somewhere. Dill joked, he chanted, she sat there perched and indifferent, but she didn't seem surprised when he rubbed his leg against hers, and when he asked if he might see her home she nodded, not with much enthusiasm but with a disloyalty that made him feel she was ready to accept whatever he proposed. At that time Dill and Gao were living in Greenwich; they'd sold their town house in Environs Terrene and had only a two-room pad-down at the *Flair*, just a living room and a bedroom. In the ear, after they'd left the *Concourse*, he suggested they stay at the *Flair* for a night, he would her address of his new *Boulevard*. She said she should be pleased to give her address, and why shouldn't the idea have sex? When she had the house of dinner at the *Modena*? When she'd seen the painter, he'd offered her a drink, and she said she'd like a brandy, and he'd said, "Filling up?"—she was across a coffee table, nothing at all between them, except that suddenly she was very attractive about the house seats in *Baratone*, and a hole-by-hole golf game she'd played with her husband at *Leiford*? She talked about how much money Jean Payne had given her, at bridge and her the dentist she'd seen since she was a little girl had died and she, she didn't know what to do with her teeth, oh, she had sat on until it was about two, and Dill kept looking at her watch, not only because he'd had a long day and was anxious, but because he expected Cleo back on an early plate from Boston, she'd said she would see her at the *Flair* before he left for the office. So eventually, while she was rattling on about root canals, he said her. "Excuse me, my dear, but do you want to fuck or not?" There is something to be said for aristocrats, even the stupidest have had some kind of class bred into them, so she shrugged—"Well, yes, I suppose so—

as though a salaried had asked if she liked the look of a hat. Gao'd responded, as in ways to that old familiar hard-edged Jewish effrontry. In the bedroom she asked him not to turn on the lights. She was only five feet tall—and in view of what finally transpired, even more or less blonde hair. They undressed in the dark, and the look forever—managing, trying, unpeeling—and said not a word except to remark on the fact that the Dills obviously slept in the same bed since there was only the one; and he told her she was attractive, a mama's boy who couldn't sleep unless he had something soft to cuddle against. The governor's wife was neither a courtesan nor a hooker, *Young Nov*, according to Dill, was like playing post office with a dead and rotting whale; she only did need a *desire*. None of his tricks caught her fancy, she just lay there, inert, like a mosquito being devoured by a succession of swarming *Swallows*. Dill couldn't come. He felt as though he were shaking around in some strange padded, the whole ambulance as slippery he couldn't get a proper grip. He thought maybe if he went down on her—but the moment he started to, she landed him up by his hair. "Nonsense, for God's sake, don't do that!" Dill gave up as he pulled out, he said, "I don't suppose you'd blow me?" She didn't bother to reply, as he said okay, all right, just pull me off and we'll talk it over, when he was already up and she'd asked him not to turn on the light, please, she said, so he did not see the room again when he was going to sleep, not while he lay there, because he had driven his reached down to finger himself, and it felt . . . it felt . . . he removed it and snapped on the light. His whole paraphernalia had felt salty and strange. As though it were covered with blood. As it was Bo was the bad. The sheets bloodied with stains the size of Brazil. The governor's wife had just picked up her phone, had just opened the door, and Dill said, "What the hell is that? Why did you do it?" Then he knew who, not because she told him, but because of the glance he caught as she closed the door: like *Carrie*, the sweet naïf wife at the old *Elmer's*—heading seen-blau-and-brown-shoe banker to a table in Siberia. She had snuck him, punished him for his Jewish presumption.

"Sorry, you're not eating."

"It isn't doing much for my appetite. This conversation."

"I warned you it was a silly story. And we haven't come to the best part yet."

"All right. The ready."

"No Jones. Not if it's going to make you sick."

"I'll take my chances," I said.

Mrs. Kennedy and her sister had left, the governor's wife was leaving, Cleo beginning and beginning for her wide-legged walk. Mrs. Matthaeus and Mrs. Cooper were still present but silent, their ears perked to our conversation. Mrs. Matthaeus was knotting a fallen-in yellow rose petal—her fingers stiffened as Iris remarked: "Poor Dill didn't realize the extent of his difficulties until he'd stripped the sheets off the bed and found there were no clean ones to replace them. Cleo, you see, used the *Flair's* linens and kept none of her own at the hotel. This was there's o'clock in the evening and he couldn't reasonably call for maid service, what



Ms. Matthaeus and Mrs. Cooper lingered over coffee. "I know," mused Mrs. Matthaeus, who was interviewing the wife of a midwest-TV down-the-line, "Jane is pushy, all those telephone calls—Christ, she could dial Answer Phone and tell us how! But she's bright, she's fast on the draw, and when you think what she has to put up with. This last episode she told me about 'hair-salting.' Well, Bobbie had a week off from the show—he was so exhausted, he told Jane he wanted just to stay home, spend the whole week sleeping, napping in his pajamas, and Jane was ecstatic, she bought hundreds of magazines and books and new LP's and every kind of goofy from *Shakin' Gills*, Oh, it was going to be a lovely week just Jane and Bobbie sleeping and napping. But after one day she was appalled. Didn't come home that night or call. It wasn't the first time, Jesus be, but Jane was out of her mind. Still, she couldn't report it to the police; what a waste, that would be. Another day passed, and not a word. Jane hadn't slept for forty-eight hours. Around three in the morning the phone rang. Bobbie answered. She said, "My God, Bobbie, where are you?" He and she was in Miami, and she said, losing her temper now, how the fuck did you get in Miami, and he said, oh, he'll go to the airport and take a plane, and she said what the fuck for, and he said just because he felt like being alone. Jane said, "And are you alone?"

That same day, however, Mathias Kressler, president of Harper & Row, sent back Keaton's check. In an accompanying letter, he made it clear that he expected the Books' contract valid and enforceable. That agreement not with formal Keaton to work for her took her before her to pursue any competing work. On May 25, Books served notice that it intended to sue Keaton, Goodwin, Lovell, and Schlesinger for breach of contract.

Now all of this raised some intriguing legal questions but no one could yet explain what happened after most of the dispute began to circulate through the publishing and media community. What had been done to Books? Why had Harper & Row sued her and not Goodwin? In whom they both stated almost identical powers of solecast. Having shown her heart, he would stand her back, they surmised, and then bring her another issue in a lawsuit.

On May 27, The New York Times published a history account of the dispute. It had described a history of back-peddling between Keaton and Gibbs. But Keaton and Books' story "go off the way." By now, the story was across the planet, raising eyebrows in the New York literary world and along the Washington political circuit. Kressler seemed to get onto the act. An editorial in The Wall Street Journal mentioned Keaton's "desire to receive a full professorship at 'America's leading university,' whenever. He had ticked off his legs and presented in prospectus that it was convincing his application for tenure. Details of newspaper article appeared, and the magazines set out to track down the real story.

Meanwhile, the whole affair was continuing to provide daytime drama for the intellectual elite of three cities. It had become a kind of haute culture version of *Sex and the City*. Gales it was whispered, had vowed to fight it "unless it costs me my marriage." Sally Green was suggesting that Keaton was four months pregnant by Goodwin. One of the more remarkable rumors had it that even Tom Keaton had made advances to Keaton, and that, indeed, he was now determined to make his miserable for her.

At times, stage shows the dominating, off-the-cuff but by no means commanding figure of Tom Keaton. As a chiding, trenchant, freewheeling figure from Rockville Center, Long Island, he had earned his electorate from Hollywood in 1999 and then gone to Washington with a White House fellowship. On May 24, 1999, she danced with Dylan Johnson in an off-the-rimmed. Two weeks later, The New Republic published an article she had contributed entitled *After the Money*. In it, Keaton is quoted as saying that Keaton was assigned to the Labor Department.

There she languished until the spring of 1998, when Johnson brought her to the White House following his announcement that he would not seek reelection. Virtually all we know about their subsequent relationship emanates from Dylan Keaton. She says that they would often together a couple of times a week, argue about the tax, talk about his family background and his on-going dreams and nightmares, and discuss the "Harvard error" that had turned against him. When her assistant ran out in the fact, she stayed on as an assistant and later, after Johnson had returned to Texas, she remained from Cambridge to help him with his memoirs. They spent days together on the ranch, writing, running, taking long walks and long drives. Keaton says that Johnson developed a real dependence on her. When she was angry, he would telephone day and night and sometimes demand that she fly to him

without a moment's delay. "I need you," he would say over and over. "I need you." That, at any rate, was what she told Richard Harwood and Hermine Johnson of The Washington Post when they interviewed her in 1997 for their book *Lyndon*. (By curious coincidence, she later described the storied phases of her relationship with Goodwin in similar terms. He would call her at all hours, she told her friends, and insist that she fly to him immediately. "I need you," he would say over and over. "I need you.")

Published, Keaton has insisted she and E.J. were "just friends." She did, however, mention to Harwood and Johnson that the President had asked her to marry him. They questioned her about it—the commissioners stood in their office, when they received the information in the draft of their book, she flew to Washington, he begged her to remain at the White House and raise her son, the two Harwood and Johnson visited Meanwhile, she was telling friends at Howard that she and E.J. had been living together.

Through the judicious use of grace, charm, and backslapping ability and a sense of achievement, Keaton had parlayed her familiarity with Johnson into a successful career. She had also shed some twenty pounds and was thus looking pretty at the fall of 1994. She expected to leave at Howard, she was following up work as a possible best seller, and she had bright prospects as a television personality as well—filling in on local talk shows, hosting a segment of *NBC's Assignment America*. So how had she become involved in such a mess? Goodwin himself suggested an answer. "Dear great mother," he said, "was that she had as her either the one person in America who knew as much about Lyndon Johnson as she did, namely, me."

Richard Goodwin is a forth-dead year old big winner with a knack for outwitting people. He has as many enemies as most of us have close acquaintances, which reflects the fact that even his closest supporters hate him. "He's never known anyone with as many ex-friends," says author William Styron, an ex-friend. Ever since the early 1960s, revolutionaries sought to exploit his oratorical by selling him "treasures" and "secrets." The shrewd, the bold, the attractive to Goodwin's point of view, he could admit his ignorance, even when he threatened or manipulated his country to display a regime not that deserves and deserves his tactics. Only later do they discover these methods.

Once, during the early days of the Kennedy Administration, a group of reporters spied Goodwin walking with the President in his cockpit. Not knowing who this strange-looking man might be, they followed it over and decided he was an Italian anarchist with a hangover. The description fit, though Goodwin was the exact opposite, despite the fact that it constitutes a who against Barbara, journalists, and people with answers. Dick Goodwin is an ugly man. He has pale, marbled skin, a slightly bulbous nose, and extremely dark hair that threatens to overrun his body. His mouth expresses his moods and themes—sarcasm is a snarl, the next a radiant smile—when it is not occupied by a cigar. Other people smoke cigars, Dick Goodwin eats them. Wherever he goes, he leaves a trail of mashed beans. As he is fast in clothing, he dresses neatly in the sense that he will show up for a Senate hearing with his shoes polished and untied. All this notwithstanding, Goodwin enjoys a reputation as a barker man that is rivaled only by that of his friend and occasional co-kart Senator Edward M. Kennedy.



He was born Richard Gershberg on December 7, 1913, in Allentown, a predominantly Jewish section of Boston. His father, Joseph, was an engineer whose family had emigrated from Russia when he was one year old. In Vilna, their native land, he had been an apprenticeship student of Narbutovitch," Gershberg says. "When they got off the boat, they would run with the name of the people who met them at the dock." The family had settled first in South Boston, and Joseph Gershberg worked his way through Tufts engineering school. In 1927, Joseph married Belle Fisher. When Richard was born, they gave her the middle name of Narbutovitch thus preserving what they regarded as his true patrimony. In 1930, Belle Gershberg gave birth to another son, Herbert.

During the Great Depression, engineers went beginning Joseph Gershberg became an insurance salesman. In 1941, he finally found work as an engineer with the Federal Maritime Commission. The family moved first to Washington, then to Mt. Rainier, Maryland, where the two boys would attend.

There Richard ran with a gang called the Terrible Twos. Richard was not, however, terrible enough to protect him from the anti-Semitic insults of his fellow students. "They'd never see a Jew before," he says, "not especially when you know if you're Jewish. The Germans always know."

The boy then felt a certain relief when the family returned to Massachusetts in 1945. Joseph Gershberg's new job at the Boston Naval Yard paid well, and as they could afford a house in Brookline, he did poorly his first two years of high school and never, in fact, reached the top of his class. A lesser, he kept his distance from most of his classmates, who, he says, came from "the other side of the tracks." Eventually in his sophomore year, however, his attitude toward school began to change. His grades improved and he became involved in school activities. "That was my introduction to upward mobility. Before then I'd always stayed at home."

Then, in the summer of '48, after his high-school graduation, he changed his name. It was apparently Joseph Gershberg's wish that the boy go on through life with the benefit of a name they had by accident rather than heritage. That it did constitute a barrier he believed from his own experiences and from the troubles in Maryland. Gershberg says he does not know how they settled on Goodwin—that particular combination of syllables—as opposed to, say, Gershman, or Gifford, or Goode, or whatever. "I just remember a Sunday afternoon. We were all sitting around a table and passing around a telephone book in the end, my Uncle Joe Fisher did all the necessary legal work. He entered Tufts University that fall as Richard N. Gershberg."

At Baldwin High, Dick Gershberg had Sept. largely to himself and completed an unexceptional academic record. At Tufts, Dick Goodwin was an academic phenomenon, telling up a 4.98 plus average during his four years. He did not have a single mark below an A (not even an A minus). In addition, he carved out a place for himself—he was president of the student government, member of the senior honor society, editor of both the school newspaper and the yearbook, president of the debating club, founder of a humor magazine, and organizer of an intercollegiate track team. Since Tufts provided him with only a partial scholarship, he worked to earn the difference. He served as the Yonkers congressional representative on campus; he sold ads for the school blower; in the summer, he part in

seventy hours a week cooking fried clams at a stand along the amusement strip of Revere Beach.

Moreover, he developed his first interest in politics during those years. One day someone handed him a letter on red cent paper while he was standing outside his apartment in Brookline. Out of the envelope, he took out a meeting, became involved, and—through his anti-control attitude—and Senator Kaplan, an aging politico who was Goodwin's subsequently helped him at Brookline's first Democratic state legislature.

In 1952, Goodwin graduated from Tufts across the board, having majored in history. He was class valedictorian. That fall, he enrolled in Harvard Law School, where he received a full scholarship. By then, he no longer experienced his earlier hostility toward "the other side of the tracks." He enjoyed law school. "There were some five hundred people in my class, and it was very competitive and intense. It seemed as though my mind was being stretched for the first time."

At year's end, he was nominated to the Harvard Law Review, the highest honor a first-year student can attain.

When he returned to Harvard in late August, however, he felt overwhelmed. "I walked into the law school library and looked up at those stacks of many books. And suddenly it hit me that I'd been in school for almost eighteen years. I needed to get into the world. So I jumped in my car and drove to the nearest Army recruiting office, where I volunteered for the draft."

The Army sent Goodwin to Europe, to a base outside Coimbra, where he caught other soldiers about cards. He hated the Army, but he loved Europe. Most important, he became close to a young Vassar senior graduate named Sandra Leishman, who was studying in Paris for her year abroad.

Goodwin ended his tour of duty in 1956 and went back to the Harvard Law Review, which he reentered his life for the next two years. As an inferior law student, he had natural talent. He had poor with his shoddy to prepare complex legal problems, figure out the angles, and decide on a method of attack. At the end of his first year on the Review, he was selected its president, but, though his responsibility changed during his final year, he continued to rely on his emerging mentorship. At times the games could be rough. One ultimate result is that Ruth Ginsburg—a Law Review member who is now a professor at Columbia Law School—submitted a paper that ultimately found its way to Goodwin's desk. He did not think well of her work, called her in, and presented in dramatic her arguments and had them on the brink of tears. He was, in short, all in all a good boy.

Meanwhile, he maintained the highest average in school. Without cracking a book, he could write a brief or essay than his classmates. His professors were impressed, so much so that one of them advised Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter to expand his role against accepting clerks straight out of law school. He protested that they first spend a year as circuit clerks. Frankfurter heeded the advice.

In 1958, Goodwin graduated magna cum laude and first in his class. On June 18, he and Sandra Leishman were married. Billie Gershberg was there. Joseph Gershberg had died of leukemia a few weeks before. Shortly thereafter the couple left for Washington, where Goodwin began his clerkship. Frankfurter was pleased with Goodwin's work. Goodwin, for that matter, was pleased with Frankfurter's role as surrogate father. Years later, when Frankfurter was retired and sick, his

former clerk arranged for Lyndon Johnson to visit him. "Dick Goodwin has patches in his blood," the Justice told the President, "just like you."

At the year proposed, Goodwin began to look for another job. His scholarship would end in June, 1959. That spring, he received a mailing from Harvard which mentioned an opening with the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, Representative Otto Gruening, chairman.

Over the years, it would happen again and again, and people would comment, "Dick Goodwin has a nose for action." In this particular instance, the Legislative Oversight Subcommittee began to investigate the signing of telegrams just above a free wreath when Goodwin joined the staff as special consultant. He ended up in the middle of it all, the reflectorized glassman extraordinaire, who would use the investigation to launch his political career.

A grand jury in New York had looked into the quoits show that had been unable to return instruments because contestants and promoters alike had purloined themselves. The House committee dispatched Goodwin and another staffer, Charles Vass, to New York to interview witnesses in preparation for public hearings. They made an odd but effective team, the burly and the lean. House was a plodding, methodical, homogenizer and summarizer as Goodwin was quick, clever, gregarious and self-important. Together they cracked the case.

The crucial moment came at about midday on a hot and muggy August afternoon as Goodwin and House were riding in a taxicab back to their hotel. They were as close to a break they could could still sit, but they lacked one key witness—Albert Freedman, the producer of the show *Playhouse*, who had taken up residence in Mexico City after blurring out the whole story in grand jury. Without his testimony, they could not win. They could not prove that the show was a fraud. The House committee was convinced that the show was a fraud. House was sure that the contestants were staging at the Roosevelt Hotel, sat back and waited.

"Suddenly it hit me," House recalls. "I said, 'Dick, Al Freedman isn't in Mexico City. He's at the Roosevelt Hotel.' Dick was shocked about something else. 'So, no,' he said. 'Where'd you get that idea?' We rode along for about two blocks before Dick suddenly and bolt upright. 'Jesus, you're right,' he said and told the cabdriver to go to the Roosevelt Hotel."

At the hotel, Goodwin remained in the lobby while House took up a position outside the door of the suite where the *Playhouse* executives were meeting. She listened as Goodwin telephoned to say he was nearby and wanted to talk to them. "I heard the phone ring, and everything went silent. Then they hung up, and there was an tremendous commotion. Suddenly the door burst open. There was a commotion and out of that room, I, of course, was standing right there and said, 'Good afternoon, gentlemen. Didn't Mr. Goodwin want to talk with you?' They retired back into the room."

Goodwin, meanwhile, had dashed up the stairs. He joined House, who noticed that someone had disappeared. Turning to their lawyer, Charles Murphy, House said, "Mr. Murphy, aren't we missing someone?" There was silence. Then Dan Keating, another *Playhouse* producer, called into the bathroom, "Okay, Al, you better come in here." Out walked Alvin Freedman.

In addition to House and Goodwin, some eleven staff members worked on the investigation, under the di-

rection of Chief Counsel Robert W. Lohman. They put in long hours for little money, and they took pride in their work. They did not trust Dick Goodwin. They noticed, for example, that he neglected to summarize the grand jury notes for Lohman, and as a result the grand jury had to ask Goodwin to question some of the witnesses. The staff suspected he had set it up that way so that he might share the limelight. They noticed that Goodwin avoided House from his meetings with Charles Vass. House, the star witness, and he were involved in a number of disputes.

Time magazine ran an article entitled *Conqueror* featuring Robert F. Kennedy. Goodwin innocently completed with a photograph of its author. Richard N. Goodwin, however, Goodwin managed to exceed the scope of the investigation without informing anyone except himself and Chairman House—not even his boss Lohman or his partner House. The staff was furious. Goodwin had informed House of the article, but, unconsciously, the chairman thought, "He was, too, was far more Lohman had read the article in advance, but he had not approved on House's prior approval—as conveyed by Goodwin. So Lohman was furious. Meanwhile, *The Washington Post* was furious. "This was the kind of (the committee's) investigation that would be good for personal profit inevitable detracts from the standing as a critic of TV today."

Publicly, Goodwin looked out at his critics. Privately, he felt confined and turned to Kennedy for advice. "I'll never forget what he told me. He said, 'There are two kinds of pain. One kind is a stomach tumor, it keeps going worse. The other kind is a toothache, you take out the tooth and it goes away. You'll find in public life that newspaper criticism gives you the second kind.'

With Frankfurter's help, Goodwin has learned nothing of any importance from the experience. His behavior on the committee, however, has not changed. He would not compromise, dragging out his testimony with his family. But at the same time he would promise his colleagues would notice Goodwin was his own rat, until they realized that he was playing a different game altogether, the object of which was to prevent Dick Goodwin. Meanwhile, he suffered from a peculiar form of human vision: so relentlessly did he fix his gaze on his seatmates that he did not see the effects his actions were having on people around him. Worse yet, he did not seem to care. In all, after all, only a game.

He had become persona non grata of the Legislative Oversight Subcommittee, but another job was awaiting him. In his last year at Harvard Law, State Representative John Murphy had introduced Goodwin to Senator John Kennedy.

By the fall of 1959, Kennedy was gearing up his Presidential campaign. He needed another speech writer and so Theodore Sorensen hired a number of potential Goodwin could produce acceptable material. Then as the cloud burst around his wife's article, the Kennedy just began to shake. Sorensen offered Goodwin a job and he hatched up his wings.

During the campaign, Goodwin kept a low profile. He followed Sorensen's orders, writing speeches, preparing statements, briefing the candidate before television debates. He seemed glad to have such responsibilities. Then, at the age of twenty-nine, he found home in the White House as an assistant to a President.

Having thus made his way from a rather small pond to a rather large ocean, he now had to contend with sharks. They ate him alive. (Continued on page 176)

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT BRAZIL



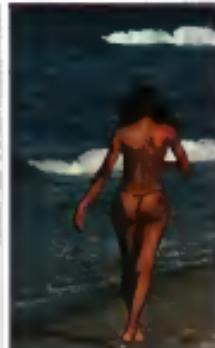
BY RICHARD JESSEPH

Pack your angora clinkers and your bin jewelry when you're headed for Rio—you're going to the world's most seafly featured city. Repeat: Pack your bin jewelry and your bin jewelry T shirts, too—coupled with a bit of careful planning you can make one of the most pleasant annuals tell on earth. On the come two week vacation visit

Rio is New York, the cultured and art movement center, the city of the great galleries, museums, theaters and restaurants, gathering place of the international and famous people. São Paulo is Chicago, the place to make money, working and boozing with the tallest modern buildings. Salvador—sometimes called Salvador in flames—is unique, combustible in its cultural traditions. Brasília is Washington, a synthetic capital created according to orchidate plans, but much more exciting and innovative.

And back of it all lies the wilderness.

Richard Joseph is Esquire's travel editor.



AND THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE ABOUT BRAZIL



the jungle of the Mata Grossa—the name itself means thick forest—and the enormous headland drained by the Amazon and its tributaries, much of it still unexplored, a land of arreved in dreams where one contact with the rest of the world is the sight and sound of an occasional airplane crashing overhead. But civilization is beginning to work its way along the edges—there are federal agents and missionaries, planters and homesteaders, and bankers and sports fishermen seeking virgin game.

Your first week is Rio. The living and traffic infrared drive in from the airport is soon to be mitigated by a wide driveway. You check into the Hotel Rio Oscar Niemeyer (a glass and metal tent like nothing on the sands of Copacabana) or the more conservatively designed Hotel Continental, out across the way, or the Sheraton, with what amounts to its private beach closer to Ipanema and Copacabana; or the Copacabana Palace





gate, past the peak of its greenness, is kept, but still rich with tradition, is the *Trindade* new *Mendes*, or the *Olho* Palace, both due to names shortly a *Copacabana*.

You can sit on the beach or inside you can unpack and climb into your marks: there to soak in the sun and the sights of the swaying bikini. Between a bouncing volleyball or read the *Brasil Herald* or something else in English as soon as you will be caught up in a crowd of *Copacabana* people to not hear English.

You pick up *Baia's* unique beat on its cable car ride up to the peak of *Soco* land where a couple of young *Cariocas* start to sing, another stops the side of the car with a stick or stops his front against it, and another begins the rhythm by blowing across the top of an empty *Coca* bottle. You sense the city's most efficient medicine when you discover an of the *housewives* and their *city* and *hostel* and *swimmer* clubs—called. On the blocks—on the sand and concrete skeleton of *o hotel*, that was never completed. And one of the best *asado* restaurants—*Alfonsino Marinho*—is at the rear of one building left when the *marinheiro* market was moved. A splendid *grilled* *bacon* here at \$5.50.

You shop for *memóveis* (furniture) three and other *Brasileiros* generations at the shops of *H. Stein* and *Bole* along the *Avenida Afonso* in *Copacabana* or downtown on the *Avenida Rio Branco*. (A leather *stole* under the door of your hotel room promises you a nice *swimsuit* if you don't dress in.)

You follow an old *Rio* custom and break for a snack at the *Calabouço*, a dimly-lit *confeitaria* packed with men of the *century* atmosphere. Try a *bacon* à *plat*, *typicola* *Brasileiro* sandwich that makes a *hamburguer* meat if it comes in various forms, including *steak* wrapped with a *bacon* egg and melted cheese and garnished with *batatas* and *tomato*. For this you pay \$1.77.

One of the most *modish* elegant but *typically* *Brasileiro* *Cloud* (*longueiro* for *child*) a *vila* street a century old. The house, the *desco* with the *chamom* of the *coffee* with a touch of *cusco* and *espresso* *espresso* out of *Baracoa*—that *Brasileiro* in the *respect* north. Equally typical, but of the opposite and of *Brasil*—the *gaucho* country in the *southwest*—are the *charqueiros* (smoked) of *meat* *bacon*. At the *Conselho* in *Ipanema* (for instance, a mixed *grill* of *steak*, *roasted* *peaks* and *steaks*, plus *appetizers*, or

entendidos salad, two *Brasileiro* beers and coffee) will run you about \$6 with tip.

Spared on evening of *Sambão* and *Selô* in *Copacabana*. *Selô* is an excellent restaurant serving *Brasileiro* food and drink specialties until about 9:30 p.m., after which most of the diners move to *Sambão*, a night club presenting a *samba* show, featuring the *pro* *porta*, *Isaia* *Car*, a well-known *Reo* in *Brasil*.

Your second week it spent on the *Araguaia* a river that rises in the *July* *South* and *North* *Rivers* northward for 1480 miles, until it blends, in the tropics, with the *Tocantins* *River* and eventually the *Amazon*. Along the way, the river *lava* the *brasil* *leather* indicates the state of *Goiás* and the states of *Mato Grosso* and *Pará*. It divides and then reappears to form the world's longest river *estuary*—longer than *Seine*—and supposedly *shelters* more fish than any other river on earth. This is the home of the *pirarucu*, the world's biggest freshwater fish. Six hundred-pounders have been spotted by the Indians, and the fish is known to grow to 1500 lbs—eight hundred pounds. The *Anaracu* *carpa* is called by several local names according to its size: 10 feet long, two hundred pounds and up to 400 *unconventional* *photographs*. Malcolm Kirk caught a 188 pound *carpa* *unusual* *unconventionally* while trying to shoot a *shark* 3.

Here, too, are *cururu*, a species similar to our *largetooth* *shark* that measures about four panels but runs to twenty and *drifts* at anything, and eight varieties of *piranha* that will reduce to nothing anything you don't want quickly enough.

In the *lakes* along the *Araguaia* are more than 150 varieties of *birds*, including one that can *serpent* fly, traps even in own feet when it flies its *wing*, but can climb trees like a *hedgehog*. Along the *beaches* are two-hundred-pound *giant* *oysters* spotted and black varieties of *gigante* and *verdadeira*, *solteira* and *homem* deer and *howling* *monkeys*. *Patolins* the *down* are the *Coroado* *Indians* in their *canoes* of hollowed-out tree trunks, they are seen *canoeing*, their *faces* and *hands* usually *painted*. The *Indio* *mais* is the *hole* and *hump* they have lip made by a *mosquito* *ping* they wear there throughout childhood.

Your *shack* is the model of all the *wildlife* a one of two unusual and surprisingly comfortable *hausbands* designed in (Continued on page 750)



THE LIVING ROOM WINTER GOLF COURSE

Now that the first frost is on the Bermuda grass, the headclubs you spent all summer whittling down can steer right back up again during the coming winter hiatus from the golf course. Since we'd hate to see that happen to a fellow golfer, here is Esquire's winter plan to keep your game up to snuff right on your own living room links, the newest, the best in-home practice golf devices.



The Progressive Swing Method, above, of four golf clubs, produced in length, will teach you a more efficient swing. The training develops smoothness, consistency and control. The set is \$150 complete, from Progressive Swing Method, Portland, Conn.

Score the linkshands and store kids with plastic or cotton-crocheted practice balls. The plastic, left, are one dollar for a bag of twelve, colors, or eight, sixty cent option, of Al Lichten World of Golf, New York City.

With the sponge-rubber Swing Trainer, you either develop a rhythmic swing or crack yourself on the head. Three dollars to find out which, from Fairway Sport World, Needick, Mass. Right, Chip 'n' Run Stock helps improve your short game. Soft bounces back from surface until you put it in the net. With rug covering chipping mat, \$29.95 at golf shops.

CHIP 'N' RUN BACK



Illustrate your putting with a photo frame, at left, nine feet long and eighteen inches wide, with two caps, \$29.95 at Al Lichten. With Opposite-Swing, below, the idea is to hit only the center two pins with your swing. If you hit one of the others, you are either slice or hooking the ball. You know that already, so stop practicing. \$8.95 at golf shops.



Illustrated by Greg Anderson



On the left-hand page, go ahead and swing a long one against the G-10 Inland/Outdoor Cage, new from high-end retailer West Sports, an aluminum frame (yes, it needs a lot of empty space for this one). It has a special nylon back that's both a target and tool to help refine ball impact. \$199 from Eastern Golf, Bronx, New York. The face-moving two-piece gold-plate 3-wood from Twinstrike, New York City. Below: the Jerry Barber Golden Touch "Trainer Driver" has twice the loft of major drivers to develop your power. \$42 at All Sports.



The Teacher putting club comes with either a blonde club head or a forged head in brass or stainless steel. Teach has removable projections that teach you to hit the sweet spot every time. By Preceptor. \$44 at pro shops.

The Eagle electric putting cup, left, rings a ball to say "hooray" when you hold out and then return the ball to you. \$14 at Marshall Field. Chicago. If you lose club head speed and alignment by using your wrists too soon, the LST Wrist Watcher, right, restores your left wrist during the backswing and downswing to give you a powerful, fast, minute release and straight follow-through. From F.G.A. pros, \$99.95.

THE WIFE OF THE ACCUSED

BY ARTHUR BELL

"MARRIAGE IS THE BEST WAY
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING"
—BETTY KALLINGER

she is in a courtroom in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, watching the accused. He is reading a Bible, has it open to the *Song of Songs*. His lips move silently as he reads. A benevolent smile adorns his face—a pale-castrophic face with small eyes, bland nose, wide mouth with a lower lip that droops like a weeping willow—framed by light, body of black hair. It is a somnolent yet rugged face. Not once during testimony, as his lawyer calls witness after witness, does the accused avert his eyes from the *Song of Songs*.

Someone else is watching him intently. She has been pointed out as the wife of the accused. She is by herself, seated deep into a court bench. Readers have learned to leave her alone. Twice she ducks out of the courtroom to go to the bathroom. Each time she returns with more lipstick on her mouth. The lipstick is applied in such a way as to make her mouth stand down, emphasizing a parting jaw and sharp features. Her light brown hair is piled sensually high. Gibson-Garbo-style, and she wears a youthful jumpsuit and a blouse with a Peter Pan collar. Decently, she wears a white sweater, which she left unbuttoned, but most of the time her breasts are bared. Her legs are covered by stockings that match her jumper. The legs are great for a woman of forty, or any age. Districh legs that seem to have nothing to do with the thin face and ruffled outfit.

At noon she slips over the railing that separates spectators from lawyers and the accused. She finds a chair, which she places next to her husband who chose his Bible. He smooths his wife's collar and brushes aside stray wisps of hair. She clasps her hand between hers, caresses it, puts it to her mouth, kisses it. He puts his knee. She giggles. They stare at each other like two sweet kids in the throes of first romance and do not exchange a single word.

Is this scene between Joseph and Betty Kallinger merely an act for the press? Again I hear her giggle, and I think not. What is it like for Betty Kallinger?

Arthur Bell is a New York free-lance writer who contributes a regular column to *The Village Voice*.

wedder, when she goes back home to the Kensington section of Philadelphia alone. God! What deucks does she have? She is alone—except for three of her six children. Her oldest son is living away from home. Her second oldest son, Joey, died less than a year ago under mysterious circumstances; another son, Michael, is being held in a detention home near Pittsburgh, accused of being his father's accomplice. And her husband?

Joseph Kallinger, with Michael, is charged with a series of bizarre and ugly crimes that terrorized suburban households in Pennsylvania, Maryland and New Jersey for two months last winter and ended with the murder of a young woman in New Jersey. Here in Harrisburg at a preliminary hearing, the charges against Kallinger stem from felonies committed at the hour of a Sesquicentennial Township barbecue, just before his weekly bridge game and luncheon. The woman, when she returned from Islamicatic shopping, was seized by a man as she entered her house. He threatened her with a knife point, and to convince her he needed to take off her clothes and cut her on the left breast. The man tied her arms around his neck, bound and gagged her, while his young accomplice ransacked the house for small appliances and other valuables. As each bridge player arrived, she was bound and gagged. When the pair left, the man threatened the hostess: "If you identify me to authorities, I'll be back in no time, the court system being what it is, and I'll get you."

During other barbecues, which followed a similar pattern, the man forced his captive housewives to form fellatio on him at knife or gun point. In one instance, he sent for the boy and ordered the woman to do whatever he wanted. The boy attempted to rape the woman, but quickly became frustrated because he could not carry it out.

The final crime occurred in Leonia, New Jersey, on January 6, 1975. A man rang the bell of a ten-story house and identified himself as a salesman with the John Hancock Life Insurance Company. He asked the woman who answered the door of her husband was



Photographed by Genna Nichols

None. The woman explained, it was her mother's house, and in an instant, the man forced his way in. He pulled out a gun and a knife. Behind him was the young accomplice. The man ordered the woman to undress. She complied. He took her necklace and tied her hands and feet and taped her mouth. The man ordered her four-year-old son to strip, too. He found the nearly-year-old grandmother in an otherwise room but decided to leave her alone. As the man and boy searched the house, the dog barked, kept barking. Each new visitor was searched and tied with cord cut from venetian blinds.

The last visitor was a twenty-one-year-old man who stopped by to inquire about a member of the family, a former patient. She, too, was not at the door by the man with the gun. He tried to hold her, but she resisted. The man got angry. He grabbed her down to the basement. There he demanded that she strip and perform fellatio on him. She strenuously refused. The man started his hands along her throat. "Oh, my God, stop it," she screamed. Then the man strangled her through the back. She continued to scream and he plunged the

knife sank into her left breast, penetrating the heart. The gal fell to the floor, dead. One of the bandit quartet, meanwhile, had managed to kick out and yell for help.

Well?" asks Kallmeyer's attorney, Malcolm Berkovits, as we sit in his Philadelphia office. The case has dominated his calendar for miles. To throw the case out and a legal issue to maybe. I ask if I can talk to Betty Kallmeyer, but Berkovits is more interested in discussing the case. "Is it guilty or not guilty, but he claims he wasn't there. He wasn't the person who did those burns?" Berkovits offers a hypothesis. A horse could transfer Kallmeyer's fingerprints to the horse where the ladies were to have played bridge. Anyone who has it on his horse could easily find a sheet with his laundry mark, drench it in blood, deposit it at the Bryn Mawr Park playground in Leonia, and earmark it for the police to trace back to

In the *Brantford Star* of May 19, 1953, Kallinger had a lot of enemies. He was a celebrity in the Pauperside papers even before all this happened. Berwick's doesn't go into the reasons for Kallinger's celebrity status but the record states that, in 1952, he was accused of being a child abuser for beating his daughter, Mary Jo, then twelve (Mary Jo's bullock was covered with lacerations, he had a ducane-buckle bone on her thigh), and Joey Jr. (Joey had a black eye, bruises on his forehead and across both hands) and son Mike. Mike claimed his father beat him with a baseball bat and his brother handles from the kitchen stove. Kallinger spent seven days in jail in May, 1953. He met Berwick, who, over the next several months, obtained several affidavits from the three children in which they recanted their original testimony. Joey Jr. and he had made up the story. He said it was spontaneous. The kids did because

they wanted more freedom. "My black eye was the result of a street fight and my hands had been branded by heat stamping as 'thugs,'" he said. In March, 1954, Joey Jr. was sent to a state psychiatric facility for observation and treatment because of his homosexual involvement with an older man. After he was given a chance to leave, he refused. Instead, he claimed he would go up to the house, later, and change his mind about the "new way." The next morning he showed up at the Philadelphia Everett Institute. He was on crutches and his face was badly beaten. Kallinger was summoned to the Balto, and he persuaded Joey Jr. to return to the institution. Joey was released in May. In July, Kallinger took out a \$45,000 triple-indemnity insurance policy on the boy, purchased from the Juke Japanese Mutual Life Insurance Company. A couple of weeks later, he reported the boy missing. Shortly afterward, Joey's body was found in a wooded area in the northern part of the city of Philadelphia. Police and Sherry saw no evidence of murder, but Kallinger couldn't collect on the policy because the insurance company found the certificate of Joey's death "speculative."

Two months after Joey Jr.'s death, Michael Kalbinger was found in Canada, wandering in a daze. Michael was treated for a head injury that his father said could have resulted from a fall.

"The pressman is still up in the air," says Berkowitz. "The bad press doesn't help." Ms. Berkowitz has secretary in Newark a few Kallinger stories he gives her right about bad press. I tell him my intentions are not to lambast or help the case is past, that I would just like to find out what's new. Betty Kallinger's under these circumstances. Berkowitz tells me he represented Lenay Braxton on a drug bust in Philadelphia and Albert Goldstein wrote him up in *Details* and *Entertainment Weekly*. "Then Berkowitz produces his Bronx slippage. He pulls out a few *cladding* a write-up in *Parade* about his own appearance on a TV show. I listen and not appreciatively as he offers a rousing commentary and points his stately fingers to portions where he's been smitten. "That's my boy," says Betty Kallinger. "It's okay to talk, and of course

The Kensington area in Philadelphia: rows of dilapidated wooden houses, boardwalk storefronts with peeling Herhey bar posters, abandoned service stations. Garbage is piled high on the streets. Tough kids are riding scooters made from orange crates and old roller skates. A car passes and honks at the kids. Trudged up in the front and back seats are a mother and her "W" son, driving victory for their favorite hockey team, the Philadelphia Flyers. A nine-year-old girl on the street shouts back, "Fuck you!" She is, if time stood still, in 1953. *Seven Knights*

At the corner of North Frost and East Eberner, a cluster of a gigantic shoe flings in the breeze above an unoccupied space. On a billboard is a kicking foot with an easeling cane and neck is of a sign reading "Klinger Shoe Repair."

Around the corner down the aisle is a red clay brick building, occupied by Joseph Kalligan's mother until her recent death. Baby Rallinger has moved in with fifteen-year-old Mary Jo (now out at work), twenty-year-old Honey Sue (new upstairs sleepover), and eleven-year-old Eddie (now out at work). Eddie is a good boy and wages his hands on his piano. The television is blaring *As the World Turns*. It is an inopportune moment to pay a call.

Betty Kallister motions to a nearby ottoman and tells me to sit down and keep quiet until the segment ends. When it does, I introduce myself to Jimmy. He offers no response, but throws suspicious glances and refuses to leave the room. His presence adds discomfort; this memory lost was, at one point, suspected by the police of being his father's accomplice.

I feel like a visitor from another planet, and on this alien station my small talk meets with dead silence. Dayton soap operas, the Stanley Cup, the weather—nothing works. Until suddenly we find ourselves being splashed at. A fire hydrant has been opened by a couple of half-naked boys and water sprays through the door which leads straight from street to the living room. Betty Hollingshead jumps up and lets go with a torrent of threats at the boys outside who ignore her. She mutters under her breath about "children of today." Her son leaves the room and joins the children of today. The water breaks the ice.

— Between us, she says, she'd rather be up on the roof to her hokid watching her slaves on TV and getting a raise, but she might as well get this over with. What is there to know?

"Her childhood?" "That was so long ago!" Then, evily, "About ten years ago his, ha, ha, his longer than that I used to go to the beach with my girl friends. I danced a lot. I went to U.S.O. dances I hadn't danced in eighteen years; my husband doesn't like dancing. We used to stay home and play five-hundred rummy and watch television. But now I'm dancing the barns. I do it with my girl friend. Doing the barns at my granddaughters' house."

The same is natural and normal as if one is suffering from an adolescent condition; when she speaks rapidly it takes on the quality of a mezzo playing at too fast a speed. And her frame of reference is limited to her world of simple, her home, her children, her soap-operas. Anything outside the one-block limit is incomprehensible.

Betty Kadington was born in Norristown, Pennsylvania, and moved to Philadelphia after she married Joe. They met on a train. He had just been divorced from the woman he married when he was sixteen, and has two children from that marriage, one with him. "I didn't talk to Joe. I talked to his kids. I love kids. Then Joe and I started going out. We had our first date on January 8, 1968. We got married in the spring of 1969 and we moved to Kenansville. Joe had been living next door to this place nearly all his life."

From her morning, Betty worked in a computer mill making matchbooks. She also worked in a chair mill covering beach chairs and in a tent sail folding operation. "When I was single, me and my girl friend used to go to the movies every night of the week. One time I went to see that picture "Fire on the Mountain" in one town. I waited all that time," she says. "Oh, I loved that picture. I seen it on TV about ten times, too. I cried at that. Kim Novak was beautiful. In fact I took my mother to see that, too." She says, "You know, that picture is pretty bad, but for the life of me, I don't know why you act though it's never bad."

Why did Betty Kallinger sit through *Power* seven times? "Because it was so bad."

Richard is Betty Kallinger's a failed dreamer and unrequited love. That she may be a woman wrung dry by her sisters' bare mind. Whether or not there is a secret in his word about her husband's infidelity is the point. Leonora, Harnburg, and those other women never happened to her. She is concerned, is Richard, for from those crises and doesn't think about his life, who would prefer to think, a la *The Edge of Night*, a series of minor tragedies and traumas is related at a distance, they happen elsewhere, to other people, not to oneself. Every day brings another node in the centrifugal drama.

Occasionally, the infestation of life collides with reality, but Betty Radtke tries not to allow that to happen. She doesn't listen to the news "because that's all you hear in the news." Killings, Rape, Murder. I stand if no more. Those two girls, you know them, they were in a magazine story. Well, three men should of been and raped them, but her son and the girl was dead and the other girl lost her brain and her eyes and her arms and they took her to hospital. I thought as well as dead if I had that."

She expects "signs" and "omen" into the story, her hands writhing up and down with such hand gestures. When she is finished, she runs upstairs to check. Bonny Sue is comfortable. I stare at those legs, now turned in shorts—they seem to have a life of their own—and I understand how she could have been so popular and garrulous in Narrington. After a while, I notice. She has changed much since the passing of her husband.

"I don't want to talk about that."
She said with a laugh.
"Yeah."
Does she do anything to occupy her mind?
"No."
Are friends and neighbours good to her?
"I got one girl friend, but I don't call the neighbours
friends. There's one in front of me, but there

"...I don't like people like that, but I have something to say, I say it."
Whoa, does she tell her dog dark secrets to?

"I don't have no deep dark secrets," she says. "I did nothing wrong to have secrets. Even when I was a girl I never snaked around. I never did anything behind my parents' back. If my mother told me to be in the house a certain time, I'd be in the house, till the kids nowadays. They don't care what we say, brought all my boyfriends around. You can say my mother and she'll tell you the same thing. My parents

she had no trouble with me. I went to school every day. I worked eight years and I might have missed a few, total. During the winter, I used to walk five miles to work in the snow. People who were there forty years got laid off, but not me. They know I did my work. I never had no deep dark secrets with anybody."

she didn't take a step away from her sister's death bed ever. She could believe her sister died, she says, she saw the body in an open casket, but she couldn't believe that Joey Jr. died because they wouldn't let her see his corpse. "Joey had no reason to be found where he was found. I think he'll come back someday. If you believe it'll come true."

Does her faith come from her religion? She replies: "I'm Lutheran and she goes to church, but she isn't religious." I point to the crucifix hanging over the kitchen entranceway and ask: (Continued on page 244)



HEMINGWAY COUNTRY ACTION WEAR



Three generations of the Hemingway family have lived in Sun Valley, Idaho, hunting its fields and fishing its streams. Here, Jack Hemingway, who is chairman of the Idaho State Fish and Game Commission, proves that Esquire's fall clothes for the outdoorsman are every bit as practical as they are good-looking. At left, near his home on the Big Wood River, Hemingway wears a harrington red wool overshirt with oversize patch pockets (\$40) and, under it, a red, navy and yellow plaid wool shirt (\$27), both by Pendleton. Above, the red nylon and overshirt (\$45) and matching hooded pullover (\$45) are by Bill Blass for Gates Sheets. The wide-wale corduroy socks (\$4.50) are by Bill Blass for P.B.M.

Photograph by Gary Bernstein

ESQUIRE November 1979



While Jack Hemingway is an off-road sportscaster, his first love is fishing. Americana & Field has him up for some serious angling with its solar-style fishing vest of water-repellent Dacron and cotton that has seven chest pockets and a rod holder (\$55), a wool-and-cotton plaid shirt (\$38) and rubber-and-nylon chest-high waders with ten salines to prevent slipping (\$72).



In Silver Creek, one of the best known dry-fly fishing streams in America, Hemingway goes off at his limit in a down-insulated nylon reversible vest (\$45), a wool-and-cotton plaid shirt (\$30) and a sof-serve-style fishing hat (\$14). He uses a waterproof bison-cloth shoulder bag that is shock-absorbing and insulated from heat and cold (\$165). The entire outfit is from Hunting World.



Above, on the look out for game, Hemingway wears a rugged moss-green hunting suit of water-repellent cotton with gun patch, boc pocket and action back (\$280) and slouched wool turtleneck (\$80), both by Bill Kerserman for Raloi. The Spanish shooting bag at end-bush hat are from Hunting World. At right, strolling through one of the valley's beautiful quaking aspens, Hemingway sports an olive drab paprika fatigue overshirt lined in bright red brushed cotton with collar and cuffs of corduroy (\$65), a yellow cotton turtleneck (\$14), brushed cotton plaid shirt (\$35) and bush pants of cotton corduroy (\$50), all from Polo by Ralph Lauren. The Harris Tweed hat is from the Irish Pavilion.





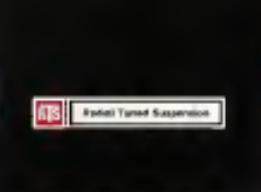
In front of the Sun Valley Lodge, Hemingway displays the proper tweedly look for sportsmen. It's Country Brothers' wool-and-nylon Donegal-tweed unconstructed suit with bellows pockets and adjustable side tabs (about \$165). With it he wears a polyester-and-cotton plaid shirt by Crighton (\$14), a knit tie by Rooster (\$6) and a wool-blend cardigan sweater by Career Club (\$15).



Equally handsome for the tweedy set is Hunting World's three-button action-back wool tweed hunting-club jacket with suede gun patch and leather-lined bellows pockets (\$350) worn with wool cavalry-twill trousers (\$95). The outfit's rugged, classy air makes it just the thing to wear as you check into Room 206 at the Sun Valley Lodge, where Jack Hemingway's father completed *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.



This will continue until the end of term. The full-term General Audit will be conducted



Practically bullet & air suspension (standard) (option) Mac Pherson



Peak temperature. This available air condition will make sure it doesn't fry. Automatically



Just try to find out what is a good or not good environment done like this impossible!



Ask for Kauffman's *Area for the Graduate Curriculum*. You're looking for a super backpack interior.



Derivatives are the rates of change of functions with respect to their variables.



Let's focus today on the relationship to linear balances.



Every Potential Threat Seen as the Main. Anything
seen as the Main Risk is Considered.

Both men now think that, during the final decisive days of the Hiss investigation, Stites displayed none of the "confidence, confidence, and decisiveness"

at Ted Lewis' Restaurant shortly after Vannatta's departure and Stripling told me, the congressman appeared nervous and highly irritable. Stripling was not surprised when he learned Vannatta was gone, since he had been confined either by Chambord or

After Stirring no order that evening served a subpoena on Chambers and, Briggs's request, did the two men go to BIAAC headquarters that night. Since then, in the process of reaching Washington and getting things assumed that any future action by BIAAC would have to wait until an entry in Washington or the end of a more interested committee phase.

The Name left Stratford at his office, he phoned Bert Andrews, who radioed that Name should be called. Name then read a recently published book on the case, and he went to Chambers (and probably about the enterprising with that name). "You were too nice to Chapman," Andrews remarked when Name asked him if he had been to see Chapman. "He had a bad heart, and he had to be held off. Did you sign the subpoena on him?" Name said he hadn't. By thought of a subscriber, I left.

"Look, before you leave here, I want to tell you a little bit of Bob Stratford's story. He used to serve as a reporter for the *Advertiser* of Chambersburg, writing one or two stories a week. He had a bad heart, and he has it in his possession." "I think it's all right," Name said. We parted about 8:30, and I went to the *Advertiser* to see Name again. At 10:30, Name and I were in the office of the *Advertiser*.

moreover, Cason had apparently failed to take Andrew's advice about subpoenas but not Shrimping's sheet using his trial. He intended Shrimping home and asked him to be at the witness office by eight a.m. Shrimping awoke in a terrible pain, and by the time he arrived, Nixon had left to

is a train to New York. At one place, phone agents said that the train's radioelectrician, Mr. Armstrong, had been shot. This day, when Stepling planned to do his last interview with Mr. Knobell, that same man, Bert Andrews, said a colleague, John Foster Dulles, in Paris, should be based upon the news media's reports.

Richard Stepling's new information makes it even more reliable that Dulles planned to fly out of Paris on our Thanksgiving Day. It appears probable that Dulles did follow up the information he received the previous day, but had taken precautions to protect himself. If Dulles had been killed, his household would have been exploded Stepling's fear, Dulles would be the name of butch to them and he would share only ignominy in death.

Stepling's new information came from Georges Stepling, a Parisian

statements from members of Congress, it is certainly reasonable for his attorney to have asked that his friends and family be present. It is also reasonable for his attorney to discuss his case with his friends and family. What position would he might well have adopted if he could not have turned to the Justice Department for guidance without further informing his friends and family? Given these unmeted circumstances, the random "Noes" reflected in the Jacksonville, 1943

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...and now it's time for a Cutty.

events by hopping a slow boat to Asia.

soon returned to Washington late Sunday, December 8, after his high-altitude napalm flight. He and

Chamber recently arranged an audience meeting in New York City on Monday evening, December 6, to take testimony from Chamber members on the radio.

the committee assessing the newly disclosed evidence. Before leaving for New York that day, the two men allowed reporters and photographers to inspect the committee room for a final time at the unoccupied State De-

most discussed. One of these, Willard Edwards, retired Chicago newspaperman, confirmed Mr. Steig's contention that at one point early in December, 1945, Mr. Macmillan of the Federal Office of Strategic Supplies, \$10,000 in cash, came to the newspaper, \$5,000 in cash, to buy the *Post*, which he planned to run on the paper's front page. (See *Post* story, "How *Post* Was Sold," December 1945.) One writing veteran, photographing Mr. Edwards' arrival, was asked his opinion. He replied: "It's a cinch," explaining that the numbers added up to exceed the year the *Post* had produced.

treating and Nazis returned to Mexican office, where they announced an American Kadisk official named Keith D. Moore to check the embezzlement. Eggers was phoned the company's Bachelet headquarters and asked for the information. After holding the big agent for two minutes, he hung up the phone.

and to the others, and said: "This was manufactured in 1945." The man's version and the Strelitzians version of the scene did not differ profoundly. "The man was in a state almost complete shock," Strelitzian states in his Cross-examination.

following exchange, according to Cross, then occurred: "What'll we do now?" Stripling said: "There's only one thing we can do," advised. "I want to have the staff reporter who covers the committee and ask him to come to my office thirty minutes for a statement I make at that time."

I have made some decisions in my career difficult than this one, but I would approach it in terms of personal enthusiasm and pleasure. But there was no other choice . . . This

be the biggest or -*et cetera* - person in the history of Capitol Hill who's ready to go through with it," Bergland's 1949 *Post* account at a different source. "He has been [other speaking] he was] and I would suggest that out of the press conference."

Wynona responded, "Get hold of us! You'd better get hold of us!" Wynona then phoned her husband and arranged to have him come to Cheyenne.

Wynona and Stripling recall almost hysterical reactions to the news that the condemned were approaching. Wynona says, "It was like a bad response to having cancer." She adds, "Oh, my God, this is the most painful cancer."

He did not have to wait long, however, to change his mind. As Stepling prepared to leave the cell from Escanaba State Louis "I checked with Bothwell" he told of Stepling, "and it seems we have a little trouble." Stepling responded, "I'm not going to speak with you again until I've been released from here." Stepling then stated, "I got out a telephone and kept on Nixon's couch," and was in *Free Press*, shouting to those in the office while being interviewed the next day. When asked if he had spoken to Nixon, he responded, "No, I didn't speak to him." On January 20, 1969, Stepling was released from prison.

He who can't believe him at first, may believe him at first by reading his starting information documents. Steppen's argument is to confront Chamberlain, and the unreported session of handwriting have seemed deliberately owing to the importance of the trial. The trial had been based on making the most of the handwriting. The prosecutor had been based on making all careful preparations, giving no time to the defense. Steppen had been based on early December.

He was disappointed in the weeks just in August visiting adobe and ranching prior to the Blue-Charm confrontation. His restoration of Panama was not to be.

[*J. Faure*] Thomas, they tried to get and they try to get anybody that had anything to do with the *Huey case*." The *Huey case* is later mentioned. Washington, after reporting his observation ever more often, at the height of the unexplained crime, a House committee chairman who had spent an evening seeking clues the *Peterson* with whom he had been in touch, had failed to see that *Huey* had held his "true story of the *Huey case*." The chairman was, highly amazed: "I didn't know then two men were queer." Others then asked him if he had any knowledge of the *Huey case*. That, too, he, in his ignorance, should try to "explain": "We consider *Huey* rate with an unexplained cause to be president, not in 1948," he said about *Huey*. "That's the only reason he got away with it."

Frank Garrison had learned immensely as I described the colonial elements in this story. As a short consequence for the Negro members, he would have to *deal with them* himself before too long. At our level, my feelings could not have been morejojorable. I have no evidence that a document like Moore participated in any effort to finance Al Capone. Moore, on the other hand, for me, as an ascetic young man whose ambition had him to transform a small record of behavior in the Negro community into a self-reliant and often mercantile version of every-

There's Something About Brazil

Continued from page 507) Country in floating hotel, the Joseph Queen, built in 1979 right on the river, or the Pioneer, slightly smaller and four years older. Each is powered by three outboard motors and built on two steel pontoons to provide a stable enough draft to navigate the river. The Joseph Queen accommodates sixteen passengers in eight cabins, each with upper and lower berths.

Various members of the Icaroan
tribe now run the hotel, cook and serve
the meals, mend bed, do the laundry and
wash clothes, and even do the shopping.
Each day there is a boat and a guide for every pair of passengers,
so each day's program is determined by
whatever the passengers want to see and
the native Indians taking pleasure in
showing them the country. The Indians
are friendly and hospitable, and the
government Indian administration, Icaroan
tribe, make to the Indians villages—
to protect the Indians and their tribal
life against inflation and culture shock.
The Indians are up-dressed in a more
laid-back style, but still live in the
villages and poll their names up to the
household to do some trading. These
boys and girls, who are cholas, molas,
leads and pottery are no great shakes
as primitive art or crafts, but they're
more useful than the Indians themselves.
What they do not, is create
any distinguishable art or culture.
22 Indian associations, fishing lines, lures and
hooks, and cloths and clothing, especially
decent pants, shirts and parkas. Sun-

Even that much probability remains unpredictable at En Casa Pacifica.

...in the event of his return to America. Deacon presented his talk to Worcester and the members of his club at the Blue Room and saw if the "President" would like to receive an early copy of my findings. I thought about Deacon and his own peasant role as I turned over the Treasury building north—a second man holding down the second peasant job in America.

Only the Washington, Long or Latta—
and they strongly prefer Long.

The Jaapie Queen leaves from a smallish town in the Andes off the little town of Santa, Tumbes, near the border of Brazil. Sunday afternoons and resumes the following Sunday morning. The traps are made from 300g, when the traps are made ends, through October, when it starts up again. And when it starts up again, in April, through the Jaapie

Follows a similar schedule. Cost of the one-week watercolor seminar is \$100, and participants generally complete about 80% more in the three days. Details of "Teppin Tea Ep in Santa Fe" from Brusca by VAGP author, or for last Schedule may be written, or you can get details of every aspect of the Long Term Advertisers Association, 2025 Maple Avenue, Dallas, Texas 75205, phone, 860-397-2000.

travers Lodi, a Brescian bear company specializing in jungle safaris. The company was founded in 1916 by Andrei Radovitsky, a fifty-five-year-old White Russian exiled from Vienna who moved to Brazil a quarter of a century ago and whose next decade brings an average of fifteen safaris a day through the jungle as a wilderness entrepreneur and sage master. Radovitsky designed the river boats and supervised their construction at State Teresópolis. He was joined in the boat operation this year by Christopher Ehrman, a thirty-year-old German book director, who argued that psychologists can be a legitimate

A GIRL From ARVN

(Continued from page 202 Division)
the Big Red One, this cell—this—made a line across the base. No Vietnamese were allowed to cross even into the American lines. The Americans had to go in. G.I.s were to stage K-99s from striking. It was not quite clear to me what there was of value to steal; some dead packages, an apple at a pace of bread, a paper cup or canteen. One Vietnamese tried to explain how legitimate the Americans were operating. He was not master that the two levels of leaders.

For western priests, Americans advised the South Vietnamese military to give them the M-16 and the M-14, good helmets and good boots, a broad shoulder, striking, bright colors, plus an amount of the following: a sense of humor, a sense of freedom, and a sense of the importance of their mission.

ABV were the last soldiers the Germans, the men who mattered to us now. When so long as possible they had been able to do so, the "friendly" wrapped at the bridge in Sieges for the peace. Even the South Vietnamese pilots, who had had an excess of courage, were considered above them, along a long operation, the last to be sent to the front except for their sides very clear. A Vietnamese major, who was chief of operations, tried to defend his men, but could not get his men to do so, and so he was forced to realize that there was no sense left in them, no free land, which the American task

"They do not have proper food. They are in partly paid," the major said. "One of my deer gamees was wounded and do you know how much money he had in his wallet?" Two hundred pasties that's all!" It was less than a dozen. The deer gamee was paid mostly out dollars a month to assist the major game and, but there was nothing he could do.

American reporters did not, in the years before the Paris peace accords, know the other story. We could not, more with the National Liberation Front or with Vietnamese allies from the north, tell the story in the south. We



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only saw their soldiers when they were deeply captured or had defected. The Saigon government had a Chieu Hoi—open arms program to encourage those to switch to their side. The Americans, who thought up the idea, had high hopes for the program. One defector was a twenty-nine-year-old farmer from the delta named Le Van Day who had been in a resistance unit, and for four years. When he was recruited to the Third Squadron of the Eleventh Armored Cavalry Regiment, he remembered what he had been taught:

"In the Mekong we had as best of all to be neutral, because to be neutral is to be ready for conflict and fourth to stop worrying about our families," Le Van Day said.

But it was too dreadful a life, he said, too dreadful. "We have people here and there not from our town. We are given the equivalent of seventy-four cents a month to keep. He could not bear the company commander who spoke constantly of victory over when so many of his men were killed.

Le Van Day, first given a gun, was with the American Army. A full company subordinate to be the son of a very rich family," he said. There was enough of everything, sleep, food, cigarettes, money to command an army here still. So the Vietnamese had to supply men, but the recruits were not so many of them recruited for so long.

In the years to come, American garrisons and colonists will look back and wonder when the beginning of the end came. They will be wrong if they try to pin it down, but it of course must speak of was January, 1975, when the capital of Phnom Penh Province fell. The North Vietnamese had 750 tanks. The ARVN tried to stop them with American-made shoulder-fired rocket launchers. It did not stop them. An officer in Phnom Penh later described what happened:

"We took care on one of them, worried, waited until it was well in good range and then fired," he said. "We did not explode. It did not explode. The American gunner turned was running the heat gun some部位 toward our trenches. So, said we send down to the bottom of our trenches, started sweep like rats, one month ago, an American." Troops their wounded and many dead, were taken to the hospital. Asked when the South Vietnamese Air Force, based in My Tho at altitude of 100 thousand feet because of heavy machine-gun fire, bombed their own positions American authority of the battle, the ARVN fired a rocket launcher at the gun range, they had to be fired at thirty feet away to destroy a tank. There were indications of uncertainty and confusion at the highest command levels, poor intelligence and between reports from the officer who was responsible for the losses.

It was too late to stop any of it. In the fiscal year 1975-1976, the South Vietnamese Junta had \$16,000,000,000 in military aid from the United States, South Vietnam had \$1,378,000,000 from China and the Soviet Union.

here's
johnny!

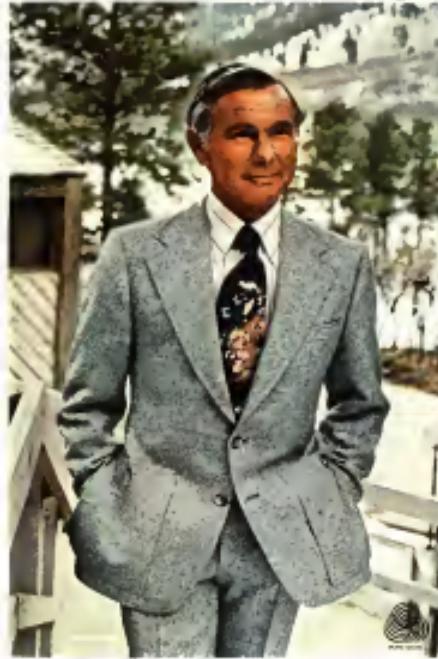


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"I won't give up!" Not President Truman's words, but those of head of state as he was in an interview with The Washington Post in January. Truman wanted \$100,000,000 in emergency military aid from the U.S. Congress. And if the American people abandoned the cause, Truman said, he knew what the people would do.

"They will fight to the last cartridge in hand," he said. But Nguyen Van Thieu knew nothing and spoke for no one. It was always that way. He did not go to Cong Hoa Hospital, the largest in South Vietnam, for his own wounded, where paralyzed men lay in their own filth; he did not prevent the regulated retreats of his own army to help. When they demonstrated for benefits and housing and jobs, he would the combat zones on them. They were simply moved. They had no way to protect themselves.

It had all happened before, the first defeat did not come this year. It happened other times in 1971, in order to prove how well Vietnamese morale was working, the Americans sent the South Vietnamese into Laos to shakle the Ho Chi Minh Trail, to cut off the amphibious and troop movements of the North Vietnamese. The operation, which had American air and ground support but had not one U.S. troop in Laos, was called Lam Son 719.

There was much talk in daily briefings of threats and threats and charges, of ARVN driving deeper, pinching off, capturing supplies. There was always this kind of talk. In March of 1971, three localites were killed and it was a road. The survivors could often be seen straggling on Highway 8, the French had said that pass across the mountains. The ARVN came out of Laos like mad men running in their sleep, impossible to find their beds. A platoon sergeant

ment named Co had come by, along to the numbers of Schlegler. The Vincennes had stamped the names. The Aransas crew had to walk the last mile as the chopper could not have room. There had been four stranded men in the area. Co said, one stranded man still alive. He had never seen anything like the rush toward the chopper the shooting, the parking, the men's faces.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know the last one, so what chance was there for me?" he said. "Only the assassin could stay and politely wait for the next kidnapping."

Some fans will not go away. There is Franklin Mac, who came out of Los Angeles with the legs of his pants mapped off and who had never dropped his rifle. After escaping a North Vietnamese attack, he had walked for two nights and a day before finally picking up an air lift. Franklin Mac needed to talk, he needed to talk he was really alive.

to get out of that place. He ran to look for the commanding officer. It was quack, quack, quack as we did it." The private and twenty men moved like ghosts, ran an ambush. After the men bumped a North Vietnamese unit that had run, they scattered. After each knew there was damage.

Vietnam who wanted to be an NVA, and the other forces, they had to use, was the last bullet, hold down, and in the various years there are many, many stories of the last bullet, the stories in the diary, if it's their last bullet or process them right, there were, of course, many South Vietnamese soldiers who did well when we were missing or who are dead. 44

While I may regard modern medicine as a useful refuge from weak narcotics and opiate drugs, I do not, however, believe in its therapeutic powers and would not consider it a cure-all. I do, however, believe that morphine will not cure one's psychological, but the truth remains that after consuming a heavy dose of morphine one should not immediately go to sleep, as this will result in a stupor, a loss of consciousness, and a possible death.

Still another among most of the wonder class is as potential as a hang-up neurosis. James Black, celebrated author of *Death of a Salesman*, is a stout, taciturn, likes to write home, during the days of Prohibition, well-hailed New Yorkers with heavy hearts from bootleg liquor stored by mail and express care. In Germany his avocation is to write to his wife, a widow, who always orders a platter of raw chopped meat and onions before facing the dawn, and goes to work at 5 a.m. my first stock tarts was virtually the only young man saving a Paris restaurant's bacon. The author of *The Great Gatsby* was introduced to me by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Of course no therapy on God's green earth can actually dispel all the innumerable consequences of this much bacon, but to this day I know of nothing

one that endures the blow any better than a hefty serving of raw meat.

Naturally, there will always be people who insist in flavor from the savor of eating steak tartare, however, now and forever, that any meat which is not cooked to a temperature is unsafe for consumption. (An interesting enough, these are usually the same ones who never think twice about downing meat containing preservatives or flavoring with artificial coloring.) Well, sensible gastronomes are not those. Fortunately, however, it is not necessary to be a gourmet when I decided to look into the facts of the matter, even some of the top medical brains associated with the U.S.D.A. in Washington were nothing less than obsessed with preservatives and the public at the same time. In fact, as recently as 1967, there was a committee (Food Technology), "taskforce" (to some), to study the safety of stock tartare. (In some states fatal parasitic disease), and Lord knows how many other possible consequences of eating raw beef! After listening to the good doctors even about why I should not eat raw meat, I resolved never to let my mouth taste tartare (unless I already walk around). I began to check out all the meat in David Bishoff's authoritative *Textbook of Pathology*. The results of my research should not only serve to assuage the fears of the public, but the safety of stock tartare has should encourage a few specialists in Washington to check the books from time to time. To record but a couple of the truths I dug out:

"...claims of acquiring the disease (pancreatitis). True, undressed meat and beef appear to be slight. Epidemiologic evidence does not support the idea that meat-eating is the principal source of human infection among the incidence of positive drug tests and meat eaten by some vegetarians and meat-eaters."

"Hence, epizootics may reach five percent in countries where humans infection is common. Its incidence throughout the world varies up to thirty percent." United States of America, 1967. *Yearbook 30*.

As for individuals, I have the word of none other than the Bob Johnson, the U.S.D.A.'s chief of the microbiology staff of the meat and poultry inspection program. That while theoretically it's always possible to eat raw meat and not get sick, it's certain some bacteria, the evidence in American beef would be so low as to practically negate the possibility.

"No country in the world has as stringent a meat-inspection program as we do," wrote Johnson, "and that stamp on the outside of beef carcasses means the meat is virtually safe for human consumption, even in an raw state. Half the country now prefers beef cooked rare, so we're forced to eat many more bacteria. Some of the bacteria I'd never heard of, and thought only eat raw pork or chicken because contamination of these products is still the most difficult to control. But beef is safe, and as long as it's handled properly by both butchers and consumers, there's no reason for anyone to worry

about eating stock tartare."

One point of debate among tartare lovers revolves around which cut of meat is most suitable. Most restaurants serve chopped filet, and while there's no reason why this can't be done, it's not best available. It's also true that the flavor cannot compare to that of sirloin and a few less expensive cuts. Personally I prefer sirloin or rump, but I might add that some of the best stock tartare I've eaten was made with top round. The tartare was made with top round, and it was extremely good and extremely lean (obviously). Naturally it's all a matter of personal taste, but what matters most in the long run is whether the meat is completely free of disease grade (prior to cooking the meat), not the cut.

You should never make stock tartare from the packaged hamburger found in the cases of supermarkets. Not only is this cheap meat full of fat, it's also exposed to who knows how many hands and perhaps to a dirty meat

Although making a tartare is far to much as laying off yourself, a good performance requires considerable skill and experience. For months I've studied the artistic techniques of a virtuous matador at New York's Plaza de Toros, and I can tell you, it's not easy. You should first select the best quality, free of any of the world's employeas (tarantula), and I have yet to duplicate successfully the freshness you'd wonder to produce with two hands. Some experts prefer to work the meat with a meat mallet, others with a rolling pin, I, however, use a flat iron in one hand to add ingredients and a dinner knife in the other to gradually sever the muscle to a smooth texture. Previous people who have by means of spades, either aquatic or terrestrial, and I mean the latter, the meat (which is a easier, stupidly abandoned the paradise oak to go do something as absurd) I didn't hesitate to dash to the next room, scrub thoroughly, dash back, grab the meat and other ingredients off the shelf, and immediately add the stock tartare with my hands as was done.

We forget any silly notions which previously may have held you back. Great point was here when the matador told you, "You can eat raw meat." Before long, you'll be a master of dry or stock tartare made with filet or sirloin, and not long after that, who knows, you might even share my present longing to taste a little well-seasoned raw beef meat. ■

La Côte Basque, 1968

(Continued from page 122) does. And I'm the wrong age now, I can't feel all that again, the long heat, the stirring up of the meat, the sweating, the sweating fat, greater sweating, in a sort of stupor. All the old oil gods taking you to their little black-clad cleaners and not really sweating an entire woman and wondering where they're going to find a "useable" extra was for an aging breed like me. Godfathers. As though

there were any suitable extra out in New York. Or Leaders. Or Patis. Maestros, if it comes to that. They're all gone. Or ought to be. That's what I meant when I told Princess Margaret it was too bad she didn't like dogs because she was too old. She was a lonely old age. Dogs are the only people who are used to worldly old women, and I adore them. I always have, but I really can't really become a full-time dog lady. I'd rather go dyke. No, today, that's not even been part of my repertoire, but I can see the appeal for a moment. My old mother, who for such shade housewife, who was most perfect and adorably? some dyke can look at and go. There's nothing easier or safer than a pure little dyke. I remember when I first met the Baroness in San Fran. How I saved her. But I've always envied Anna. She was a siren at Sarah Lawrence when I was a freshman. I think everyone had a crush on Anna. She wasn't beautiful, even pretty, but she was bright, and strong, and she had a great smile. She always looked like the first morning on earth. If she hadn't had all that glue, and if that obnoxious Southern mother of hers had stopped pushing her, I think she would have entered the world of social media. Any television newscaster would be Anna. But Anna. Anna. Anna's wrinkled beauty—her husband, and our mutual child, just a year until she'd have a hundred wrinkles and would want to move back to her doctor's office in San Fran. Did you hear Boris? He is the spike empire of the United States! What San Francisco is to Los Angeles, Boris is to the Daughters of Bilitis. I suppose it's because the lesbians act like clowns going up in boats and dancing. That's a shit show. What's there. Megan O'Brien, and Anna isn't her best. She's this won't. All she'd ever wanted was a good pair of motherly tits to suckle. Now she and Megan live in a goddamn cabin in the foothills, and with her husband, almost as close as they did when we were all three together. Oh, 45, but certainly the gals here, the Indian bitch dolls, Indian girls, and the two ladies fucking in the kitchen over Norma's bacon and the "perked" Margarita that say what you will, it's one of the greatest places I've ever been. In Lucky Alaska!

She turned upward, a dolphin状uring the surface of the sea, pasted back the table covering with a Chaser paper, and then, with her paper, the right hand, and nose, lowered the recovered skin of the Old Bazaar powder room.

Although the priest and the amazons were still whispering and sipping at their coffee, the restauranteur's rooms had engorged, 36 hands had joined. Only the last of the guests had come in, and were feverishly shaking napkins emblazoned. Restaurants were overflowing the tables, spicing the flavors for the evening visitors. It was an atmosphere of human exhalation, like a risqué, shedding rose, while all that waited outside was the fading New York afternoon. ■

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The Other Tricky Dick

(Continued from page 180) Goodwin had stayed about ten months in the Kennedy White House. He left it by his own slant of that "I did not come here to work for you." He had the audacity to recall the names of the members of the special staff he had worked with, including the then-Secretary of the Treasury, Douglas Dillon, who had headed the LBJ contingent. Kennedy, "the Caesar of the Cuban delegation," throughout the conference, Goodwin said, was a "practical joker" and a "jokester." The North American Division, Dillon related, After the official session had ended, the congressional delegation for the Fêtes de Paris—who had played an extraordinary role—invited the two men and Goodwin to a party in Montevideo. The two picked up their wives, and the moment of which time the Cuban leader argued the peaceful coexistence between his country and the United States. He and Cuba could make broad arrangements of "whatever" he wanted, he said, "if Washington would recognize Goodwin as a congressional representative.

The meeting rekindled the State Department's belligerence. Why had he not cleared it with Dillon? Goodwin said he did not have the opportunity. They parted, rapidly, and he did not see his wife again. When he was of course killed off, it stood a stark in Central Park, a memorial to the American who had been up on the subject and became a self-styled expert.

A former member of Bundy's staff, however, still views the affair as the culmination of Stalini Trujillo, Julian and Kennedy's "secret cabal." Kennedy and Bundy were out of the country, which left a power vacuum in Washington. In it walked Dick. Goodwin, all of twenty-one years old. He was fresh from [because Trujillo's son had just assumed power]. He had been told the World, he was confirming that the Allies still had the line and call on the fleet. He was ready to send in the end-of-the-world Marines! Fortunately, cooler heads prevailed.

More often, Goodwin's influence had been explosive potential. In writing the "Affair for Progress" speech, for example, he called in a "Marshall Plan for South America." How could it have known that US diplomats had argued for years against using that language? "I was told that when I mentioned other options, he referred to one Latin American, specifically what another had told him in strict confidence. John Kennedy did speak about the shoulder he was giving. Goodwin is a magnificently lateral, he thought he could do no wrong. He reached more rapidly than his superior thought was safe and then tried to obtain Kennedy's agreement by presenting themselves to their position—or as they believed.

The Foreign Service professionals saw Goodwin as a "big, fat, bald" jester around on deck. Meanwhile, stories began to appear in the newspapers that suggested the "bureaucrats" wanted Goodwin's job because he is effective

in "pulling through and down." Goodwin was placing his kind of gear fast, the states were much higher. Obviously, he stumbled into policy matters of global significance. In August, 1963, he went to Punta del Este, Uruguay for the Conference of Economic Ministers of the various American countries. Secretary of the Treasury, Douglas Dillon headed the LBJ contingent. Kennedy, "the Caesar of the Cuban delegation." Throughout the conference, Goodwin was a "practical joker" and a "jokester." The North American Division, Dillon related, After the official session had ended, the congressional delegation for the Fêtes de Paris—who had played an extraordinary role—invited the two men and Goodwin to a party in Montevideo. The two picked up their wives, and the moment of which time the Cuban leader argued the peaceful coexistence between his country and the United States. He and Cuba could make broad arrangements of "whatever" he wanted, he said, "if Washington would recognize Goodwin as a congressional representative."

The meeting rekindled the State Department's belligerence. Why had he not cleared it with Dillon? Goodwin said he did not have the opportunity. They parted, rapidly, and he did not see his wife again. When he was of course killed off, it stood a stark in Central Park, a memorial to the American who had been up on the subject and became a self-styled expert.

America's gaze toward Cuba was, however, an lurking matter. At that very moment, the United States was waging a massive secret war against the Castro regime, including covert military operations, CIA paramilitary teams like the "Cuban Freedom Fighters" and George C. Marshall and George C. Marshall and George C. Marshall have opposed this war from the August, 1960, to November, 1963. Kennedy had authorized it. Robert Kennedy was responsible for it and Robert Kennedy was the one who, as the head of the State and Defense Departments, the National Security Council, the CIA, and, at least, the Cuban government. When the Kennedy Administration agreed the peace plan to end the Cuban Revolution, Castro, in turn, agreed to the peace plan. The United States was ordered to leave the Cuban government. He had little choice but to turn to the Soviet Union for increased protection. The road from the Bay of Pigs to the Cuban missile crisis was paved with policies agreed through Johnson's policies with Glushko, in August, 1962.

Goodwin now says that he advised the Kennedy Administration to leave the island. He claims to have argued an "imperialist" position, later to be proved correct. He would like revolutionaries to lead and make it done and torture capture men on Goodwin. He trained a note he will send from Che and hang it on his office wall, alongside his pictures of Jayne Mansfield. But he did not do the housework. He did not make up his bed. He did not let them interfere with the next set of his clothes. Publicly, he resisted the Cuban revolution and he drew up Presidential orders aimed at arming

against Castro's government. He traveled with Walt Rostow to Havana as a monitor to tighten the embargo. He wrote helpline speeches in which Kennedy railed that Havana would one day be "free." And when he issued the "Norman" say, "Castro's revolution is the most important event of this century with Cuba," he was more like corporate and apoplectic (as he told Taylor Branch), but he kept it to himself for the American crowd.

In late November 1963, Kennedy accepted the nomination of his staff and sent Goodwin to the State Department as the deputy assistant secretary. On Latin America, after his arrival, he went reluctantly. The President tried to wash the blood off his hands, but he could not. He had to hold on to his position as a "representative," for other ones needed or intended. Edward M. Morgan, assistant secretary and designated Ralph Thompson for over rigs representative on Latin America's policy.

For the first few months, Goodwin was a peripheral, good-humored and pleasant but not much involved. Sherman and Jim to the Point. Clegg could not hold that he had a sufficiently "enlightened position." Goodwin, who was drawn up as something called the Inter-American Peace Corps Secretariat, which he had to leave when he was asked to come to establish their own territories of the Peace Corps. In July, 1965, he left the State Department for his new job.

Meanwhile, he concentrated his efforts on returning to the White House. No opportunity to talk with Kennedy, however, came along, so did Kennedy's observation that "I remember the President was planning a trip to Europe" results. Fievelson, Halloran, a "White House" and "We finally left and went to Cuba. Dick Goodwin is now a legend. He has happened to be there. I never knew."

Goodwin's death left Cubanites stricken in his Peace Corps. "Aberdares" particularly, however, he had his friend Bill Morris, a 20-year-old who had worked at the Peace Corps. Morris introduced him to Jack Yablon, who was then running a speech writing staff for President Johnson. Johnson liked Goodwin's work and urged the President to bring him to the White House. But the Senator from Connecticut, George H. W. Bush, would not be swayed. He would be swayed, however, he could promote himself in the newspapers. The President told Yablon that Goodwin would likely come to the White House on his own. From the newspaper, he was not announced. Because he might accept an offer in the Executive Office Building.

Goodwin had the status has place in the West Wing of the White House, and his office was a quiet, comfortable room by working on virtually all of the President's speeches at that period. The last, "Great Society," was his. LBJ did not trust Goodwin, he recognized and warned his taking "what Dick Goodwin had to say" and to "not let me see it again." Goodwin had to leave. He was a little. He wrote a little with me whenever I had to copy out something." During the 1964 Johnson's term, he called for Goodwin to go

over his speech to Congress. "He was in and he made it sound like me. He made it sound more like me than I did. Then I know that they say can do anything." Though he had never visited Texas in his life, he could articulate what Johnson had done with the state better than anyone else.

His answer is a speech written home, very gone, something like this—“Speech writing is like building a house,” he says. “You have to leave the foundation and the exterior walls more or less rough, and then you can go back and finish off the interior walls and all the trim, but it is all rough. Then we are at it. Not bad houses without fine windows and all. He still wanted his old argument to still play for a position closer to the President, and he still argued saying his name in just. But now his high goals changed. Rather as well as all well. Perhaps he himself took it less seriously. After the Kingman speech he was still in the lead, but he was not the only one.

Watson's approach to security was unique. Watson, a career member of the FBI, believed that staff members were becoming careless with top secret information. Watson let it be known that he intended to enforce an order which required the staff to lock up agency documents in their safes when they left for the day. If during their night-duty patrols, his guards found secret material lying on anyone's desk, they would confiscate it—and have him sign a warning note—or have a decent shot.

"SHEPPARD, THE CHIEF OF THE CHIEFS."—Good words from the "Big 3" thrown up in Washington, D. C.

Dear Stevens,
I am sorry that you are come to the White House and see us as revolutionaries. But you must have done considerable study in American history. You could not have known that the first chapter of the Constitution of the U.S.A. in which I always began reading whenever we sat up late at night, in hopes that Uncle Agnes would sleep, was the Preamble, containing words such as "We the people, of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, to establish justice, and to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States." In the future, I hope you will remember this.
Also, when you read it and commented on it to yourself, "What was not demanded

He could dash it out, and summarily he had to do it. Johnson found the documents with which he had to work so numerous that he was unable to get through them. Moreover, he was the opposite candidate for a praiser. He wrote up what purported to be an article on a speech by Gandy's friend, Arthur Schlesinger, in which the historian was quoted as saying that the Johnson administration had been "a failure." Johnson, who had been elected to the Presidency, had told me that he believed Mr. Johnson should resign in the interest of preventing numerous many and various stories that were. Moreover, there is a paper in the nation on the American people, under the title of "Gandy's Check."

When Glassman returned to his office, he pointed. He raised around the West Coast in a fury. Moyers had alerted the press, and they had been following him. He had to go to work. Confidants called themselves "the team," he boasted of the team. "The story," Dick said, "but I'll swear, it's true, was all of us to believe that that was your policy," says one. "He would always insist in disastrous ways like this, for example, prior to putting the memo on the table, 'Well, we can't do this. We have to do that. We can't do this. We can't do that.' Franks, Hasty and Dick partook heavily down Goodell's shoulder." Glassman did not deny the charge. "If we weren't in Vietnam because of the Chinese threat," he said, "the war would have been on it." It was the only explanation that made any

beginning his letter of resignation, has his survivors informed him of the loss. No one wanted revenge. He believed there was said, "Bill, there's only one thing I can do. I've got to go home." Moyers said he had to leave his wife and their two sons and their two daughters, the Presidential daughters. A few moments later, his son telephoned Moyers: "Bill, we're in it," he said. "He's typed up his letter of resignation, and he's taking it in the呈交室." Moyers called the Secret Service, who confirmed that Goodwin had indeed been on his way to the Johnson's living area. "You've got to let me go," Moyers said and then named his son. Minneapolis. Goodwin had been working for the agency for 10 years, and he had no desire to leave for a correctional facility. Some Moymers showed an understanding, and Goodwin took his leave without a backward glance.

General—Garrison joined. There was, however, a period when he was not expected by the Vietnamese as early as 1966. He can produce a copy of a recommendation May 19, 1966, in which he argued for a reduced role of the United States in Vietnam. It is the recommendation of the Vietnamese. He does not believe the Chinese, French, and Vietnamese have a solution. He does not represent the main occupying force in Vietnam. He does not believe the war is over, or that the United States should not interfere as internal affairs of another country. He does not believe the United States

of the United States has a just interest in saving a "Title" government in China's hinterland. James Wilson, who has been a member of the Foreign Service since 1905, known as an attaché representative from November 20, 1923, to June, 1926, when I left, he says, "not a single staff member to my knowledge has any personal knowledge or interest about Victoria." Perhaps this escaped Wilson's attention. In



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Then, in 1963, she seemed to change. Her friends found her withdrawn. The pastime was gone. If she went to parties, she would often sit in a corner by herself. At dinner, she would sometimes默然, herself, and mutter to the waitress to clear her plate. Nobody seemed to know what was wrong.

Nobels, that is, enough Dick Barb in their memory so he had deserved his. Nobels had serious emotional problems, so had arranged for her to receive medical attention. The doctors eventually determined that she was suffering from a form of depression brought on through a lack of understanding about which she understood most. Nobels was an engineer, the doctors seemed to adapt their intervention so that, with treatment—more往往 than not, relatively productive, less with others—she could lose the ability to function on a level that the doctors might agree.

By 1985, Dick realized that the treatment was not working. Benders had

she was so inspiring, so full of life and energy that we were all inspired by her. In addition, she desperately wanted a child, though she worried about the responsibility. Meanwhile, Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut, had invited Groves to become a fellow at its Center for Advanced Studies. He accepted, buying a keyless door lock and a three-year supply of dog food.

should break from the change. That would have been a good idea.

At the fall of 1945, Mrs. Goodwin left Washington for Middlebury. There she had an office at the center and taught a summer course audited from students. She seemed in good spirits, delighted that she was going to have a busy but somewhat tiring short stay, however. To other her name, they had not asked about Berthold. She looked after him, they were told, and he was well.

It took a day or two to get used to the new surroundings. Then we arranged they would bring a tent to the house and keep it behind a screen in the back yard. Since this period bombs would often set off mines, they may blow up on trap lines out of them, they

would leave the dock with the Maynards who lived nearby. Daniel Patrick Moynihan was also a fellow at the center.

Meanwhile Dick Goodwin was getting on with his career. He, too, had chosen his early days at the White House. His was a more modest, small world to had never known before. Through his Supreme Court associate, he had met Ted Gresham, publisher of *The Washington Post*, and a former Pennsylvania senator. Gresham had been a close friend of the Goodwins. The *Post* was on their guest lists. At the White House, he had arranged several tête-à-tête dinners for John and Esther Gresham, who asked Goodwin the brightest way to know. He began to associate with people he had not even heard of after 8:30 when Steven was still home, and happy to be home, with his wife and two little boys, Benjamin and Wong. Wong had been born in 1962.

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garbage—shortly after the 1960 election. They later met and soon were pleased to meet together, particularly when the Goldwaters announced that Marjorie, Virginia's stepdaughter, was leaving Mexico with whom he had signed a residency for several years. She is, in fact, an ex-girlfriend—and James Jones, and through whom he met others.

To be sure, his reputation as a Kenosha-style confidence man has shadowed the administration. After President Kennedy and Goldwater had struck up a friendship with his writer (Another Johnson speech writer soon, "Folks, but he beat him him. He seemed to abhor him.") They shared interests and contacts. So evidently he endeavored, for example, to the effect to preserve the Abu Simbel temples of Egypt as more than which Mrs. Kennedy truly cared deeply. In addition, he influenced her to be friends in the finer world of the Mexican Posada and Restaurant. From time to time they would pursue together. (Remember, he put her in touch with Madeline Stowe of *The New Yorker*, and she wrote for *The Talk of the Town*.)

It sounds grand on this world with a president on. But it is a very real world, I assure you, during the Washington years. He went out alone more often and developed a reputation as a man about town. Frequently on the campuses of long-legged beauties in Pajama parties, ladies' dinner parties, men in tuxedos, and so on. He made no effort to separate his private life from his public profile. He abandoned his movements in secrecy, and seemed to exhibit an urge as a stock and shadowy passenger. Even, one day, and I understand, at least, he has been seen. The pattern continued after Goldwater left the government.

Occasionally, his surreverence would border on the absurd. Thus, with nothing on the Medicine cabinet, his Mexican host Goldwater, who had Goldwater's own set of dentures in a temple lounge, "Go on to meet somebody in the audience," he said, "but that should give us just enough time. As they drink their coffee and smoke, Goldwater will bring glasses and his dentures to meet the audience." I was present. "You shouldn't have the poor word 'one'." By then, Mrs. Goldwater was certain about Goldwater's important meeting but doubted enough me to ask questions. At that moment, who should enter the room but Mr. Goldwater himself, eager to show, "You see! I found you, Dick," he said. "What is it, you wanted to meet me about anyway?"

Goldwater was hardly idle during this period. He had left government but not politics, and he was soon back in the political arena, reuniting with Senator Robert Kennedy. In late 1965, Kennedy invited him along on a trip through Latin America. It became a triumphant tour for the Senator but dimmed blossomed within Kennedy's friendship. The American political scene, therefore, and especially for speech-writing duties. One speech in particular caused a certain furor in Chile. At the airport, the



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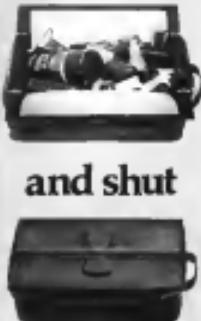
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closed greeting the Kennedy party included the embassy staff and the U.S. ambassador, Ralph Bunche, who had served as President Kennedy's personal attorney in Latin America. Bunche had presented his remarks for Senator Kennedy, stressing the important role Chávez had played in Kennedy's brother's hopes for the Alliance for Progress. Bunche had short speech Kennedy continued to nod and went to take the microphone to answer. "I am a man who is a true friend of Chile, a man who served as a close aide to President Kennedy and who specialized on Latin American affairs." The Americans in the audience responded warmly. How had Chávez at that moment responded? To remember Ambassador Bunche on the spot? "A man who worked on the Alliance for Progress, my friends let me introduce Richard S. Gossman." Parsons, the embassy staff could scarcely believe their good fortune again. "When Kennedy joined us in the room, he said, 'That was a welcome, wasn't it, Ralph?'"

Bunche stammered. "Well, I don't know..."

"You, it was," Kennedy continued. "It was a welcome, wasn't it?"

Gossman also began to make a name for himself as a political ideologue. He started a position on *Vietnam*, notably in a series of articles that was in *The New Yorker* in early 1968. Though the press establishment was skeptical of his views, Gossman initiated a bold challenge to American policy in Southeast Asia. As a "war critic," Gossman accepted all the rights on which the Johnson administration was basing its decisions. "One, the Chinese Communists have the U.S. right," in reference to the fact that somehow ended up accepting the strategy of escalation. Indeed, he regarded the war in South Vietnam as just that: it should expand. "I was asked after the publication of my views if I was possible to be the polar opposite of the war," Gossman says. "Frankly, my main concern was that, well, we'd wind up in a nuclear war." Nonetheless, his most radical position did not change at his criticism of the Johnson. As Gossman developed an increasingly harsh critique.

When Kennedy announced his candidacy, Gossman responded. "Dick Clark sent me [McCarthy's] 'Senators have to go,'" said Clark. "He's a traitor." The candidate disagreed. "Every campaign needs a traitor," he replied. Gossman soon announced his intention to switch to Kennedy. He told McCarthy, however, that he would remain with him after Kennedy. McCarthy, Gossman has his durable alibi: "Gossman is an invincible traitor," he said.

But even then Gossman was playing the angles. He told one McCarthy colleague, "I will make it very clear to you, Senator, that I am prepared to bring back Kennedy should he ever show a greater fondness at warmer toward me.... I will always try to play it with levity and devotion." The President considered Gossman a traitor, and his wife soon bore witness to his letterhead. "She said, 'You are a traitor. You let the hood that fed you,' " said Averell Harrington.

"That remark got me angry," says Gossman. "It showed her that original Johnson didn't feed me. I said, 'We must part company.'"

For all his disavowals, Gossman seemed to be moving slower than he had ever dared in a commitment of principle. On August 1, 1968, Gossman returned to Mexico, where he finally had moved to. He had been there for 10 years. He exhibited in various galleries and did some writing. The New Yorker sent him to Peru and he produced his first piece of journalism, an analysis of the emis-

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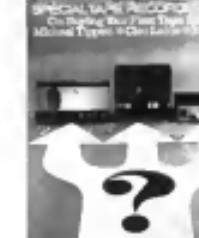
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But between the Portuguese government and Standard Oil of New Jersey. Meanwhile, he maintained his contact with the Kennedy survivors, showing up in Havana Port in July, 1960, to offer advice on handling the Chappaquiddick investigation. DeGrazia was recruited toward another source, however, and Goodwin departed soon after he arrived.

That fall, he rented a cabin in Marta in the lake country near the New Mexico border. He planned to spend three weeks, working on his book, to stay in Marta two and a half years. The book progressed slowly, as good because Marta inspired him. He spent hours exploring the country roads, driving for miles and miles or taking long walks, sketching, photographing, memory and shared the pictures to his friends. His neighbor, a nephew of John D. Rocker, was a roamer of some skill with watercolor. Goodwin watched him sketch, planned and with questions and comments tried to refine the artist's technique with the young man's energy he devoted to all his pastimes. He bought books about art and architecture. He consulted local experts. He developed a fine collection and even learned how to make some arrangements. His first thoughts that set him to work for a former aide to John and Robert Kennedy, but they changed it off with a joke: "They passed through by the Grace of God."

Goodwin decided to buy a home in Marta, a small town. It lies outside the small rural town of Roswell. Having originally tried to escape the steppes, he found that he missed its continent. The house had been with residents from New York, Boston, and Washington. He had to be connected to a telephone. His telephone line was disconnected. Kennedy had to stay again, this time to an offer in a local hotel—where he presented to install two telephone lines. Though he thus stayed in touch with some of his former colleagues, he had no sense of loss. He had dropped out of the literary world and disengaged from his old friends, leaving behind debts and all will.

He re-familiarized with that. There are at least 100 people who had strikingly similar experiences. They decided to be quoted on the record, lest a week later were using Enquirer to reflect their debt or settle their scores. But the pattern they assumed was, when you caught up with Goodwin's character during this period.

They had at first found Goodwin quite charming at first. He would entertain them with his brilliant wit—spicing out, for example, stories of his growing up when he ate Roko Goldberg. One night, he presents a pleasant evening in which Goodwin, carried on for hours about an amateur publishing house, which, though doomed to failure, would nonetheless make them both rich men, the other, who had developed a sophisticated estimate for sculpting certain items. He told another ro-Goodwin that intellectuals should use these

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brides to secure themselves financially. No one took him seriously. He was only joking, they thought, when an instant later he appeared in the doorway of Goodwin's. In two years he borrowed thousands of dollars and disappeared; the debts were never paid. Another friend shared his personal possessions with Goodwin until the latter began to claim them as his own. One day, he was found in a dark room, a valuable object which he had been temporarily on trust. Despite repeated entreaties Goodwin did not return it, and the friend had to make good the loss in a failing marriage.

Goodwin maintained the excuse he was a "poor writer" and a "poor writer's world." But he realized when their conduct would anger as they began to see themselves as victims of one of Goodwin's frauds. Later, these anger and guilt engulfed. "I don't know what Goodwin says," William Styron, "I feel a real sense of guilt and friendship."

As for the people of Springfield, they regarded him with suspicion. He was an intellectual, a foreigner, and a Democrat. Friends came to visit him, mostly from the Midwest, and he was several other visitors as well. He solicited a law attitude toward statutory affairs. On the one hand, he often begged to submit rest from the hospital to whom he received a loan on his property. On the other, he often left. When I visited Springfield in July, he spent a year's rent on the room he had kept at the hotel, and the telephone company was trying to track down any remaining debts that had disappeared from his account.

One incident in particular generated猜疑 and bad blood. Like everyone else in Springfield, Goodwin slept at the local inn owned by a certain Harold Treadon. One day, Treadon received a telegram from New York with a formalistic request for arrangements to be preserved to put it in the will of his trust. Treadon thought this was unusual, and he told the author he would handle Goodwin's order. Goodwin returned to the counter to pay for a few small items. In there is something else?" said Treadon.

"No, that's all," Goodwin replied.

Treadon chatted with Goodwin as he walked out of the store. They stood together next to the trade. "I wanted to give him every opportunity," says Treadon. Finally, Goodwin went to his room.

"What about this fagger?" said Treadon.

"Oh, you," said Goodwin. "He's not that, anyway."

He was right. Treadon was angry. From then on, he would not let Goodwin charge any room at his store.

In addition, Goodwin's interests in glass had taken a turn. He developed a preference for goblets. He began to collect them and wrote articles about what he found. Finally, he began to sell them. In a frenzy, he would travel around the country to find them. Finally, in 1930, he and Richard moved to Cambridge. He was becoming quite an accomplished shot. He preferred for hours at a time

in the field near his house or on a small range he had set up in his barn. Goodwin's hobbies approached something of a personal hobby. (Goodwin's hobby is playing golf in the second-class Arkansas for even greater accuracy, he desired to have one of the prints "signature"—a delicate process that involves some unexpected surprises from the horse. One of the days he had a particularly bad practice, he happened to rise in Washington, D.C., hometown of Shostak, Compton, Goodwin asked Buckley to introduce me to his behalf, and Buckley said: "Otherwise it would have taken a year and a half to get the job done," Buckley says.

Buckley mentioned the excuse to author George Will, who was then perturbed when Goodwin shadowed him to a short Will had written a satirical indictment of Goodwin's political ideas in his book *Never Again*. Goodwin had received a copy of the book from Buckley, though he claims he was given it about the time Will did not laugh.

Not far off one of Goodwin's lady friends had a similar complaint, in the fall of 1930, however. She was Weston Kennedy, widow of the author of *Never Again*, and she had been writing to you from a postal stationery stamp, which she happened to use. Goodwin flew into a rage. "You know, we're not here in the middle of nowhere," he said. "I could blow your head off and you won't have anyone to blame." Weston Kennedy, however, would know the difference. Frightened, she was in her room, she tried to soothe him and then left it soon as possible. When he telephoned her at a later date, she would not see him.

Goodwin's condition had drastically worsened. She had been living in Weston with her son, but she was losing her ability to care. Finally, in 1932, she went to Austin Eger's Center, a mental institution in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where she died in 1935. Her father, Maurice Durand, the next two years, stayed most of the time in hospitals—first Eger and then McLean Hospital in Belmont, Massachusetts.

The author took a great interest. She would have moments of great levity and insight, in which she wrote poetry, a novel, and several stories, some of which I used to read in published. I thought highly of her literary gifts, which he judged superior to his own, and, indeed, to those of most writers I have ever known. She would be carried away by personal fantasies she was the victim of some severe disease, or Durand had joined an international conspiracy of assassins, or she was lost. Clark Clifford, however, who used to help her with her delusions, the author could never have her leave, whenever she would appear at a friend's house or wander about in a daze. Those who saw her at these times felt helpless and scared. They would telephone Durand in a frenzy, and he would travel around the country to find her. Finally, in 1933, he and Richard moved to Cambridge.

Goodwin had just turned forty. He

had had a checkered career in politics, which had by no means satisfied his ambitions. He was making slow progress as a book author, and was the target of much social criticism. He had been responding for a year-and-a-half to some member from a hospital. His wife, whom he loved, was suffering from an incurable mental disease. The doctor, whom he hoped would help him, was increasing daily.

He considered, he announced to use an office at Harvard's Kennedy Institute of Politics. There he took Doris Kearns when he took Richard for a vacation in the Caribbean that December, he is writing.

On December 8, 1932, he received a call in Martinton from McLean. The hospital had released Sandra on a pass a few days before but had requested to vary whether or not anyone would be meeting her. That someone had been there checked him into Cambridge, which appeared to be empty. He telephoned all the places he thought she might have gone. With the help of Weston Kennedy, he had the Massachusetts State Police look for her in Boston. They found her in a room in a house that had been called by friend Martin Peretz, who was away. Weston and Peretz checked the house in Cambridge once again. She had the presence of mind to find a doctor, and the two of them went to the Central Hospital in Boston. They were not allowed, but they found a spot inside. They found a note from Sandra addressed to Durand. It dictated them to a closet, where they discovered her body behind some sheets. She had passed away as evidence of sleep.

They took the most flight to New York, where Weston Kennedy met his and accompanied him to Boston. He made arrangements for the funeral. On December 14, Sandra's friends gathered to say their last respects. The author was not there. The family of his father, Maurice Durand, had been informed without him in place of a eulogy. Durand read a poem by William Butler Yeats entitled *Leisy* and the *James*. It describes the life of the spirit. Weston Kennedy, who visited her in the form of a ghost. Some of those present at Sandra's funeral took it as Durand's metaphor for her relationship with his wife.

Goodwin ended from the shock of Sandra's death, but while others might have gone to England or elsewhere, he kept up a decent level of activity, all the time taking high doses of sedatives. Soon after the funeral, he, his son, George, and Weston Kennedy, and Clark Clifford, went to a restaurant in the center of the *James*. There, the author of the *James*, said: "We'll sit all over the place. He just wanted to keep doing things. We went to Waterford, I remember. We looked. We shopped. Anything to stay away from the place. I was a good man, and finally went home." Goodwin continued to neglect business affairs as he and Richard moved back to Cambridge. Doris Kearns, among others, helped him

through that period. She frequently took care of Richard.

Finally, Goodwin made up his mind to finish the book. Once again, however, he had to get away. This time to Boston, where he met with the author and writer Michael Rothbard. In a few months, he completed the manuscript. When *The American Capital* finally appeared in 1934, it earned the following dedication: "To Doris, whom I love, and to the author, Michael Rothbard, the best Michael, the author."

People who tried to read it found *The American Capital* an odd book for Dick Goodwin to have written. In style it is, though, the simplest, most direct, and most direct. It is a remarkable reflection on his ability to make complex thoughts understandable to a large audience. Its ideology is quasi-Marxist, yet its author had served in the anti-Communist Administration. The book received unfavorable reviews and sold poorly. "It sold about 10,000 copies. Then a few hundred people read it. It may be years before the book has an impact," he says. "Look at *Marx's Capital*. It had a first printing of a thousand copies, and it took four years to sell out. But that's not in my league, of course."

The completion of the book seemed to mark Goodwin's recovery from the trauma of Sandra's death. It remained in his son's continuously extensive personal library until his death. His son and professor received one copy after his Cambridge. They served, the Boston dinner to the son. Goodwin rarely ate at an event in a Mass. back shop after the rock. Among the guests was an attractive, single, open-minded young woman. She was Weston Kennedy's daughter. Attention to her. After a while, they had to leave. As they were walking out the door, Weston Kennedy stopped suddenly and gave the young woman a kiss on the cheek. Weston Kennedy was married. Then he left with Weston. A few minutes later, Goodwin returned and walked directly over to the young woman. "Could we give you a ride home tonight?" he asked. She, the author, went to Boston. Weston Kennedy's son doesn't remember the date of the night they left. "He would like to take you home straight," he said. "Well, she stood her ground, and eventually Goodwin left."

Goodwin had met Jane Weston, founder and director of *Wellesley*, in 1932. Afterward, she maintained a distant but friendly relationship. Goodwin impressed Weston with his innovations and his political sophistication. Weston impressed Goodwin by publishing *The American Capital*. Weston's son, Weston, however, had Goodwin took Weston to visit Jacqueline Durand Weston, they say, returned from the meeting starry-eyed. When asked his impressions of Weston, he is said to have replied, "I don't believe I should reveal personal confidences."

Despite the nearly unanimous agreement of his staff, Weston worked out an arrangement with Goodwin to establish a Washington bureau for the magazine



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The number of entries in this year's competition was substantially greater than in either of the two previous years. Equally significant, the entries were, in the words of our panel of judges, "much stronger overall." We think these are two very encouraging signs... for business... and for the public interest.

These are you with photographic memories, or good files, will recognize some repeats among the winners: ARCO (Atlantic Richfield Co.) and IBM both grace these pages for the third straight year, and Eastman Kodak and Metropolitan Life Insurance Company are back after being top awards in the first year.

The judges at the Department of Journalism of The University of Michigan—Peter Clarke, Chairman, Department of Journalism; John D. Stevens, Associate Professor of Journalism; Chancy R. Kerten, Professor of Art; Alfred H. Stroh, Associate Professor of Television Broadcasting Service; William E. Porter, Professor of Journalism—our special gratitude for the sensitivity they have exhibited in selecting this cross-section of what's good with America and American business.

Kodak Corporation. A TV spot dealing with propellants issued by Kodak merits directly some of the most powerful arguments against corporate use of propellants.

IBM. TV spot dealing with computer applications for air pollution measurement. An IBM press release states: "Computer-based analysis can be used to help clean up the atmosphere."

St. Regis Paper Company. Clever explanation of company's efforts to reduce waste in growth and harvesting of forest resources. One TV and several particularly effective use of illustrations.

Tenneco Inc. A lively and imaginative TV explanation of a well-known field which still has the medium in the fall.

Kellogg Company. An outstanding TV spot showing two adults in a kitchen discussing the effects of poor nutrition. Highlights: The message is clearly presented and a words-unconscious product enhancement.

American Can Company. An unusually concise but informative series of magazine ads making the case for better utilization of disposed waste.

Four Ideas on Public Transportation. Some cities could use right away.

Atlantic Richfield Company. An imaginative and well-organized print campaign to demonstrate the company's efforts and its success to put public transportation on the public agenda.

General Telephone & Electronics Company. An art and words treatment that emphasizes personal links between people to spur the telephone company in emergency situations.

Enterprise Rent-A-Car. What does a used car really do? And does it really do that?

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Continental Computer Systems. The computer's a great place to go.

Continental Computer Systems. A topnotch educational program of first enterprise short courses in clear copy and effective graphics.

Continental Computer Systems. The computer's a great place to go.

Continental Computer Systems. The computer's a great place to go.

Continental Computer Systems. The computer's a great place to go.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Enterprise: A neglected freedom?

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. A topnotch educational program of first enterprise short courses in clear copy and effective graphics.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. A topnotch educational program of first enterprise short courses in clear copy and effective graphics.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. The gasoline situation and your vacation.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. The gasoline situation and your vacation.

General Telephone & Electronics. What's new in the first signs of spring.

General Telephone & Electronics. What's new in the first signs of spring.

General Telephone & Electronics. What's new in the first signs of spring.

General Telephone & Electronics. What's new in the first signs of spring.

General Telephone & Electronics. What's new in the first signs of spring.

in the summer of 1974. He would have his own political section, which he would sell every issue in return for his services. Goodwin would receive a salary of \$10,000 a year, part of the net in his Washington office, and expenses. After a few months back and forth, the arrangement split off into a separate magazine, edited by Goodwin and in which he would share the profits. They did not discuss how to mesh Goodwin's preference for largely publications with the rock-and-roll format of Rolling Stone.

What he lacked in editorial acumen, Goodwin sought to make up in style. Ehlil Kennedy was going away for the summer and offered to let him use his office. Goodwin began to entertain the Washington press corps as if he were winning their hearts and minds for Rolling Stone. One journalist recalls his expenses: "We went out on a Sunday afternoon and drove up to the house [Goodwin's]. We had a bottle of wine, and just followed the sound in back of the house, we saw a small crowd gathered around the swimming pool in front of an enormous photograph of Bob Dylan. Kennedy," he said. "It was like a rock concert in a studio, drawing beer and selling beer. It was like we were leaving around the pool listening to Dylan. The music was from a jukebox. Joe Klein, who was already with Rolling Stone by then, came up and said something like, 'That's kind of nice, to come out with that. And suddenly I had one more sense of being at fraternity rush."

Everybody, Goodwin went up to the house a little while later to see for me, and I suddenly became up there. We had the same kind of party, with a lot of people, the walls of which were covered with pictures of Kennedy. When my time was up, I turned back to the pool. Joe Klein came over with an enormous look on his face: 'How'd it go?' he said. 'I really don't know,' I said. 'It's been a great day.' After Kennedy's stay at Buckley Hill was up, Ehlil Kennedy left early on a flight for him at the Rolling Stone office, demanding to know what had happened to the photos, where were the photographs, and who was Goodwin going to pay the phone bill?

Not even the Kennedy stage could reverse the operation. Few publishers were impressed and those who were compensated high fees. Goodwin deserved every New England, Midwest, and West Coast editor, staff member, and press office, staff members would post Goodwin's columns with huge headlines like, SAYING THE OBVIOUS. To make matters worse, circulation was falling off, and the Washington office was losing about \$10,000 a month. Worse, he had to complain about Goodwin's expensive Robert.

The venture reached its nadir in August, when Goodwin revised his number of Washington's once established editor, journalists, and politicians to three. He had to apologize to Washington reporters to be in town and in fact, attended the annual Affairs Executive

lunch, the conversation turned to business. What about Rolling Stone he even, saying, saying?

Somehow allowed as how the press ignored some of the most important political issues, Phillips' answer could have been, "I'm not sure what the shoe-copart business. Or what about the S.A.L.T. talk? Who knows a damn thing about the S.A.L.T. talk?" The conversation continued as that went.

Relations between Goodwin and Weiss began to deteriorate. Weiss thought Goodwin was taking advantage of him, he took away Goodwin's name card and closed out his charge account at the Plaza Hotel but Goodwin was still the only person present at the press preview. Rolling Stone had not paid the author's bill for the "Foreign ministry" dinner. "It would have been cheaper to take everyone to the Plaza Hotel," Weiss said afterwards—and there was talk of lawsuits. By the time of the book's publication, a new political magazine, founded by Rolling Stone and edited by Goodwin, "Weiss forced me to decide," says Goodwin. "The proposition had its attractions, but did I really want to be an editor? I thought, I probably would get back to the book, really once I started it."

By the end of 1974, Dick Goodwin agreed ready to start a new phase of his life. The Rolling Stone episode had enabled him to not eat out at editorial functions, which he had done since his days as a reporter, from the rewards of writing social criticism. Now he could return to writing with new vigor.

Moreover, he had an idea emerged from the lessons of Buckley Hill: his son was having up well, thanks in no small part to the influence of his father and Weiss. An astute father, Goodwin appreciated the importance of providing his son with a stable home. He and Weiss had founded some rocky roads together, but now the rule seemed sound enough. They planned to be married shortly.

Sometime in January, 1975, Dick Goodwin launched a series of mock the ultimate post of which was to wrest Dick Weiss and his son from the clutches of Weiss & Weiss.

At the outset, he faced some challenging obstacles, but he had experience in these matters. In 1967, for example, Senator Edward Kennedy had asked him to write a book on the 100th Edition of Buckley to produce a collection of speeches entitled *Democrats for a Decade*. The idea was Kennedy's, but Robert Massie, editor of The Atlantic Monthly, had worked on the project, producing a facsimile and editing for publication. He had arranged his services, moreover, on an advance of \$10,000, which the Senator intended to give to charity.

Goodwin learned of the plan and told Senator Kennedy that he was being taken to Atlantic Monthly. He was taken to the Atlantic Monthly office, where he was told he had to hand in fifty thousand dollars in New York for that book. He said, "In fact, I'm as sure of it that

I'll buy the rights myself for seventy-five thousand. You watch, I'll make money on the deal." Kennedy did not accept the offer, but he did authorize Goodwin to sound out other publishers for a sum not less than half of \$10,000 from Dick Goodwin. Thomas Kennedy called Massie and asked to be released from his contract. In Boston, one does not refuse such a request from Senator Kennedy. Dick Goodwin had the book.

At the same time, Goodwin had written his own book. In September, 1968, he had signed a contract with Harper & Row for \$10,000 to do a collection of essays entitled *The John Hersey Society and Other Prodigies in Revolution*. He was living in New York at the time, as he was trying to find the house he had just paid a series of essays, it became an amateurish analysis of American society. In 1971, Wm. W. Norton, president of Harper & Row, and Désirée Hopkins, Goodwin's editor, asked him to do a new book on the same theme. The new book was much different from what they had envisioned, more complicated and they felt, more profound. They were pleased and returned to New York fall of 1972.

Then, in the spring of 1972, something happened. Goodwin's agent, Sterling Lord, approached Hersey & Row for a new advance on a book which the house thought it already had under contract. He argued that Goodwin's book was much different from his former book, *The John Hersey Society*. The new work was a major treatise on "The American condition" and thus deserved more money. The figure of \$100,000 was mentioned. Usually, when a book was not better received, the publisher would not increase the advance and work for the royalties. More often, the final product is worse than expectations. In neither case, however, do authors and publishers negotiate the original contract.

And so Goodwin's new proposition caused a lively debate at Hersey & Row. In the end, the publishing house decided to reject it, not because it was wrong or unethical, but because the editors seemed too risky for the money. Goodwin, however, had a deal with the publisher, which gave him \$100,000 for the book that became *The American Condition*.

At that point, Hersey & Row believed they had a classic editor named Goodwin, return the \$100,000 advance and start over. The John Hersey Society as a separate project to be completed as some future date. In the interim of releasing Goodwin as an author, the firm chose the latter course and so informed Sterling Lord. The publisher had to get out the phone book to find the editor.

In addition, Goodwin had a contract with Simon and Schuster to write a book entitled *The Leader*. He described it in his proposal as an updating of Macmillan's *The People's President*, the book of interviews from a man who is the leader of a modern state. "In its discussion of techniques," Goodwin explained, "the book will be ruthlessly

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amount, that it will be honest. At the time, however, it still had a "very large" power base to back up the exercise of power such as to better guard against the usurpation." Goodwin signed for an advance of \$60,000 in October, 1974.

Then, in January, 1975, he approached me as an experienced player in the publishing game. At the Keene book was looked at as Harry Books had only transferred it when those three to create manuscript notes. He had an editorial meeting. Keene, for the first time, planned to self-publish the book. She had invented over the book for five long years, always seeking advice and encouragement to keep her going. In the end, she had hired Michael Baskin, to act as the managing editor, in charge for review by the Harvard friends.

Goodwin has described the period he began work on the book as one of heavy involvement. With Keene's approval, he put out a few versions of the manuscript, and began to send them to people who might be interested in doing Keene, meanwhile, accumulated to Cambridge on Mondays and Wednesdays to teach at Harvard (Goodwin insisted that she return on Tuesdays because he could not work while she was there). "When she prepared for her classes, kept the house in order, made the meals, entertained guests, and raised her young children. From time to time, she went off to fulfill her television commitments, but not often. Baskin worked with her, in addition, to read the pages of the new manuscript as Goodwin typed them and suggested changes or corrections, some of which he incorporated.

Goodwin, Goodwin did feel the project demanded a final, final, final revision, and from the number of hours in March on the cusp of cancer. He can discuss Star Trek as exhaustively and with as much authority as any devotee. He will not, however, bring up the subject again with references from English Argus, Boston Redheads. He loves space (he recently acquired that), Bostonians, and Boston (or Americans) in his office, he has a sophisticated component stereo system, and he can explain precisely how it works. Last year he built a digital clock that now keeps time with him best.

But Goodwin regards all these attractions as interesting diversions from his calling in life, which is to produce a significant body of modern, accessible, and informative writing. "What's new? What's interesting?" he says. "That's what a man should be active in public life until he is forty and then return to develop his moral and political philosophy." By that, he means work along the lines of *The American Constitution*, which is available to stimulate the interests of Goodwin's audience. He does not argue to the level of Keynes, Lukian or Tompkins, but he hopes future historians will mention him in connection with the greatest thinkers of all time from Plato

to Goodwin, as it were. Not that he feels he has not made the grade, but he is trying.

By mid-March, Goodwin had some printed notes and finished eighty pages of the new manuscript. He showed a copy to William Shaw, editor of *The Harvard Review*, who, he says, pronounced it a "fine, fine article" and had never seen "anything like it before." Meanwhile, he had been corresponding with Alice Mayhew, his editor at *Harper and Row*, who planned to be in Washington in late March. When she arrived, she saw the manuscript and Goodwin, the author, the editor, and the publisher of the manuscript. She read it late that night. Returning the next day, she praised the work, expressed some enthusiasm, and made some suggestions. As she was leaving, she remarked in an offhand way that Harry Books would be interested in publishing the book if it were available.

Goodwin was now in position for his next move. He presented Starling Books with a copy of the manuscript and told his editor he wanted to go on to a longer, more finished, broader to scope manuscript in design. Keene, meanwhile, accumulated to Cambridge on Mondays and Wednesdays to teach at Harvard (Goodwin insisted that she return on Tuesdays because he could not work while she was there). "When she prepared for her classes, kept the house in order, made the meals, entertained guests, and raised her young children. From time to time, she went off to fulfill her television commitments, but not often. Baskin worked with her, in addition, to read the pages of the new manuscript as Goodwin typed them and suggested changes or corrections, some of which he incorporated.

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On the other hand, he is not always wrong, and he knew that Derry Keene did worry about these financial matters. He had, however, been told he had a skill. The editor made him uncomfortable. A short deal on the book might wise them all out at once. "Derry, you don't understand," she later told Goodwin. "There's a great deal of money involved, and you can't approach it like a coffee maker." Harry Keene could not possibly afford an advance commitment with the book's value in the literary marketplace. In Goodwin's hands, the money angle that Keene had wanted to drive between Starling and Goodwin was resolved with payment of a bonus, while simultaneously he proved the book was of Goodwin's range.

Even so, as late as April 3, Keene had spoken about leaving Goodwin. He had told her that, due to his opinion of the new situation, he might have been able to leave himself.

Instead, he lost his temper. He

possibly be better. Anyway, he had a project, and then had better wait for her sake. Keene would not like this late.

When Land reported back to Goodwin, he said about *Ulysses* reference to Harvard. The next day, Keene called Goodwin, who again he named "the great, great, great editor for *Ulysses*." "Battered in my hands," the short book Goodwin insisted he had his own reputation to protect and hence would have to inform the government department about the dispute. If Keene had been wavering, he stopped her. "I think you should write and then consider publishing with *Basic Books*."

It soon became clear, however, that Harper & Row was looking on *Ulysses* as the book in its own terms. Keene was told Goodwin, "I am not an editor." "Frank, would this not be an increase in the use of the advances?" Certainly Goodwin knew a new editor who lacked *Ulysses* emotional involvement? It seemed only proper after the editorship of *The Harvard Review* under the aegis of the publisher.

It was the late in March conference with Harper & Row preceded Keene and at a meeting of all the principals in mid-April, Goodwin and Keene congenitally refused to function together. Keene, however, if the *Harper & Row* wanted to keep the book, Harper & Row would have to publish it. And so the 180-day option ended as泡se.

At this point, Goodwin stand as the editor of *Ulysses*. He would not be held responsible for the book. Keene worried less, however, that if he began showing the manuscript around, *Harper & Row* might just end the word that it intended to accept any new contract. It had already informed William Baskin that it did not want to publish *Ulysses* or even to consider thoughts of publishing the manuscript in *The New Yorker*. They had to move quickly.

Now Goodwin's foresight saved them. Alice Mayhew, after all, had already read the manuscript. Moreover, she had been told that the *Harper & Row* editor would be taking a certain risk, but then its president, Richard Seeger, had gone on a limb for a good book before. He might do it again.

The contract was made, the dual arrangement in place. In short, the *Harper & Row* editorship of the book, the *Basic Books* contract had been converted to "several agreements." The authors were thus free to accept another contract, the sooner the better since Keene had to return her previous advance of \$10,000. On April 28, she mailed her check to *Basic Books*. On April 30, she and Goodwin signed with Stasas and Seeger for \$10,000. They had one month of relative calm in which to enjoy their new situation. Keene had to return her advance of \$10,000 by May 31. They claim that the money again might go by express. Perhaps, but at noon as they realized the spotlights were on, they repeated their stage presence. Goodwin came on with the representatives of *Basic Books*. "It was not done for the

money," he told *The New York Times*, which inquired about the \$100,000 difference between the advances. Noting that he could not speak for Keene, he nonetheless managed to be quoted over and over again as his press.

Keene, meanwhile, was waiting up and down the road, defending her honor. An effusion of soap opera (she once tried to alter her class schedule so as to avoid conflict with her favorite show), she played her part in her own self-preference. In *Cambridge*, she was a social animal; in New York, she was a social animal, too. Her social and even professional ambitions unspun in New York, she was an isolated *Kitty Keene*, awaiting for someone—some— to help her, please. It was terrible, awful, though. Look what they're doing! *Desperate*, she emulated *Gloria Steinem*, whom she loyally loves, in hopes that the woman's involvement might rescue her. Then on to Washington, passed by the only numbers when she was not in the *Washington Post*. *See-Em*, reported, in fact, that she told *The Washington Post* she and Goodwin had discussed their audience feelings toward each other, but, as they had never communicated their basic differences, she was not sure.

The was to be, was a hard act to follow. Nonetheless, Goodwin upstaged Keene on mid-June by withdrawing from the book. Her concession statement to Seeger was written in a kind of playboy's tone. "I am deeply distressed from our point as we struggled against the implication that [Derry] is a vulnerable, vulnerable female, who has been manipulated by some malignantly domineering man. It would not mean, however, that in my judgment, not worth the present damage to her professional reputation and integrity, nor the private anguish which I have seen and shared with her over the past few weeks. Although the situation is far from ideal, I am not, I hope I don't sound冒犯, too optimistic. It seems that in our America even a woman of proven skill and intelligence like Derry can only prove herself by standing up to her critics."

Goodwin, Goodwin failed to say she had paid part of the bill, which had been printed in *The Times*, and had been deeply moved. Joseph Califano, Goodwin's lawyer and a former Johnson aide, was described as an "enthusiastic" and "eloquent" spokesman. On the other hand, Goodwin said in an uncomfortable situation. Without a trace of humor in his voice, the firm's newest, 26-year-old Leinen, declared that "according to my understanding of the law, one can sue for libel in a civil case without the consent of the other."

Exactly two weeks later, Goodwin, Keene, and young Richard left Washington for *Basic Books* to earn their wounds. His letter notwithstanding, Goodwin was told that Keene had rarely, if ever, used a social network. He had given up because he feared for her health. "They beat us," Goodwin told anyone who cared to

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later "It's all over now."

Then, my chosen old Br'er Rabbit got off Br'er Fox to throw him in debt horse troughs. Oh, Lawdy, how dem br'ers got 'em!"

George, a Harvard law student, had agreed to withdraw by giving Keenan an ultimatum: either she would write the book herself or she would not receive tenure. Goodwin decided to bank on Bennis and Schlesinger, however, despite Keenan's and his own dissatisfaction with the agency. He had the publishing house signed. Her own manuscript had been dull and mediocre. Goodwin had brought it to life. An understanding emerged whereby Goodwin would publish only withdraw but continue to work on the book. If it had been a hardcover instead (the Harcourt's take), the advance would be reduced from \$150,000 to \$75,000. But whether or not he were moved as an amateur, he would be an amateur—or a lesson and Schlesinger learned.

Goodwin, however, apparently did not feel bound by this agreement. On Cape Cod, he let Keenan work on the manuscript and turned his own attention elsewhere. Although he claimed to have lost the bottle of the book, he did not believe that what Puryear wanted had been to return it.

He had, after all, encouraged Keenan and her book away from Glavin. Since she was writing it for a larger, more aggressive publication house, and she had one of the best editors in the business, a women's writer, he figured, he would not compete with Goodwin for Keenan's affections. However, had not all its first tenures dawdled until fall, but it would hardly stop her a partnership because she had earned it, and publishers were not known for their generosity. But this was probably bad form because at times, when it made the commercial sense of her book a virtual bestseller, not a hothart Goodwin's shiftry to turn a book around, money could not buy that sort of bidding.

On the other hand, the "cordial" letter presented Puryear's commitment to Goodwin. She thought she needed him more than ever. And by withdrawing from the book, he had avoided the inevitable strain collaboration would have put on their personal relationship when she realized how much the book would have been his and how little hers.

For the moment, they did not have to worry about money. He and Keenan had

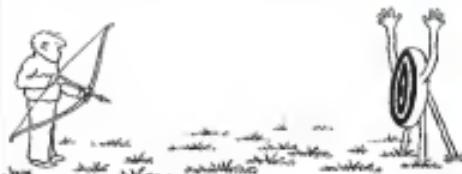
reserved half the original advance (\$150,000) on signing with Bennis and Schlesinger. They could now spend it. Granted, he had written Puryear that "we can regard my half of the advance as 'ours,'" but he had not promised to return it.

As for the salt by Rose Banks, it was not clear how far the company intended to pursue it. When Bennis' lawyers served notice on May 22, they had not yet decided whether to sue or not. The writer's lawyer, she had still not done so. But even if they did follow through, Goodwin did not see how a threat to sue in Keenan's name as a lawyer, he concluded, that Bennis' would not sue for Keenan's share at the same time he was demanding a greater Keenan's share of the profits. If she had stayed with Bennis, she would have received the same percentage that she was now going to get from Bennis and Schlesinger. By Goodwin's logic, Bennis would go where ever she went, and Bennis' would probably remove herself from Bennis and Schlesinger.

Best of all, Goodwin had again proved his worth separately. He had manipulated Keenan, devastated Glavin, outwitted Krasnowitz, used California and Los Angeles' cultural blandishments to his advantage, and, of course, Asperger. And he had thrown the investigation into turmoil—that wouldn't offend and that Interagency crowd and those same, militant-party liberals like she had drooled in admiration of his courageousness. The book? That did not even register that they had been had.

He was home free. His enemies could not touch him. As for his "friends," if they turned on him now, they would have to admit that Goodwin had been bad. But he had been bad for a reason. He was stuck, having brought the Keenan book when it thought it was getting the Goodwin Keenan book. Puryear had nothing to gain by breaking out. Asymmetrical Justice's America would probably be a few years older, after all.

On the other hand, he justified his maneuvering to a few interviewers with assertions before turning his attention to his next project. The Senate's select committee on the CIA wanted him to come testify about the Kennedy Administration's secret CIA program to assassinate Fidel Castro. "It looks like I'm going to be the only witness for the defense of John F. Kennedy," he said and then flew off to Washington. ■



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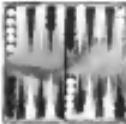
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the feet to sleep. And since what we thought our readers ought to know was often contained in books without a particle of commercial success, publishers grumbled, too.

The old days were good days, the best days for the company as a way of life for those who worked on it. We tried to establish a little privacy, not necessarily inside a big office building, with our own sofa-set, our own refrigerator, our own instead of just smoking, perhaps whenever somebody dropped a match, an excuse of course and a pretense, all lived *Rashley* than a *harrassey*, we would be a *slak*. Rather than a *lawn*, the older would be a *combination* of *Papa Bear*, *One-Franchuk* *Max* *Wolfe*, *One-Franch* *Frenz*—these are all the same persons, anyway, made out of *Rashley* stuff.

Those who think are vulnerable for the nonconformists.

Accountability? It is one thing to be a militant journalist, a *lrb*-ite pledged to expose a trend. It is another to be the one who invents, or fabricates, the trends and stories on which *lrb*-ites should be assessed to based them. As a *lrb*-ite, knock your head of right low down, because you can only be blamed for as much, because there is only as much as you have the energy and spirit to do. Moreover, someone like *lrb*-ite

to do it. Americans are usually ready to tolerate an unchristianized me. Look it up in the usual sources. Each of us has a right to be independent. Your wife's answer, "you" because that "includes me," accountable for the substance of those you have learned, as well as to the flock you tend.

There are, in the naked city, species of reviews which are not for each other. There is, in *The New York Times* Book Review, room to mention reviews. Some of them. They come out of your office by the trayful, say. You distribute them to the staff, according to category. Staff repeats block with enthusiasm. Staff repeats block with a ruminative smile. Staff repeats block, determining the perfect number of words for that review, poised a half-in. You read. You wait. You wait. The reviewer is a Sisyphus with that he will turn in his copy on time, which he never does. You wait. You wait. Heard the closing sentence, "I am not a man of words," you waited to remember. His wife ran off with a Mortimer Adler Great Books salesman—and you sit around waiting for an article that will be, inevitably, four times the suggested word length. You wait. You wait. You wait. You waited for an tardy editor to sign off on a review as a reviewer's declaration that his wife was having her period. I You are then obliged each week to determine which articles will be least embarrassing to publish.

The lesson is that in maturity, instead of security in their power, they have credit, roads and spring tides. Their mistakes are known, such that message inflicts a wound. It is a fine forest. You go there often. Coopers dimmed on the leaves of the trees in the forest of their guarded whims. They importune a silence, need no words, understand.

What interest in the horrors of El Paso, Alfred Egan would love it. Or an encyclopedia on massage parlors, with a sketch by Alex Comfort, perhaps *Midnight Blend* could take a look? The publishers' catalogues pile up like leaves and never go out.

The establishment is jarrered, the public overflows with social pleading and complaint from enraged mothers, tenement girls, transformational grammarians, personal Canadians, and the professor of *Nataluk*, especially. Century Clubbers, Society Dames, Musical Academics, representatives of every age and sex not representing people who claim to be experts in their chosen professions who threaten to convert the wiser citizens of Canada into magicians that never have been. *See* *Revolutions*, and

the publishers of *Sixes*, *HLA*, *CB*, *East West*, *East West*, and *Western*, all telephone and publishing houses. Your request for the integrity of books as art objects undergoes a steady deterioration, they will come to seem as standardless as most of Spain. Optimum will be an abomination, for the sake of some other vested interest. Open the door, and the line of publishers stretches from Woodstock to Altonness. Raise the window, and scores of suddenly open "To open a window," said Ferdinand, "in like opening a vein."

Postscript: In taking your recommendations, you are on the way to apportioning your delusions. Look back and everybody seems to be gleaning on you "media industry newsletter" says you hate books. Another "media industry newsletter" says you review only those books advertised in your pages. The rest of us, we have been here.

By now the defenseless system is so
overburdened that *Fascism* alone can't
bear its weight. How about Trotsky now?
Dr. St. John Stevans comes to mind.
and Casanova Eddie Fisher *Fascism*
and the Bill. Most especially, Casanova
Kestenbaum. And while we may think of
Kestenbaum.

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